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Vol. XXXVII, No. 3



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GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Has written for this magazine a most original short novel of a man and a woman caught in a situation fraught with most intense drama and—

“MOONLIGHT”

The last is the title of the story and it will begin in the next—the August—number.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

JULY
1921

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“He’s Lucky” —*They say in Denver*

But luck alone doesn’t give a man a million-dollar business in five years

THERE are many men in Denver who remember him as a clerk. In those days some of them said: “There is nothing in this idea of Gregory’s that business can be studied at home; it doesn’t get you anywhere.”

And today when he is the head of the company where he used to clerk, those same men will tell you that he was “lucky,” and let it go at that.

But he himself has a different explanation; and because it may be of help to other men he has allowed the Alexander Hamilton Institute to tell the story here.

The vision of bigger things

HIS name is George G. Gregory, and he went from Kentucky to Colorado Springs in 1908, and began work in Macy’s

Pharmacy at a salary of \$5 a week. No special luck about that.

A set-back in health caused him to seek outside work for a while; and in 1910 he was back in a drug store as a soda-clerk at \$65 a month. Later he resigned to become clerk in a wholesale drug house, and to finish at night his own training as a pharmacist.

Graduating in 1913, he became assistant pharmacist in the Scholtz Drug Company; and in 1916, when he had become manager of the Branch store, he enrolled with the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Surely there is no special element of good fortune in such a career; thousands of men who entered business in 1908 were farther along in 1916 than George G. Gregory.

But with the Institute's Course there came a change; he began to think in bigger terms, to dare to plan a really large success. Feeling sure of his ground he resigned his job and embarked in business for himself, owning a part interest at first in a little store, later other stores until there were seven in the chain. And in January 1920 he purchased the Scholtz Drug Company, forming a million dollar corporation.

Just 5 years—why wait 15?

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You know what a year of your life is worth

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Ultimately you will arrive at the point where you want to be, but how much is it worth to you to arrive while you are still young? How much more will you enjoy the fruits of success if you can reach them in five years instead of fifteen? How much is a year of your life worth to you?

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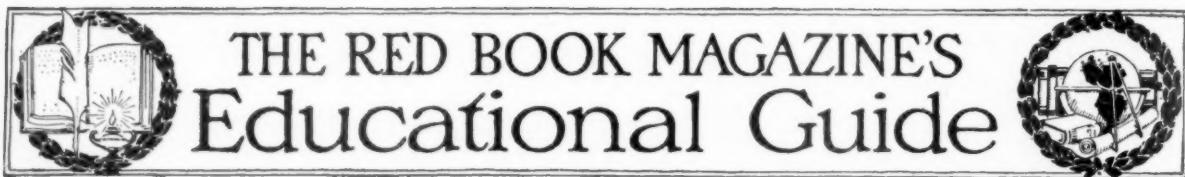


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Business
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Business
Position



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—See announcement on page 8

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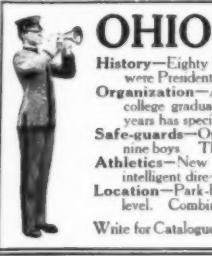
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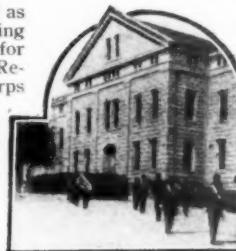
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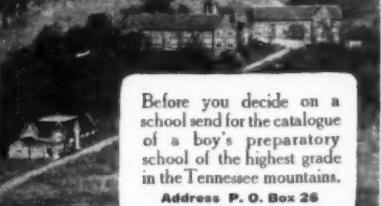
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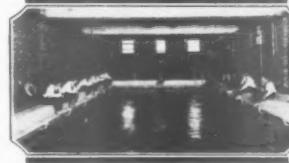
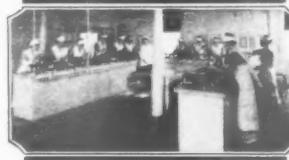
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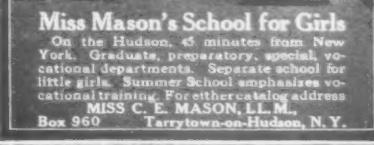
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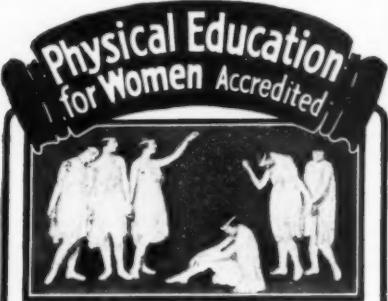
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MISCELLANEOUS

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
School and College Bureau**Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School**

Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted — personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

This year many young people will again be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

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THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
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CHICAGO ILLINOIS

The Mystery of "Lady Vi"

By EILEEN SHERWOOD

JAMES OLIVER CURTIS balanced himself on a small wicker stool near the tea-table, absently minded took a cake from the plate indicated by his hostess and regarded the picture before him through a thick veil of gloom.

The composing elements of the picture were one landscape, one chair, and one girl, none of them apparently calculated to offend even the eye of a critical young architect. The landscape was absolutely the best to be had for the money. The chair? The real thing in Old Windsor chairs.

And the girl? Quite the sort of girl to sit in an Old Windsor chair. Not merely a pretty girl—the delicate oval of the face and the long sweep of the brows were too characteristic for the word. A "different" sort of girl, the kind you turn to watch in crowds. And the kind whose appearance in inartistic (or inexpensive) clothes would be a tragedy.

That the young lady—or her modiste—knew this, was self-evident. Her frock of lilac organdy was quaintly cut and trimmed with grandmother puffings, her picturesque garden hat was wide and floppy, streamered and faced with lavender silk.

"Help! Help!" groaned Jimmy. "The third one she's worn since I came last night, not counting that mermaid's dream of a bathing suit this morning!"

Martha Leigh's laughing voice broke in upon his disgruntled reverie.

"Jimmy, take this lavender-iced cake over to Lady Vi! These artistic folks even insist upon their foods matching their day's color scheme, you know."

That you may better understand James Oliver, at the beginning, you must know that all men shortened his name to "Jim" after first meeting and a woman at his second call, usually dubbed him "Jimmy" and sent him on an errand, say up to the nursery to see if the kiddies were napping properly or down to the garage and under the car which had been behaving abominably of late.

Normally Jimmy's cheerfulness was bomb-proof. After a short and not unpleasant sojourn overseas he had returned in time to see the tail-end of his father's fortune vanish around a Wall Street corner.

"Now I can't afford to be an artist," Jimmy had grumbled and hunted a job in an architect's office.

But a surprising number of his friends proving of the all-weather variety, Jimmy continued to enjoy life and his week-ends were cast in pleasant places. All had gone merrily until several weeks before—then something had happened! An event, scheduled to appear ten years later in Jimmy's life-plan, suddenly had stepped out of line and stood, specter-like, at his elbow.

"Well, old man, here I am!" announced the Specter, cheerfully. Of course the others couldn't see it, but there it was now across the veranda, capering and gibbering.

"See that shadow on her cheeks, when her lashes sweep down? Her skin is like a magnolia petal. And look—look! She's watching you, furtively. She's worried about you, smile, can't you?"

That evening Jimmy watched the girls flutter downstairs, like multi-colored butterflies. Gay Martha in pink taffeta with flyaway lavender panels, the little Hathaway girl all ruffles and yellow wing sleeves, a gypsy-like maiden in daring brocade, a flame with rose and gold and purple.

"She" came last—a white moth-queen, in a straight robe of shimmering moonbeam stuff, from her shoulders a long floating train of pearl-spangled lace.

"She looks like an ice-maiden," whispered the Specter. "But she isn't! She's warm—warm! She's one of those who hide their timidity with a brave show of dignity. And that glow, deep in her eyes?" Jimmy gave the Specter a vicious kick.

His Sunday morning peace was disturbed by a little black taffeta frock. It sounds harmless but wait till the wearer turns to show those clever insets of gray organdy, embroidered in black and silver!

The warmth of the afternoon brought forth a wonderful white lingerie gown, all babyish lace insertion and wee tucks, which Jimmy dimly felt to represent much patient handwork.

And a little breeze at eventide called for a sleeveless wrap of coral silk so irresistible that Jimmy carried her off in Bill's car and they rode on and on, straight into the sunset.

Monday Jimmy took an early train to town. The Specter found a seat opposite.

"Now, we'll have this thing out!" announced Jimmy, leaning forward determinedly.

"Sure!" grinned the Specter.

"I can't do it—I can't afford it for ten years yet. Beat it, you gibbering idiot!"

"Well, let's think—couldn't you manage some way?"

"Of course I could rent a small apartment and mother would share her furniture, saved from the wreck. But—no, no!" Jimmy sank back. "Why, think of her gowns! I'll be my month's salary would hardly buy one and she has dozens! Martha and Maisie Hathaway burn incense before some French dressmaker. I suppose she's one of the devotees. And confound it, why do they call her 'Lady Vi'? Think of me trying to buy clothes for a lady of title!"

"Wouldn't she be willing—if she loved you—" began the Specter.

"But a girl—a girl with great dark eyes and a scarlet splash of a mouth, with a voice like twilight breezes, why, such a girl ought to be wrapped in silks

and sables! And strung with diamonds! And cradled on thistledown!" exclaimed Jimmy hotly.

"Perhaps—her father must be wealthy," slyly offered the Specter, "he might—er—assist."

Jimmy sat up, his fist clenched. "That will do," he said, gently, "I'm not that kind."

At the office Jimmy slammed the door on the Specter and attacked the blue prints with ferocity. But the Specter waited for him noon and evening. They were walking together down the avenue one noon when the Specter danced excitedly.

"Look—look—in front of that window!"

"In it—no!" Jimmy halted.

"Yes, in that cool gray linen, with the soft plaited collar of pale saffron." (Any other girl would have achieved the usual pink and gray.)

"Jimmy—I mean, Mr. Curtis!" she flushed as he seized both hands.

"Violet! Say, this is good. We'll have luncheon and—" he swept her along possessively. Then she stopped.

"I'll be delighted.

But—would you mind waiting a little? You see, I came in to look at the advance fall fashions. Can't we window-shop awhile? And Madame Helene has an exclusive exhibition, which closes at one. After that—" she hesitated.

But at the mention of clothes a sudden gust of rage, fierce and unreasoning, swept over Jimmy.

"I beg your pardon—I had no intention of disturbing your arrangements." His hat was lifted. "And—I just recall an appointment. Will you excuse me?"

Her face whitened, as from a blow, but her eyes flashed proudly. Some passersby wondered to see a girl lean against a garish window brokenly, like a flower stalk after a storm has passed.

"That ends it," Jimmy told the Specter, grimly.

He had no intention of going down to the Leighs' again, but there was no way to evade Bill's insistence next Saturday. However, there was a crowd on the veranda, and no one noticed her formality of greeting.

Miserably he went up-stairs. Martha met him on the landing.

"So glad you came, Jimmy! Another dance to-night—hope you'll like our gowns. And sh!—don't tell I suggested it, but be sure to compliment Vi on hers. She does value your opinion. There, I'm telling!" Martha smiled, teasingly. "But she's worked all week on it, and—"

"Worked! Violet!" Jimmy was startled out of his misery. "How?"

"Why, sewing, you stupid! O, it's a lovely vivid thing, in nasturtium tones. First flame, then orange and sighs itself off into palest straw-color! Did you know Vi made those we wore for last Saturday's dance? But she simply won't let us pay her Madame's prices!"

"But I—thought she was rich—and—and—"

"Of course not. But she's so clever, no wonder you thought so. That heavenly lingerie dress—remnants and lace from the ten-cent store! The new nasturtium one is of remnants, too. That lilac organdy and the gray linen were faded cast-offs, but she dyed and re-cut them." But Martha was addressing thin air.

Downstairs a rather wild-eyed young man was leading a startled girl down a path.

"After I've apologized sufficiently—which ought rightly to take a million years—I want to ask—" he began, then broke down. "Oh, my dear, my dear, can you ever forgive—I'm a blundering fool!"

Half an hour later they sat cosily on a rustic bench.

"I used to envy the girls," Violet was saying, "but now they envy me. It's so much more fun to make things than just buy them. I learned how, a year ago. There is a school, the Woman's Institute, that teaches women and girls to sew and design right in their own homes. I studied last winter at home, while the girls were in town. And this spring—you ought to see their amazement at my wardrobe. I didn't think then, of making theirs, too. But they begged me and are so pleased I've grown awfully conceited. Do you know they insist on my starting a shop in town this winter? They've planned lavender silk labels for the gowns, with 'Violet' or 'Lady Vi' on them. That's why they gave me that name, you know. It's quite the thing for society women to have shops, they say. But I'll be able to earn my way—and help father—O, it's splendid!"



And the girl? Quite the sort of girl to sit in an Old Windsor chair.

"I'm not so sure about the shop," laughed Jimmy. "Though, if your heart is set on it, you may play with it awhile, till I get to building skyscrapers."

The rising moon found them, still there. But the Specter, strangely enough, had become an angel of blessing.

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Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody *write* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellowmen below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet, if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising this thing you are something like your right arm. The more you use it, the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People really learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really* learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, something all around you, every day, every

hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, through their own special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless mine of Ideas that bring Happiness and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, stirring, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst enemy. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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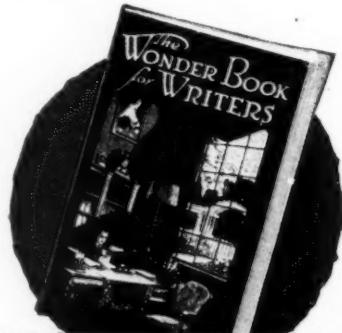
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Beautiful Women



MARILYN MILLER

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Film Play Star

Beautiful Women



SALLY LONG
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The Magazine of a Remade World

Fools

A Common-sense Editorial by BRUCE BARTON

THIS is the true story of a teamster who came to a dealer in paper and said: "I want to be a salesman."

For ninety days he pounded the pavements without a single order. Everybody else in the office knew well enough that there was no hope for him; and even the merchant, who liked his spirit, determined that he must go.

It happened that the concern was overstocked with certain grades of tinted paper. "If you find any prospects for tinted paper," said the merchant to his salesmen, "we are in a position to quote a very low price."

The older salesmen paid no attention; they knew well enough that nobody wanted any tinted paper. But the poor ex-teamster remembered; he was grasping at any straw.

So, eagerly, hopefully, he started out on what was to be his last chance. As he walked, he happened to see an architect in a big office making plans on blue print-paper, and he marched in.

"Do you use much of that blue paper?" he asked. "If you do I'd like to sell you some."

The architect asked him for prices, and the poor fellow went back to the office with a sample, full of hope.

The merchant did not have the heart to hurt him. He got a price on blue-print paper, though it was entirely out of their line, added a trifling commission, and sent him out again.

And the poor fool came back with an order for a car-load.

Today he is the most successful salesman of that kind of paper in the city and has built up a tremendous business for his house.

All because he did not know the difference between blue paper and blue-print paper, because he did not know when he was licked, did not know enough to fail!

How much of the world's progress has been made by just such simple fools!

Fools like the Wright brothers who persisted in trying to fly, though history was full of names of men who have killed themselves by such foolishness, from Icarus down.

Fools like Westinghouse, who imagine that a train can be stopped by "jamming air against the wheels," as Commodore Vanderbilt scornfully said.

FOR God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself!" Stevenson exclaimed.

I intend to pin that pious ejaculation onto my son's application for college.

I don't care how much he knows, so long as he don't know when he's licked; nor how cultured he is, so long as he never gets over the impertinent habit of asking what and why; nor how deferential he becomes, if only he wont assume that because we old fogies have done things *this* way, *this* is the best way they can be done.

In these three matters I shall hope that the college will turn him out a plain, sublime, irrepressible fool.

Another of Bruce Barton's Common-sense Editorials will appear on this page in the next issue of The Red Book Magazine.

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JULY, 1921
Vol. XXXVII, Number 3

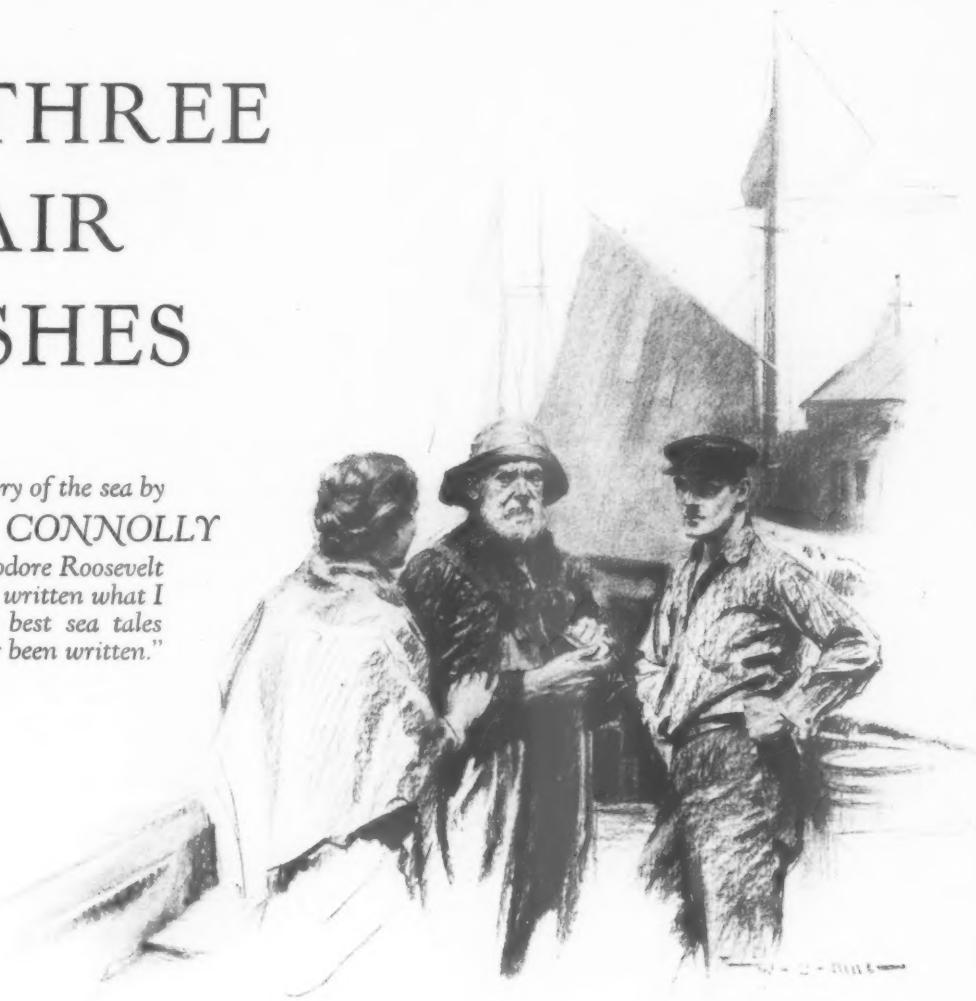
THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
Editor

HIS THREE FAIR WISHES

The latest story of the sea by
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

*of whom Theodore Roosevelt
said, "He has written what I
think are the best sea tales
that have ever been written."*



Illustrated by W. B. KING

A GREAT one, my uncle John Larkin, for the reading of books; of history and biography, of great saints and wicked sinners, of high and lordly and sometimes very foolish rulers; of books of poetry and fairy tales.

Master of the *Crusader* out of Gloucester, he was; and under the cabin-bulkhead lamp of a quiet night to sea he would read his books to himself. The sleeping men, it might be, in the bunks around him; or if it would come a day too rough to fish, then would he read to them aloud.

"A man doing a great deed, even if swollen with the pride of doing it, should have all the honor due the deed." 'Twas so he read out one stormy day on the western banks, the listening men on the lockers about him.

"True enough!" said two or three together, no more than to let their skipper know that they were heeding his every word.

"True enough, yes!" agreed my uncle. "But what of the honor due a man who does a great deed but knows not that it is

a great deed, and so takes no credit for it? What of that man?" —looking around among them to see who might have a word to say to that.

"A damn' fool, I say, to do a thing and take no credit for it!"

To which my uncle said: "Small need to ask who said that. No fear, Henry Carson, you wont take credit for anything you ever do."

"If it's a thing to take credit for," said a gibing voice from some one on the lockers. It was a harsh thing to say of a shipmate; but it was so said, and only open laughter rolled around the lockers after it.

"Hush, hush!" said my uncle; and taking notice of one and another, his searching eyes met the shining ones of Danny Bergin, and to Danny he said: "What do *you* say, Danny, of a man who does a great deed, but making so little of it as to impress on all beholders that it is a deed for any man to attempt on any day whatever,—what of that, Danny?"

"What would I know of great deeds?" replied Danny. "And I would rather be hearing tales of fairies and gold wish-rings, if you don't mind, Captain John."

"Ho! Your old grandmother, I'll bet you, believed in fairies, Danny?"

"Fairies? Oh, indeed! And my mother in wishes. 'Make three wishes, Danny dear,' said my mother to me when I was a boy. 'And I'm telling you now that God will grant them. But they must be fair wishes. They must come from your heart; and you must wish harm to no man, woman or child, or dishonor to the good name of God as you make them.'"

"And did you wish?"

"I did. I made three fair wishes."

"And is it a secret, Danny, what your wishes were?"

"No, no great secret. Some day, Captain John, I will maybe tell them to you."

NEXT morning the sea moderated sufficiently to be fishing again, and my uncle was standing to the wheel, jogging her in and out, and watching sharply the doings of his string of dories in the rising sea. Down they would go into the hollows wherever we looked; and stay there so long that again and again I had fear they were never coming up again; but this was my uncle's twenty-fifth year at the Banks fishing, and he had long ago learned what I was already learning on this my first boy's trip to the Banks, that a dory can roll high and roll low and live many a long day after, if only the oar be kept heedfully in the becket, and the man standing by that oar be quick and fearless to act.

"But of the fearlessness of Henry Carson I've always had my doubts," said my uncle, like one talking to himself; and yet in the same breath bidding me keep a special lookout for the dory in which were Carson and Danny Bergin. And by and by as I watched I saw a sea roll up and toss that dory; and seeing it, I cried aloud—whereat my uncle rolled down the wheel of the vessel, shouting at the same time to the cook to hurry on deck and stand by. And I drew away the jumbo, and the cook was on deck in time to ease off the main sheet as the vessel wore around; and the three of us, watching, saw one of the capsized men climbing up on the bottom of the dory. Of the other there was no sign for so long a time that we gave him up for lost; but even as we were so giving him up, he came shooting stiff and straight from up out of the sea; and almost on the spot where he came up was a thwart from the capsized dory, and we saw him seize on the thwart, and without waste of time set it under his arms and there lie, a weary, outspread man on the water.

Danny Bergin that was; and what had happened to him was this: When the dory capsized, the heavy hooks and lines of the halibut gear were borne away, and deep under, by the fast-running tide, and Danny was caught by the hooked gear and borne down and under with it. How deep he went he never knew, but deep enough to feel his head ringing with the pressure of deep water—that he knew. And also he knew when he tried to kick his way upwards, that more than the weight of his boots and clothes was holding him so deep under. And feeling around to find what it might be, his hand met with a halibut hook buried to the end of the shank in the back of one thigh.

Now, a man could place a twenty-five cent piece almost in the bight of the hook the fresh halibuters employed in the killing of the big broad-backed halibut of those days, and to that hook was a barb almost big enough—as fishermen say—to hold a dory to anchor. It was a harsh thing for a man to do to himself, but it had to be done. Danny took three turns of the stout ganging around his hand, and—cr-r-rk—he tore the heavy hook with one stroke from his thigh.

It was then he went shooting up to the top of the sea, and to his knees above that in the clear air; and splashing down into the sea again, he almost fell across the drifting thwart from the dory; weighted down as he was with great redjacks, oilskins and heavy inner clothing soaked in water, that drifting thwart was a pleasant sight to him. And to that he was now clinging, in the hope that the vessel would reach him ere his strength gave out.

All this time my uncle had been heading the vessel for the capsized dory.

"Hold out one minute more, and we will be with you!" he shouted to Henry Carson atop of the dory. And he shouted encouragement also to Danny as he lay clinging to the thwart.



Danny made no move—he was too weary; but Carson raised one hand to show he understood; and almost as he so raised his hand, a sea rolled up and swept him off the dory and close to where Danny lay; and as it did we heard Carson, clear to the vessel, calling: "Danny, Danny, I can't swim!"

As Carson called, we saw Danny raise his weary head and look toward Carson; and we saw him then—with no further delay than to so raise his head—saw him throw the thwart to Carson. And we saw Carson draw it toward his own self and place it under his armpits and so lie safe while Danny—well, Danny could not swim a stroke at all, which left nothing for him but to sink under the sea.

"God in Heaven, there's a man to keep your holy eye on!" the cook and myself both heard my uncle say, we all three at the same time watching out to see would Danny come up. But all the sign we had of him was a sou'wester drifting toward the vessel. The cook paid no special attention to it, nor did I; but my uncle had a mind that never wearied of puzzling things out. He studied the sou'wester; all at once he cried out: "There's more than air under that sou'wester! Heave the main sheet after me!" And with that jumped over the side.

The cook hove over the main sheet, and when my uncle came above water with the sou'wester, Danny was under the sou'wester and so he had but to reach out and take hold of the main sheet, and with the cook's and my help, to hoist Danny and then himself aboard. A moment later we hauled Carson aboard; and no bodily harm came to either for what they had been through, except that all the salve in the medicine-chest was hardly enough to dress Danny's torn thigh.

It was while he was fixing up his torn leg that my uncle said: "Was it one of your three wishes, Danny, to be a great hero?"

Danny stared at him: "The like of me a hero, Captain John!" Then he laughed. "I didn't see you were joking. No, no hero! I maybe made some foolish wishes, but never one so foolish as that, Captain John."

Which was all well enough for Danny to say, but when we were once more home in Gloucester, my uncle could never stop telling to whoever had time to listen, of the capsizing of the dory and the high part played in it by Danny Bergin. Of course he told Mr. Duncan, who was the outfitter as well as half-owner, with himself, of the vessel; and Mr. Duncan out of pride that a man sailing for him should do so great a thing, came from the inner office to where in the store outside the men were sitting around waiting for their share of the trip, to compliment Danny. And to Carson he said: "And of course no one can appreciate what Bergin did as you who were his dory-mate."

"I never meant that he should give me that thwart," said Carson.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Duncan.

"I mean that it was never in my thought to allow Dan Bergin to give his life to save mine. I didn't know he couldn't swim."



Carson raised one hand to show he understood; and a sea rolled up and swept him off the dory.

"A queer thing," said my uncle, "you, his dory-mate, not knowing what everyone in the vessel knew—that Danny couldn't swim!"

All hands were laughing sidewise at Carson, all but Danny Bergin. He stood up, saying: "I am Henry's dory-mate. And who should he call on if not me, his dory-mate? And swim or no swim, what does it matter now, Captain John, except that thanks to God and your quick ways, and the cook's and young Johnny there, too, doing his full boy's share, we are both of us now alive."

The crew took their shares, and passed out of the store—all but Carson. My uncle held him up, saying: "Henry Carson, Danny is too good a man to have to be trusting his life to you in a dory. You will take your bag ashore, and I will let all men think you went of your free will."

"Oh, I was going to, anyway—next trip if not this. I can do better than be risking my life fishing. It is no life for a man with brains in his head."

"Nor courage in his heart," said my uncle, smiling.

Carson went out; and Mr. Duncan, looking after him, said: "A big-feeling one, isn't he, Captain John?"

"Big-feeling and self-loving, yes," said my uncle, "playing the great man with such of the crew as he can, and above all, with Danny. And Danny, that honest himself he can see evil in no man, and that loyal and humble-minded he would remove himself

from the light of the sun itself before he would allow so much as his shadow to be laid across a shipmate's course. But the other? If I know men, for the rest of his life Henry Carson will be hating Danny Bergin for showing himself so much the better man that day on the Banks."

"No doubt," said Mr. Duncan. "And I liked young Bergin's looks. It is the like of him who have placed the name of our Gloucester fishermen so high on the scrolls of time."

"It is so. I read poetry, Alec Duncan; but Danny Bergin lives it. And if to see life beautifully is to be a poet, as I may have somewhere read, then he is a poet every day of his life, but—thank God—having no notion he is such."

"A good fisherman, is he?"

"It would be too wonderful if he knew more than he does of fishing at his age. And sail a vessel! Before I die I want to make one passage in a good breeze of wind with Danny Bergin as master. He is one who will drive her till all is blue."

"We will have to get him a vessel some day soon, and—but wait a bit, Captain John. Look—there's the girl they call Bess!"

Mr. Duncan was pointing to where in the window of a store across the side-street a handsome, yellow-haired girl was sewing oilskins. "She's come there lately, and not a loose-footed young trawler but what comes up into the wind if she but looks out on him as he sails by."

"I hope they don't frighten her."

"All the men in the world wouldn't frighten her. The more men, the better pleased she is, though to my mind it is your Danny Bergin or Carson—and Bergin rather than Carson—she is setting her trawl for."

"Baiting to hook all kinds will never hook Danny. And—but there's Carson now!"

CARSON stopped in front of the window. The girl looked out, saw him, dropped her sewing and came out onto the steps of the store. They began to talk, low enough at first, but presently in louder tones. It was a pleasant day in spring, and the side window of Mr. Duncan's store was open, and the girl seemed to care little who might hear what she had to say.

"Yes, I'm standing here, and I'm telling you I will marry him if I feel like it," we heard her say.

"Go ahead—marry him!" shouted Carson, moving off. "And I hope he kills you or you kill him sometime!"

"And I hope you go to sea and get lost!"

"That's a wish you'll never get, for I'm going to sea no more," Carson called back.

"Take great care o' yourself, then, for you wont find many Danny Bergins to be throwin' you a dory's thwart ashore," she yelled after him.

"I'll bet he's wishing he kept his mouth shut now," whispered Mr. Duncan.

"Tuh—'twill be more than words will discompose him!" This from my uncle.

Carson stopped to throw back: "Curses and kisses—they always did lie close together with you, Bess," and moved off again.

"So!" She ran half a dozen steps toward him. "So? Come back and try for the kisses now, and see how many you get!"

Carson did not come back, and she went indoors.

"What a barge!" said my uncle.

"But a straightforward one," said Mr. Duncan.

"Tuh! Pleased enough I'll be to see Danny clear of the like of her—and Carson too."

My uncle took aboard his stores and ice and put to sea, letting me go with him again; and we were home again, and I was walking up from the wharf with my uncle and Danny Bergin when Henry Carson came up from behind, and without so much as a "Hi!" or "Hello!" or "How are you?" Carson said to Danny: "Did you hear Bess is married?"

It was like a vessel taking a heavy sea; young as I was, I could see that—the way Danny fetched up. Then steadily enough he said: "Who is the man?"

"Oh, you don't know him? His name is Meers, and she only met him a few weeks ago."

"Well, a few minutes, let alone a few weeks, Henry, is time enough to fall in love, they say!"

"Love! It's his money!"

"No, no, Henry; Bess wouldn't marry for that alone! And good luck to them both!"

Carson scowled, and Danny went on: "Now that she's married, we won't be seeing her any more, I suppose."

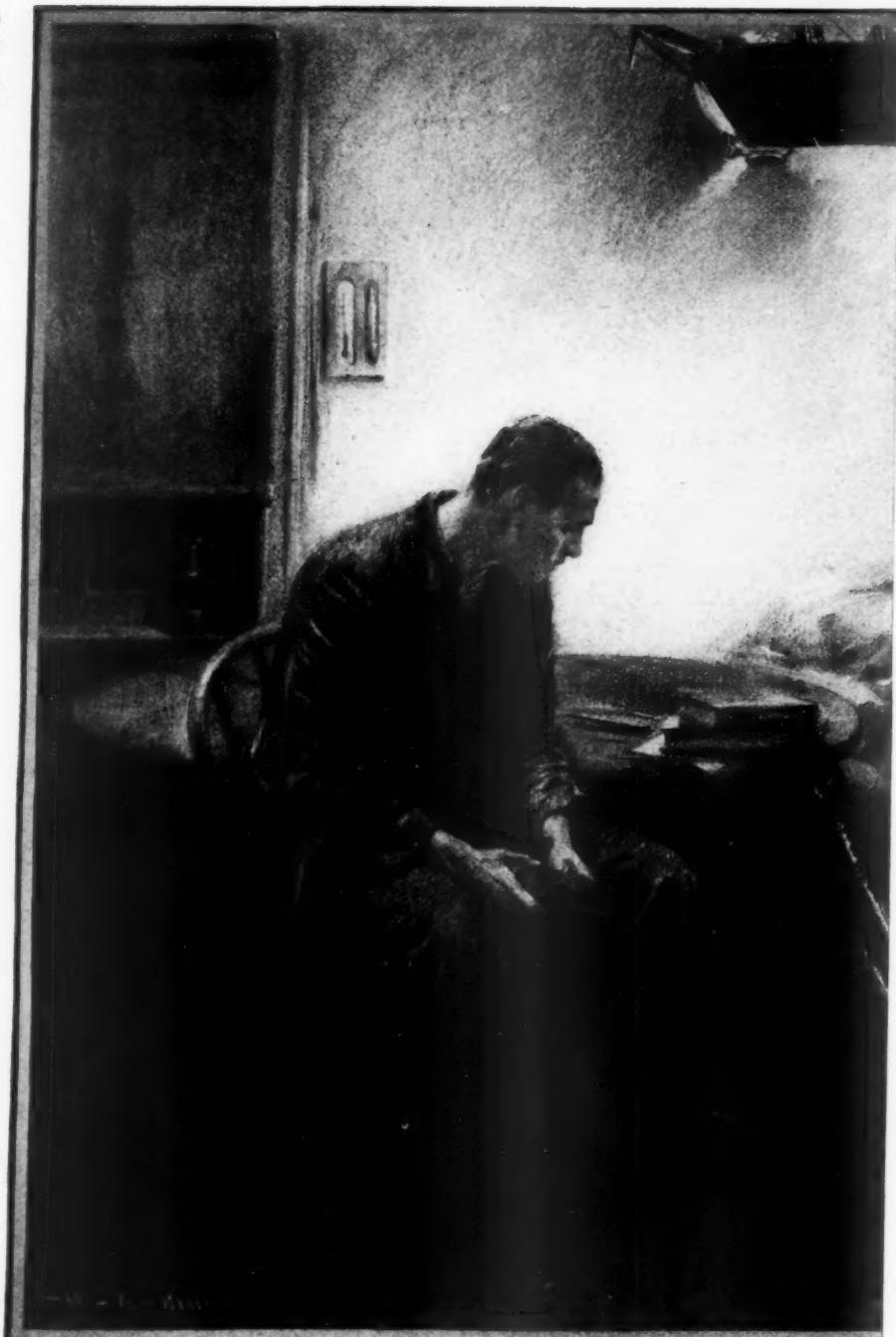
"I'll be seeing her," said Carson, and went off almost running.

My uncle took a long look at Danny, and then led the way to where on a hill a little park overlooks the harbor of Gloucester. For want of further orders I held to their wake. My uncle sat down on a bench, motioning Danny to sit beside him. And they sat there with neither one speaking for a long time, and then it was Danny who said: "My first fair wish, Captain John, was that I might some day be loved by the woman that I did love. But like a gull before a gale that wish is now gone."

"The world is full of wishes for you yet, Danny. Look there!" My uncle stood up, and as if Danny were a little boy, he gave him his hand to stand up; and Danny stood up beside him.

"Look there, Danny!" My uncle was pointing to the vessels to anchor in the stream. "A fine vessel to go master of—what of that, Danny?" From the vessels to anchor he pointed out past the Cape, saying: "And what of the billowy sea and the stars that you used to tell me of in the night-watches?"

And by and by, looking from the sea to the sky and back again, Danny said: "You are right, Captain John. It is a wonderful hope, a fine vessel; and the rolling, white-breasted sea is beautiful beyond words; and the swinging, shiny stars are enough to take all a man's mind sometimes."



She let the police in quietly, and there was her husband stretched

THE day came when Danny got his vessel; and he was grateful and proud. "I know to what I owe it, Mr. Duncan—to the good words of Captain John and your good heart. And it is like a fair dream to me that I shall soon be sailing the sea and—in God's grace—home again to Gloucester, the master of my own vessel. I would like to sail today, for to sea is where a vessel should be when gear and stores are aboard and her crew on the string-piece waiting; but an easterly gale is blowing outside, and to be beating to sea against a heavy gale is no kindness to the crew or vessel. It would be but to wear them out for a small headway in the beginning of a trip."

If he had but sailed to sea that day!

That evening Mrs. Meers left her husband reading the evening paper, he being not much of a going-out man, while she went with a woman friend to the picture-theater. After the theater she



out on the floor, and Danny Bergin sitting in a chair beside him.

was letting herself into her house when the police sprang up from out of the dark about her, to say that some one had telephoned of a passer-by seeing murder done in a lighted room in her house. So she let the police in quietly, and there was her husband stretched out on the floor, and Captain Danny Bergin sitting in a chair beside him. Her husband had been choked to death.

No one who knew Danny well but said one thing: Danny Bergin never killed Meers.

But there were those who said. "If he didn't, who did? And what was he doing there—a man said to be courting the wife before she married Meers?"

To which Danny only said: "What a queer way of showing my liking for a woman—to kill the man she preferred to me!"

My uncle and Mr. Duncan came to him. "You never killed that man, Danny!" they said.

"No, Captain John, I did not!"

"Then what brought you there?" asked Mr. Duncan.

"I could answer you that, Mr. Duncan, but my answer would cast suspicion on where no suspicion should rest."

"Has Henry Carson anything to do with that answer?" said my uncle.

And Danny said: "Captain John, I know you don't like Henry—you never did like him; but from out the deep friendship I bear you, I ask you now not to bring into this the name of a man who was 'no more in my mind than were you or Mr. Duncan when I went to that house."

He stood his trial. And to the charge of murder he said: "I did not kill that poor man! Why should I—a poor man that I never felt harm for? I can only say that I came in and found him dead." That was all; he did not even try to explain how he happened to be there.

Mr. Duncan's lawyer, for the defense, could only put in the known good record of the accused man's life, and the manner and appearance of the man himself. "There he stands! Look at him, gentlemen of the jury. Does he look like a foul murderer?"

The belief of some of the jury, as we learned it long after, was that he did not kill the man but that he knew who did, but was too loyal to tell. He was shielding the wife, some thought. Others of that jury said no—no man would carry his loyalty that far. It was a jury divided as to his guilt; but the charge of the judge as to the evidence was not to be set aside. They found him guilty of murder in the second degree only.

"For life," was the law or sentence for a murder in the second degree, and for life the judge gave him. It was a terrible day, that.

After a decent interval John Larkin and Mr. Duncan began to see about having him pardoned. Governor after governor they worked on, with but small headway showing, when—it was in the fourteenth year of his sentence and they had given up hope for that year—suddenly he was let out.

He came straight to my uncle in Gloucester, and almost his first words were: "Captain John, have you a chance in your vessel for me?"

"Danny, for as long as I am master of a vessel, there will be a chance for you," said my uncle. "But you'd better see Mr. Duncan first, I think."

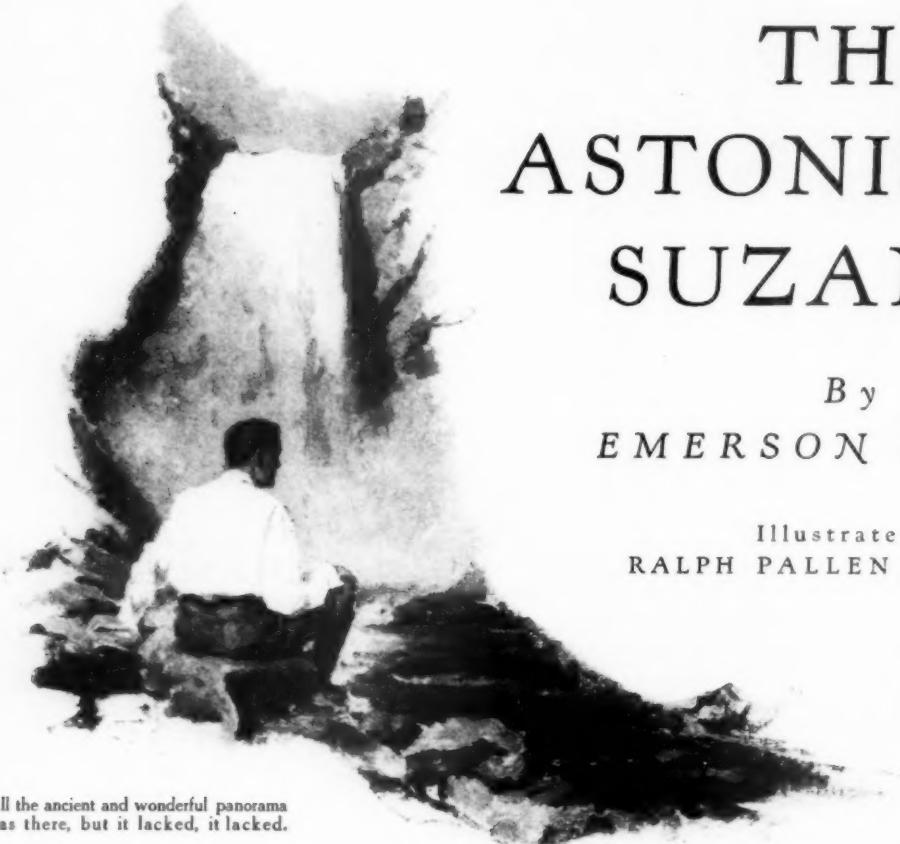
He went to Mr. Duncan.

"Captain Bergin," said Mr. Duncan, "with me you can begin where you left off fourteen years ago. A vessel of mine was waiting for you then. A vessel of mine you can have now."

Fourteen years of confinement had not taken all the old spring from Danny's step; he was still a straight, strong man to look at, but he had to sit down with weakness when Mr. Duncan said that to him, in the way he did.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Duncan,"—he was wiping the tears from his eyes,—"but fourteen years in prison—it is a long time; and gentle words and kind acts were not our daily fare there."

He set out to ship a crew; and then he learned that fourteen years is a long time to be away. Old (*Continued on page 114*)



THE ASTONISHING SUZANNE

By
EMERSON HOUGH

Illustrated by
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

All the ancient and wonderful panorama
was there, but it lacked, it lacked.

The story so far:

AFTER the riding accident in which Major Murrell Cardon did his best to rescue Suzanne, he received a correct and grateful note from her mother, Mrs. Collingsworth; and that was the end of the matter—socially. Emotionally the Major was badly taken with Suzanne. Now, the Major, sojourning in France during the late unpleasantness, had acquired a limp, and when he found himself continually and consistently dropped by Mrs. and Miss Collingsworth, he concluded that his limp was part of the reason. He therefore conferred with his friend Doctor Westfield, and by a very painful operation his two legs were made equal.

Doctor Westfield did not feel his responsibility ended with the operation, however, and he arranged a social introduction for his young friend. This introduction came off, for the Major, in the form of a solo before the Quadrangle Woman's Club, with Mrs. Collingsworth and Suzanne in the audience. The program over, the Major waited with beating heart for Mrs. Collingsworth and Suzanne to come forward and congratulate him, and his dismay was tremendous when he saw these ladies quietly leave the room with a certain Mr. Blandsford and son Jimmy. The Major ground his teeth and remained impotent. But he adopted the Blandsfords into his permanent hatred.

Time went on, with the Major increasingly unhappy, until one evening he decided to take the bull by the horns and call upon Suzanne, all un-introduced as he was. He reached her house and was ushered into the hall. As he waited, heavy curtains parted, Suzanne appeared, resplendent, beautiful, and with a chuckle of delight threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

The Major struggled with his now uncontrollable heart, while Suzanne drew back with a low cry of dismay; and then, "Why not?" exclaimed Suzanne, and kissed him fair and full again.

A moment later the dazed Major found himself following Mrs. Collingsworth into the conservatory behind Suzanne and Jimmy Blandsford.

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The story continues:

"**I**f I had a hundred daughters," said Mrs. Collingsworth, "I should want each of them to be her own self and to follow out her own character. I myself did. Perhaps that accounts for many things."

I wondered if it could account for the kiss—the two kisses—which her daughter had given me, an uninvited stranger, at her threshold a few minutes before. I wondered if it could account for her daughter's unbelievably capricious conduct—her gayety—in receiving Jimmy Blandsford an instant later. A hot, male anger filled my soul, even as I stifled the horrid question whether she had kissed him too, whether indeed such was a household custom with this extraordinary family.

My hostess herself was an extraordinary person. Even a woman's envious estimate would not have placed her age above forty, and she looked rather thirty as she sat now, in evening dress, surrounded by all the belongings of her patrician home. There was type, family, "quality" here. The thoroughbred, time out of mind, has been licensed to occasional eccentricity. I had found myself hanging on her next remark, even as I heard through the open door the gay laughter of Suzanne, and the voice of Jimmy Blandsford, booming buoyantly.

Surely I had been set at ease with perfect breeding, perfect grace. No opportunity had been given me to stumble or blunder, to make myself unhappy by attempting to explain my presence. I was accepted as if I were an old friend. My heart went out to so fine a hostess. Indeed I was willing, there and then, to cast the full vote of the electoral college for her as my mother-in-law.

She must have touched some button, for the old negro man, silent and impassive, appeared with coffee and cigarettes.

"The young people are going to hear 'Thaïs' tonight," she remarked. "Would you rather go? I think there would be room in our box."

I made apologies now for my intrusion, began to stammer, would have excused myself. But she would have none of that.

"If only you could sit here and talk to an old lady instead!" She smiled. "'Thaïs' bores me. I only thought you might like to run down for an hour or so."

"Thaïs" indeed! Was *Thaïs* herself of old, or any light o' love of all the world, more fickle or more condemnable than she whose joyous laughter now came to me? Sit near her, the strong cordial of her kiss in all my veins, and watch her talk to Jimmy Blandford, accepted openly as guest in the Collingsworth box? No, I could not—not even for the sight of her beauty thus close at hand. Wretched, I remained mute, I suppose, or at least inarticulate.

"There will be two other ladies in the box tonight. They will do for chaperons. Then you'll humor me and sit here for a time, Major?"

I heard her voice, reassuring, a perfect index of her exquisite tact. I wondered how much she knew, how much she guessed, how much she understood.

I heard the front door open. Suzanne and her escort passed, outbound for "Thaïs," both talking at once, very happily.

"It is so nice of you to stay, Major. It was so nice of you to come."

In her delicate upward inflection I caught her indication of my cue.

"My dear Mrs. Collingsworth, you are simply splendid!" I broke out. "You allow me, a stranger—"

"Oh, not at all a stranger, not in the least. Haven't you been a friend to my daughter—when she was hurt? Haven't we heard you speak, and sing, and everything? And doesn't everyone know Major Murrell Cardon?"

I fancy I colored.

"But where has Major Cardon been, the last month or so? Until just the other day, when you sang—do you know?"—she smiled suddenly,—"I don't usually much care for men who sing, but you sang so badly I rather fancied you, because I fancied you didn't fancy yourself! So many amateurs do."

When I told her I had been in hospital, told her why, necessarily, explanations began to perd between us.

"Mrs. Collingsworth," I began again impetuously, "you are Southern, you are Kentuckian. You ride, as your daughter does?" She nodded. "Of course."

"There are two ways of riding, Mrs. Collingsworth. One is safe, perhaps wise. If the rails look too stiff, one can follow down the road and find a gate. The other way is to ride straight across."

Her lips parted in a little smile. "I always did," she said simply.

"And I also. I know no other way."

"Yes. Then?"

"Yes! That is why I am here. That is why I went to the hospital—that I might be fit to come here. And that is why I came tonight. Can you understand?"

"I suppose it was Suzanne," she said at length gravely. For an instant a dimple showed in her left cheek—the same dimple I had seen on the left cheek of Suzanne.

"Yes, it was Suzanne! Oh, perhaps my friends the Blandsfords would have introduced me properly, but my instinct in some way warned me away from that. You see—here is young Mr. Blandford now! I did not know—believe me, I did not know. But you understand?"

"Why should I not?" The sudden tender sadness of her eyes left me not quite so sad. I knew that Blandford, *père*, might quite as well abandon all his ardors. The widow Collingsworth had loved once, and would love no more. And so that proved. He passed away from Allenby Place, his health demanding Pasadena for five months.

"You do understand the intentness of a young man in love?"

"Why should I not?"

"Then you know I really came on any desperate excuse to see your daughter, not to ask consent to love her. It already was too late for that. Only, if it had not been too late, otherwise—" I nodded toward the vacant music room. "I can't help hoping you'd not have objected."

She put down her cigarette in the tray with a certain firmness. "My dear Major Cardon," said she straightly. "I do not conceive



"Then you know I really came on any desperate excuse to see your daughter, not to ask consent to love her. It was already too late for that."

that it is my function to object. It did my parents no good to object in my own case. And I have told you, if I had a hundred daughters, and if each had a hundred *beaux*" (she used the quaint Southern term), "I'd not raise a hand to help or hinder one of them. You see, I'd want all my hundred daughters to be physically, mentally and morally fit for marriage to the right man. I'd want *him* to be fit. After that—why, the knees of the immortal gods, Major! That is my idea of life and triumph. And it's in marriage that a girl triumphs—or loses. It was my own triumph. Should I debar a daughter of mine from the methods that I myself used? I've been happy in my time."

She sat, calm and direct of gaze, in her own drawing-room, in a home undoubtedly of wealth and culture also—the mahogany and draperies, the silver and the curtains, all simple, all good, proving all that, even had her own rapid social successes not attested to her the *cachet*. The vagrant dimple just flashed to view once more, but the somberness of her eyes remained unchanged.

"Then I may come again?" I had risen. "May I take you down and leave you at the opera now? My own car is here."

"Thank you, no. But yes, I hope you'll come again, quite often, Major. A great many gentlemen do, you know. Are you one of the Alabama Cardons?"

"Yes, madam, originally."

"Indeed? We are Kentucky, as I've said. We just came up here for the summer, and have stayed along, you see. I took this house for a long term, finally. We've traveled a great deal—not without interest, perhaps?" Again her delightful rising inflection. I could see scores of gallants following *en train*.

"Yes, Europe often—before the great war. Pretty much all America. We're thinking of the Yellowstone this coming summer. Do you know anything about it?"

"Everything! I've been there often, and am going there this summer once more. You see, I'd a friend out there, Billy Hammond, Captain in the Sixth Cavalry. When the war broke out, he left all his stuff in the Park. I'm offered his old bungalow as a home this summer, if I like. I was thinking I'd enjoy a month or so in the mountains there."

Mrs. Collingsworth smiled. "You do ride rather straight, don't you? Well, for my part, I should be willing to go. But always there are so many young men, wherever we go. Really, we came up here to get away from them, but it seems of no use—they fairly seem to lie in wait. My daughter is—well—rather—don't you think?"

"Your daughter is adorable, as her mother was before her and is. And now, dear lady, since matters have run so fast. I can't help making it still plainer, why I came here. I came because I had to come! And I can't help saying now to her mother that even though I never should see Suzanne again, there will be no other woman, ever, in all the world for me. That's why I came tonight. It was irregular, but I could not help it."

The lids of her eyes trembled. "That is just what my husband said to me, when first he came."

"Did it sound the truth, then?"

"It sounded very sweet."

Impulsively I held out my hand, and she took it. With Southern graciousness she walked part way with me to the door.

"I shall not help or hinder you," said she slowly, at last.

And so ended the most extraordinary evening I had—up to that time—ever spent in all my life. There were now no secrets between Mrs. Collingsworth and myself—nothing, except the kiss of Suzanne.

CHAPTER VI

I MADE not the slightest doubt that the Blandsfords, *père* and *filles*, disregarded Lenten sackcloth and ashes, so far as calling upon the Collingsworth family was concerned. I imagined they both sent flowers daily—not knowing then that Blandsford *père* had been sent back to banking. For myself, courteous as had been my own reception, it did not on the whole leave me feeling free to press my advantage; so I sent flowers but once—not to Suzanne, but to her mother. As for Suzanne, right or wrong, and be her conduct what it might, I knew I loved her desperately, absorbingly, to the exclusion of every other interest or occupation. It all began and ended there.

But Lent passed, and in time spring promised. I went to Florida for some sea-fishing, impatient for the opening of the season in the mountains, which would not be until some time in June. The snows hardly leave the mountain parks before the

middle of that month; but giving myself ample leeway, I was on hand at the Yellowstone by the first of June. By the time the roads were cleared for the first traffic, I was installed comfortably in the quarters offered me by my friend Billy Hammond, who, being now in Coblentz, had no need of his erstwhile abode.

A *bon vivant* of sorts, my rollicking friend had left the imprint of his care-free life on this house of his. The upper floor had a couple of austere sleeping-rooms, but a certain rude and crude frontier profusion of furnishing marked the rest—Navajo rugs, skins, trophies, chairs of unmilitary softness, even in the den, which once had been little more than a well-appointed bar, if one might read signs and portents. Billy's cook, once the best in the army, was gone; but I smuggled in a China boy, who promised well.

I knew that I had perhaps a month of waiting on my hands—provided indeed the Collingsworth family had not changed their minds and gone to Italy or Honolulu—I put nothing beyond them.

I passed the time as I might, and dare venture the belief that I learned more of geyser formations and mountain flowers than any other man of my acquaintance in like time. I made walks daily over the Jupiter and Minerva terraces, and had the *algae* of each hot spring so accurately classified I might have served as a public guide. I went through with the snowplows over Dunraven Pass, helped break the trail up Mount Washburne, and saw Old Faithful's fleecy clouds stream up in an air which held the ice of January in the calendar of June. Further to pass the time, I angled on the Glen Creek sloughs on Swan Lake Flats, before the ice was out along the edges. I hung over the bridges at the Lake road and the La Mar Fork, where the blue of the summer waters had not yet tinged the gray murk of the snow-made floods. The marvels of this wonderland never until now had palled on me, and I had known them long.

But now my geysers had lost their taste. Even the little water ousels along the streams roused no more than languid interest, as they dived and hid under the ice-cakes, and the shrill whistle of the marmot no longer caused me to raise a questing eye. I was weary of the buffalo, cared no more for the elk, was indifferent regarding the bighorns, and did not even seek out the eagle nests that I knew of old. All the ancient and wonderful panorama was there, but it lacked, it lacked.

SUDDENLY, all of one day of marvels, spring came over the mountains, and ere it well had begun, summer had replaced it. The thermometers would say 80° any midday now. The countless tourist cars had the dust cut free, and the sprinkler-wagons all were out. The fuss and fret of operating a vast playhouse for a hundred thousand eager Americans was in full swing. The flowers were out, myriads and myriads of them, and on the lawn of the old parade-ground before the hotels the water-sprays must run day and night to keep the grass green against the half-savage sun.

The season was on, hectic, absorbing, full of interest even to the most jaded man.

Yet joy was not for me. Aloof, morose, I waited fatuously, not knowing but that I was wasting a summer on the whom of one fully capable of caprice. I had been too proud or too foolish to ask Mrs. Collingsworth as to her plans for her Western journey, so I knew nothing of the date of her possible arrival. I only waited, like the fool I was, as I assured myself.

My China boy declared himself to be a cousin of the Oriental who operated the hotel vegetable gardens down the Gardiner river, and assured me—I know not with what legal justice—that he had access at will to the said gardens to the extent of such lettuce, radishes and other early green provender as my table might require. As spring advanced, he began to produce regular results in such matters, and so I was always willing to let him off when he asked for a trip down the river.

One morning, my quarters being thus alone except for myself, I also strolled out into the bright air. I had no more plan than was comprised in my daily visit to the hotel register. No doubt I would purchase yet more postal cards depicting bears and geysers feeding from the hand.

I did not get so far as the hotel, and instead of turning down the hill, walked in the opposite direction, interested in the progress of the great new swimming-pool now almost completed by the camping company whose settlement lay below the Mammoth Terrace. Fed by deliciously warm sulphur water piped down from the great hot springs on the mountain-side, it was plain that the pool would be a great attraction to the dusty tourist folks. Its formal opening was eagerly awaited by the public.



"Would you cut a man's heart to pieces for the mere sport of it? Isn't it enough to ruin me without pretending innocence about it?"

The workmen that day, for some reason, had been laid off, and the place was deserted. I concluded to go into the great lounging-room of the camping company, where I might loaf for a while before going back home. I thought I might make further photographs of Billy, my pet bear who had taken up his abode under my front porch—one of the tamest of the astonishingly tame bears which have made the Yellowstone Park famous.

But when, after an hour or so in the lounge, I returned to my bungalow on the hillside above the swimming-pool, Billy was not at home. A trifle grumpy over his defection, I entered and threw myself into a chair, hands in pockets, wondering if I could sleep and so forget myself.

I had sat I do not know just how long, when I heard swift, soft padding as of bare feet on the walk from my gate, heard my screen door flung open—and then heard a woman's scream. My front door burst open even as the cry filled my ears, and an instant later the screen door slammed shut back of the intruder.

Outlined for a second against the blue sky beyond, there stood in my doorway a woman, a young woman, a very beautiful young woman; indeed, a goddesslike young woman, and clad much as goddesses were reputed once to have gone about in a more favored period of the world's existence. In point of fact, the apparel of this particular goddess seemed to amount to very little at all, although the shine and drip of it proved it to be a very brief and most becoming bathing suit—very wet indeed. It must have been a run of several hundred yards from the nearest place where one thus could wet a bathing suit. My goddess had been running—her breath came in gasps.

It was Suzanne! It could by no manner of human possibility have been anyone else but Suzanne. No other girl in all the world would be gallivanting around in public at midday in a wetly revealing bathing suit. No one but Suzanne would have come alone, unheralded and uninvited, into the bachelor abode of the very man who loved her with such devotion as comes but once to any man. Well, I could not complain. I had been waiting for weeks in ignorance of her possible arrival. And as for Suzanne, any arrival of hers, no matter how sudden, could not be called too soon.

She saw me—shrieked, clapped her hands to her cheeks, folded her arms across her bosom, sank sideways with her limbs, womanwise, as though

to conceal her revealedness. There was terror on her features, and shame and surprise and consternation.

There was nowhere for her to go. She tugged open the door to escape, but just beyond the screen, reared to his full height, and whining his disappointment, stood my pet bear Billy. "Oh, my God!" shrieked Suzanne, seeing Billy. Then, "Oh, my God!" she exclaimed again, as she turned and saw me confronting her upon the other side.

"Please! Please!" Her hands were stretched at arm's-length before her as she stood, begging excuse, begging protection, begging I should not see her thus.

"Suzanne! My God," was all I myself could say at first.

Her lips trembled in genuine terror. I felt a sudden wish to pull her head down upon my shoulder, to pat her hair, silk cap and all. For once she had lost her self-possession. In all the diverse ways in which we heretofore had met, never had she been more appealing than now—I shall not say more alluring, for that is no word to apply to a maid in such distress.

My second instinct, after the surprise and the swift joy of her presence, was to protect her as I could. I swept toward her a great Navajo blanket from an easy chair. She caught it around her, turned to see where she might hide. I motioned her to the depths of a wing chair that stood before the fireplace. She sank down, pulling her feet back under her, drawing the blanket high, remaining mute.

I could see her shrink when she heard Billy scratching at the door; so I opened the door, gave Billy a chocolate caramel and scared him off the porch. He went below to his usual domicile, grumbling very much over what he regarded as mis-treatment.

I knew almost at once what had brought this unexpected visitor to my door. "You had heard of the new swimming-pool and could not wait for it to open!" I said to Suzanne. "I suppose you went down there all alone and left your clothing in the locker. You took your plunge. When you came out, Billy saw you."

She nodded, breathing hard.

"He is harmless as a child. He wanted you to feed him. Instead of that, you ran, and naturally he followed. Who or what would not? I am supposed to be a creature of reason, and Billy is not. When you ran, you saw this, the closest house—you opened the nearest door.

"Well, I have been waiting for you, for many, many long weeks. My compliments, my felicitations! I am obliged to you for the prompt if somewhat unceremonious manner in which you return calls."

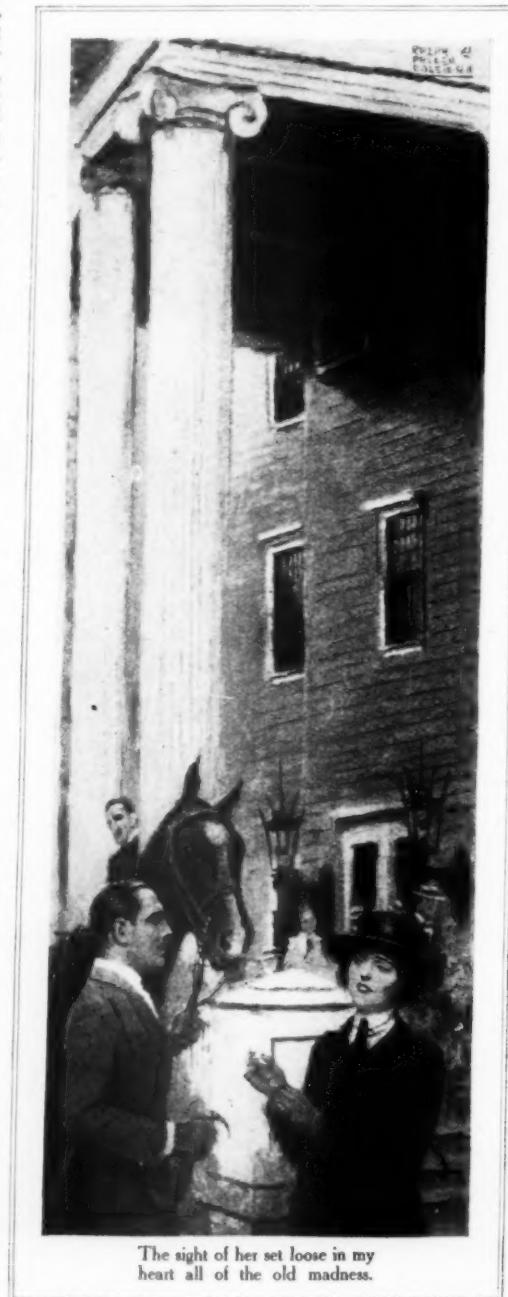
"If I had known you were here, that this is your place, I would have let it eat me first!" she blazed out. "Do you stop to think—"

"No, Miss Collingsworth," I replied, "I do not stop to think. I have had no time to stop to think. Have you yourself? I no more expected to see you enter my house in a bathing-suit than I expected you in evening dress to put your arms around my neck and kiss me when I called on you for the first time. Oh, yes, kiss me not once but twice. I also was uninvited—but, stop to think? It seems no longer being done."

She looked at me in absolute sheer horror—I can give it no other name. "What do you mean? What can you mean?" I saw her lip tremble. She seemed genuinely perturbed.

"What do I mean?" I felt scorn at her denial of the truth, even as I marveled at the excellence of her acting. She gazed at me in as perfect a counterfeit of open-eyed innocence as any mistress of histrionic art could have offered. It enraged me. My anger and my love broke away together.

"What do I mean? What do you mean, now? What did you mean then—when the next moment you hung on another man's arm before my very eyes—talked and laughed with him—while you mocked at me for a fool, I do not doubt? What do I mean? I swear if I could cut out my heart and cease to love you, as I ought to do, I'd mock at you in turn. You act (Continued on page 144)



The sight of her set loose in my heart all of the old madness.



William Van Dresser

THE PARTY

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrated by WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

THE thoughts of a little girl are not the thoughts of a little boy. Some will say that a little girl's thoughts are the gentler; and this may be, for the boy roves more with his tribe and follows its harder leaders; but during the eighth or ninth year, and sometimes a little earlier, there usually becomes evident the beginning of a more profound difference. The little girl has a greater self-consciousness than the boy has, but conceals hers better than he does his; moreover she has begun to discover the art of getting her way indirectly, which mystifies him and outrages his sense of justice. Above all, she is given precedence and preference over him, and yet he is expected to suppress what is almost his strongest natural feeling, and be polite to her! The result is that long feud between the sexes during the period running from the ages of seven and eight to fifteen, sixteen and seventeen, when reconciliation and reconstruction set in—often rapidly.

Of course the period varies with individuals; however, to deal with averages, a male of five will play with females of similar age almost as contentedly as with other males, but when he has reached eight, though he may still at times "play with girls," he feels a guilt, or at least a weakness, in doing so; for within him the long hatred has begun to smolder.

IN these stories we believe their famous author has gone deeper into childhood than in anything else he has ever written. You will agree with us when the series reaches its conclusion—months hence.

Many a parent and many an aunt will maintain that the girls are passive, that it is the boys who keep the quarrel alive, though this is merely to deny the relation between cause and result, and the truth is that the boys are only the noisier and franker in the exchange of reciprocal provocations. And since adults are but experienced children, we find illumination upon such a point in examples of the feud's revival in middle age; for it is indeed sometimes revived, even under conditions of matrimony. A great deal of coldness was shown to a suburban butcher who pushed his wife into his sausage vat. "Stay!" the philosopher protested. "We do not know what she had said to him."

The feud is often desultory and intermittent; and of course it does not exist between every boy and every girl; a *Montagu* may hate the *Capulets* with all his vitals, yet feel an extraordinary kindness toward one exceptional *Capulet*. Thus, Master Laurence Coy, nine, permitted none to surpass him in hating girls. He proclaimed his bitterness, and made the proclamation in public. At a party in his own house and given in his own honor, with girls for half his guests, he went so far as to state—not in a corner, whispering, but in the center of the largest room and shouting—that he hated every last thing about 'em. It seemed that he wished to avoid ambiguity.



This mortifying process was repeated. Some of them latter, furious and scarlet, with his struggling back arched,

And yet, toward one exceptional little girl he was as water.

Was what he felt for Elsie Threamer love? Naturally, the answer must depend upon a definition of the word; and there are definitions varying from the frivolous *mot*s tossed off by clergymen to the fanatical dogmas of coquettes. Mothers, in particular, have their own definitions, which are so often different from those of their sons that no one will ever be able to compute the number of mothers who have informed sons, ranging in age from fourteen to sixty-two, that what those sons mistook for love, and insisted was love, was not love. And yet the conclusion seems to be inevitable that behind all the definitions there is but one actual thing itself; that it may be either a force, or a condition produced by a force, or both; and that although the phenomena by which its presence may be recognized are of the widest diversity, they may be somewhat roughly classified according to the ages of the persons affected. Finally, a little honest research will convince anybody that these ages range from seven months to one hundred and thirty-four years; and if scriptural records are accepted, the latter figure must be much expanded.

HENCE there appears to be warranted accuracy in the statement that Laurence Coy was in a state of love. When he proclaimed his hatred of all girls and every last thing about 'em, that very proclamation was produced by his condition—it was a phenomenon related to the phenomena of crime, to those uncalled-for proclamations of innocence that are really the indications of guilt. He was indeed inimical to all other girls; but even as he declared his animosity, he hoped Elsie was noticing him.

Whenever he looked at her, he swallowed and had a warm but sinking sensation in his lower chest. If he continued to be in her presence for some time,—that is, for more than four or five minutes,—these symptoms were abated but did not wholly disappear; the neck was still a little uneasy, moving in a peculiar manner at intervals, as if to release itself from contact with the collar, and there was a feeling of looseness about the stomach.

In absence, her image was not ever and always within his doting fancy shrined; far from it! When he did think of her, the image was fair, doubtless; yet he had in mind nothing in particular he wished to say to its original. And when he heard she had the scarlet fever, he did not worry. No, he only wondered if she could see him from a window as he went by her house, and took occasion to pass that way with a new kite. Truth to say, here was the gist of his love in absence: it consisted almost entirely of a wish to have her for an audience while he performed; and that's not so far from the gist of divers older loves.

In her presence it was another matter; the uneasiness of the neck increased noticeably; the warm and sinking sensation in the lower chest became poignant before subsiding; self-consciousness expanded to the point of explosion, for here was actually the audience of his fragmentary day-dreams, and great performances were demanded. Just at this point, however, there was a difficulty—having developed neither a special talent nor even a design of any kind, he was forced back upon the more rudimentary forms of self-expression. Thus it comes about that sweet love itself will often be found the hidden cause of tumults that break up children's parties.

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pushed Daisy; some of them pushed Laurence; and the uttered many remonstrances in a strangling voice.

The moment of Elsie's arrival at Laurence's party could have been determined by an understanding person even if Elsie had been invisible to that person. Until then Laurence was decorous, greeting his arriving guests with a little arrogance natural to the occasion, since this was his own party and on his own premises; but the instant his glance fell upon the well-known brazen glow of apparently polished curls, as Elsie came toward him from the hall where she had left her pretty hat and little white coat, his decorum vanished conspicuously.

The familiar symptoms had assailed him, and automatically he reacted to prevent their unmanning him. Girls, generically, had been mentioned by no one, and he introduced the topic without prelude, stating at the top of his voice that he hated every last thing about 'em. Then, not waiting for Elsie to greet him, not even appearing to be aware of her approach, or of her existence, he ran across the room, shouting, "Hay, there, Mister!" and hurled himself against a boy whose back was toward him. Rebounding, he dashed upon another, bumping into him violently, with the same cry of "Hay, there, Mister!" and went careening on, from boy to boy, repeating the bellow with the bumping as he went.

Such easy behavior on the part of the host immediately dispensed that formal reticence which characterizes the early moments of most children's parties; the other boys fell in with Laurence's idea and began to plunge about the room, bumping one another with a glad disregard of little girls who unfortunately got in their way. "Hay, there, Mister!" was the favored cry, shouted as loudly as possible; and the bumping was as vigorous as the

slogan. Falls were many and uproarious; annoyed little girls were upset; furniture also fell; the noise became glorious; and thus Laurence Coy's party was a riot almost from the start.

NOW, when boys at a party get this mob mood going, the state of mind of the little girls is warrantably that of grown ladies among drunken men. There is this difference, of course: that the adult ladies leave the place and go home as soon as they can extricate themselves, whereas the little girls are incapable of even imagining such a course of action; they cannot imagine leaving a party before the serving of "refreshments," at the earliest. For that matter, children of both sexes sometimes have a miserable time at a party yet remain to the bitter end for no reason except that their minds are not equal to the conception of a departure. A child who of his own impulse leaves a party before it is over may be set down as either morbid or singularly precocious—he may be a genius.

When the bumping and bellowing broke out at Laurence's party, most of the little girls huddled discontentedly close to the walls or in corners, where they were joined by those who had been overturned; and these last were especially indignant as they smoothed down their rumpled attire. It cannot be said, however, that the little girls reduced the general clamor; on the contrary, they increased it by the loudest criticism.

Every one of the rumpled naturally singled out the bellowing bumper who had overturned herself, and declared him to be the worst of the malefactors bent upon "spoiling the party." But as the rioting continued, the ladies' criticism shifted in a remark-

able way, and presently all of it became hotly concentrated upon one particular rioter. The strange thing about this was that the individual thus made the center of odium was not Laurence, the founder of the objectionable game and the ringleader of the ruffians; not fat Bobby Eliot, the heaviest and most careless of his followers; not Thomas Kimball, the noisiest; not any of the boys, indeed, but on the peculiar contrary, a person of the resentful critics' own sex.

One little girl alone, among those overturned, had neither fled to the wall nor sought the protection of a corner; she remained upon the floor where Laurence, too blindly bumping, had left her; and it must be related that, thus recumbent, she kicked repeatedly at all who happened to pass her way. "Hay, there, Mister!" she said. "I'll show you!"

Her posture had no dignity, her remarks no graciousness; her action lacked womanliness; all in all, she seemed unconventional and but little aware of those qualities which a young female appearing in society should at least affect to possess. Hence it is no wonder that even before she decided to stop kicking and rise from the floor, she was already being censured. And what indeed was the severity of that censure, when after rising, she bounced herself violently against Laurence, ricocheted upon Thomas Kimball, and shrilling, "Hay, there, Mister! I'll show you!" proceeded to enter into the game with an enthusiasm surpassing that of any other participant.

It cannot be said that she was welcomed by the male players; they made it as clear as possible that they considered her an outsider and her enthusiasm gratuitous. "Here, you!" the fat Eliot boy objected sternly as she caromed into him. "You ole Daisy Mears, you! You ought to know you might ruin a person's stummick, doing like that with your elbow."

But Miss Mears was not affected by his severity; she projected herself at him again. "Hay, there, Mister!" she whooped. "I'll show you!" And so bounded on to the next boy.

Her voice, shrill beyond compare, could be heard—and by a sensitive ear heard painfully—far above the bellowing and the criticism. Her "Hay-there-Mister-I'll-show-you!" was both impetuous and continuous; and she covered more ground than any of the boys. Floored again, not once but many times, she recovered herself by a method of her own: the feet were quickly elevated as high as possible, then brought down, while a simultaneous swing of the shoulders threw the body forward; and never for an instant did she lose her up-and-at-em spirit. She devised a new manner of bumping—charging upon a boy, she would turn just at the instant of contact, and back into him with the full momentum acquired in the charge. Usually they both fell, but she had the advantage of being the upper, which not only softened the fall for her but enabled her to rise with greater ease because of her opponent's efforts to hoist her from him.

Now, here was a strange thing: the addition of this blithe companion seemed to dull the sport for those who most keenly loved it. In proportion as her eagerness for it increased, their own appeared to diminish. Dozens of times, probably, she was advised to "cut it out," and with even greater frankness requested to "get on out o' here!" Inquiries were directed to her, implying doubts of her sanity and even of her consciousness of her own acts. "Hay, listen!" several said to her. "Do you think you know what you're doin'?"

Finally she was informed, once more by implication, that she was underweight—though here was a paradox, for her weight was visibly enough to have overthrown the informer, who was Laurence. But this was the second time she had done it, and his warmth of feeling was natural.

"Get off o' me," he said, and added the paradoxical appraisement of her figure. His words were definite, but to the point only as reprisal for her assault; Daisy Mears was properly a person, not a "thing;" neither was she "old," being a month or so younger than Laurence; nor did his loose use of another adjective do credit to his descriptive accuracy. It was true that Daisy's party manners had lacked suavity, true that her extreme vivacity had been uncalled-for, true that she was not beautiful; but she was no thinner than she was stout, and she must have wished to insist upon a recognition of this fact.

She was in the act of rising from a sitting posture upon Laurence when he used the inaccurate word; and he had struggled to his hands and knees, elevating her; but at once she sat again, with violence, flattening him. "Who's skinny?" she inquired.

"You get up off o' me," he said fiercely.

She rose, laughing with all her shrillness, and Laurence would have risen too, but Miss Mears, shouting, "Hay, there, Mister!"

easily pushed him down, for the polished floor was slippery and gave no footing. Laurence tried again, and again the merry damsel aided him to prostrate himself. This mortifying process was repeated and repeated until it attracted the attention of most of the guests, while bumping stopped and the bumpers gathered to look on; even to take an uproarious part in the contest. Some of them pushed Daisy; some of them pushed Laurence; and the latter, furious and scarlet, with his struggling back arched, and his head lowering among his guests' shoes and slippers, uttered many remonstrances in a strangled voice.

Finally, owing to the resentful activity of the fat Eliot boy, who remembered his stummick and pushed Daisy with ungallant vigor, the disheveled Laurence once more resumed the upright position of a man, but only to find himself closely surrounded by rosily flushed faces, all unpleasantly mirthful at his expense. The universe seemed to be made of protuberant, taunting eyes and noisy open mouths.

"Ya-a-ay, Laur-runce!" they vociferated.

A lock of his own hair affected the sight of one of his eyes; a single hair of his late opponent was in his mouth, where he considered a hair of anybody's out of place, and this one peculiarly so, considering its source. Miss Mears herself, still piercing every tympanum with her shrillness, rolled upon the floor, but did not protract her hilarity there. Instead she availed herself of him, and with unabated disrespect, came up him hand-over-hand as if he had been a rope.

Then, as he strove to evade her too familiar grasp, there fell a sorry blow. Beyond the nearer pile of spectators his unhampered eye caught the brazen zigzag gleam of orderly curls moving to the toss of a dainty head; and he heard the voice of Elsie, incurably sweet in tone, but oh, how destroying in the words! Elsie must have heard some grown person say them, and stored them for effective use.

"Pooh! Fighting with that rowdy child!"

"Fightin'?" shouted Miss Mears. "That wasn't fightin'!"

"It wasn't?" Thomas Kimball inquired waggishly. "What was it?" And he added with precocious satire: "I s'pose you call it makin' love!"

To Laurence's horror, Master Kimball's waggish idea spread like a virulent contagion, even to Laurence's most intimate friends. "Ya-a-ay, Laur-runce!" they shouted. "Daisy Mears is your girl! Daisy Mears is Laurunce's girl! Oh, Laur-runce!"

He could only rage and bellow. "She is not! You hush up! I hate her! I hate her worse'n I do anybody!"

But his protests were disallowed and shouted down; the tormentors pranced, pointing at him with hateful forefingers, making other dreadful signs, sickening him unutterably. "Day-zy Mears and Laur-runce Coy! Daisy Mears is Laurunce's girl!"

"She is not!" he bawled. "You hush opp! I hate her! I hate her worse'n I do—worse'n I do—I hate her worse'n I do garbidge!"

IT may have been that this comparison, so frankly unbowed, helped to inspire Miss Daisy Mears. More probably what moved her was merely a continuation of the impulse propelling her from the moment of her first fall to the floor upon being accidentally bumped by Laurence. Surprisingly enough, in view of her present elations, Daisy had always been thought a quiet and unobtrusive little girl; indeed, she had always believed herself to be that sort of little girl. Never, until this afternoon, had she attracted special notice at a party, or anywhere else. Her nose, in particular, was almost unfortunately inconspicuous, her hair curled so temporarily, even upon artificial compulsion, that two small pigtails were found to be its best expression. She was the most commonplace of little girls; yet it has never been proved that commonplace people are content with their condition. Finding herself upon the floor and kicking, this afternoon, Daisy Mears discovered, for the first time in her life, that she occupied a prominent position and was being talked about. Then and there rose high the impulse to increase her prominence. What though comment were adverse, she was for once and at last the center of it! And for some natures, to taste distinction is to determine upon the whole drunken cup: Daisy Mears had entered upon an orgy.

Laurence's choice of a phrase to illustrate the disfavor in which he held her had a striking effect upon all his guests: the little girls were shocked, said "Oh!" and allowed their mouths to remain open indefinitely; the boys were seemingly maddened by their host's free expression—they howled, leaped, beat one another; but the most novel course of action was that adopted by the newly ambitious Daisy. She ran upon Laurence from

behind, and threw her arms about him in a manner permitting some question whether her intention might be an embrace or a wrestling match. Her indiscreet words, however, dismissed the doubt.

"He's my dear little pet!" she shouted.

For a moment Laurence was incredulous; then in a dazed way he began to realize his dreadful position. He knew himself to be worse than compromised: a ruinous claim to him seemed upon the point of being established; and all the spectators instantly joined in the effort to establish it. They circled about him, leaping and pointing. They bawled incessantly within the very cup of his ear.

"She is! She is *too* your girl! She says so *herself!*!"

approached, attended by Daisy, Mrs. Coy offered them a brightly colored cardboard box. "Here's a nice game," she said, and continued unfortunately: "Since you want to play with Daisy, you can amuse yourselves with that. It's a game for just two."

"I won't," Laurence returned, and added distinctly: "I rather die."

"But I thought you wanted to play with little Daisy," Mrs. Coy explained in her surprise. "I thought—"

"I rather die," said Laurence, speaking so that everybody might hear him. "I rather die a hundred times." And that no one at all might mistake his meaning, he concluded: "I'd rather eat a million boxes of rat-poison than play with her."

So firm and loud a declaration of preference, especially in the



The entire audience replied: "Daisy Mears and Laurence Coy! She's your girl!" Laurence swung the rake, repeating: "Just let her try to come near me again!"

To Laurence the situation was simply what it would have been to *Romeo* had an unattractive hoyden publicly claimed him for her own, embracing him in *Juliet's* presence, with the entire population of Verona boisterously insisting upon the hoyden's right to him. Moreover, *Romeo's* experience would have given him an advantage over Laurence. *Romeo* would have known how to point out that it takes two to make a bargain, would have requested the claimant to set forth witnesses or documents; he could have turned the public in his favor, could have extricated himself, and might have done so even with some grace. The Veronese would have respected his argument.

Not so with Laurence's public—for indeed his whole public now surrounded him. This was a public upon whom evidence and argument were wasted; besides, he had neither. He had only a dim kind of reasoning, very hurried—a perception that his only way out was to make his conduct toward Daisy Mears so consistently injurious that neither she nor the public could pretend to believe that anything so monstrous as affection existed between them. And since his conception of the first thing to be done was frankly elemental, it was well for his reputation as a gentleman and a host that his mother and his Aunt Ella happened to come into the living-room just then, bringing some boxes of games and favors. The mob broke up, and hurried in that direction.

Mrs. Coy looked benevolently over their heads, and completely mistaking a gesture of her son, called to him smilingly: "Come, Laurence; you can play tag with little Daisy after a while. Just now we've got some other games for you." Then, as he morosely

unpreferred person's presence, caused a slight embarrassment to Mrs. Coy. "But Laurence, dear," she began, "you mustn't—"

"I would!" he insisted. "I rather eat a million, *million* boxes of rat-poison than play with her! She—"

"She's your girl!"

The sly interruption stopped him. It came from a person to be identified only as one of a group clustering about his Aunt Ella's boxes; and it was accompanied by a general giggle but half suppressed in spite of the adult presences.

"You hush *opp!*" Laurence shouted.

"Laurence! Laurence!" said Mrs. Coy. "What is the matter, dear? It seems to me you're really not at all polite to poor little Daisy."

Laurence pursued the line of conduct he had set for himself as his only means of safety. "I wouldn't be polite to her," he said; "I wouldn't be polite to her if I had to eat a million—"

"Laurence!"

"I wouldn't!" he stoutly maintained. "Not if I had to eat a million, *million*—"

"Never mind!" his mother said with some emphasis. "Plenty of the other boys will be delighted to play with dear little Daisy."

"No," said Daisy brightly, "I *got* to play with Laurence."

Laurence looked at her. When a grown person looks at another in that way, it is time for the police; and Mrs. Coy was conscious of an emergency. She took Laurence by the shoulders, faced him about and told him to run and play with some one else; then she turned back to Daisy. "We'll find some *nice* little boy—" she began. But Daisy had followed Laurence.

She gave him a lively tap on the shoulder. "Got your tag!" she cried, and darted away, but as he did not follow, she returned to him. "Well, what *are* we goin' to play?" she inquired.

Laurence gave her another look. "You hang around me a little longer," he said, "an' I'll—I'll—I'll—"

Again came the giggled whisper:

"She's your girl!"

Laurence ran amuck. Head down, he charged into the group whence came the whisper, and successfully dispersed it. The component parts fled, squawking; Laurence pursued, and a mêlée began. Boys tripped one another, wrestled, skirmished in groups; and such moods being almost instantly contagious among males under twelve, many joined in assault with a jocosity not wholly remote, at least in appearance, from lunacy.

"Laurence! Laurence!" his mother exclaimed in vain, for he was the chief disturber, but he was too (*Continued on page 125*)

A remarkable story of the international prize-ring, involving a contest for the world's championship, that will be read with a peculiarly lively interest by every follower of the sport.

Illustrated by
JOSEPH
CHENOWETH



"This will be the last chance that any of us

JOHN McARDLE-

WHEN John McARDLE was a wee boy with the burr still clinging to his tongue, his mother, who was a Scotch Presbyterian, was wont to call him before her each evening when the supper-dishes were put away, and say:

"Now, John, thee maun square thy conscience, lad, and shame 'Auld Hornie.' Tell thy mither what thee did today."

Sometimes there were difficulties, as, for instance, when he acknowledged having thrown his Bell's First Reader at the head of Miss Estelle Shaw while that lady was diligently applying the rattan to little Janie Roberts.

After the small defendant had justified his conduct with all the eloquence and skill at his command, Mrs. McARDLE had a way of appealing to the supreme court.

"Now, lad," she would say, fixing her glasses more firmly on her nose, "thee hast defended thyself weel; what does John McARDLE himsel', think aboot it?"

Thus bereft of every shield to his conscience, the boy was compelled to make answer:

"John McARDLE says it was na' richt, Mither, and I maun hae the stick."

"A vera guid decision, John," Mrs. McARDLE would approve. "Thee be ever my ain true lad. Now gie me yon rod."

When the demands of justice had been appeased, John McARDLE would kiss his mother and go contentedly to bed.

He grew up, losing his Highland accent but retaining among other things an ability to distinguish between what he might countenance in lighter moments and what John McARDLE decided upon calm reflection was wrong, until at twenty-four he became the last thing on earth his mother had anticipated, the recognized middleweight champion of the world.

Mrs. McARDLE found great difficulty in reconciling this attainment with the dreams she had dreamed and the years of training she had devoted to her "ain braw bairn."

They argued the matter at length, but when her son insisted that John McARDLE himself could see nothing wrong in the boxing game, and when she saw that he was ever ready in other things to make peace with his conscience, even to putting in her wrinkled hands the rod to "shame Auld Hornie," she sighed, and strove wistfully to understand.

In the effort to comprehend the greatness of her son, Mrs. McARDLE sought the assistance of Beany Walsh, who in his day had fought and seconded and managed many a knight of the padded glove, and when hard pressed, could explain anything.

Beany was the young man who swung a towel in the champion's corner, and when McARDLE was fighting for his life, calmly advised him: "Tear in! Dat guy can't hurt you!"

"You see, Mrs. McARDLE," explained Beany, "John is all to the mustard; he's the little man from Egypt, and he feeds 'em all to the crocodiles. He's the guy who wrote 'Sleep, Baby, Sleep.' Any time he starts, they turn in three alarms and send for the wagon."

Mrs. McARDLE appreciated Beany's enthusiasm even though she could not comprehend his speech. In the evening she alternated between the sporting page, which almost always held some mention of her son, and the Bible; and whenever she discovered in the latter a passage which seemed to justify physical prowess, she underlined the sentence with the stub of a pencil and made marginal notations.

But John McARDLE's career as a boxer was short-lived. Fate, in the person of a reckless auto-driver, turned him over on the road one afternoon, and when he lurched to his feet from a



have to make a penny out of the fight game. Thought of that?"

REFEREE

By
GERALD BEAUMONT

smother of broken glass and wreckage, his left arm was broken in three places. The doctors did a remarkably good job, but they could not supply him with an entirely new elbow; nor could they ever make the old one supple enough for the necessities of a middleweight champion of the world.

So John McArdle became a referee, a profession which fills its ranks from two classes: those who are sporting writers and continue to remain such, and those who are ex-fighters and maintain cafés or billiard-rooms the walls of which they can adorn with photographs, and capitalize past glories and present-day acquaintanceships. He established his café in the center of the theatrical district and set to work with native seriousness to become the best referee in the world.

For the first time he began to appreciate the difference that exists between the third man in the ring and the other two. The latter have but two gloves to watch; they sit down for sixty seconds at the end of each three-minute period; they have three men in their corners to tell them what to do; and there is always the possibility that one day they will reach the top and receive the President's salary for a single night's work.

McArdle learned that a referee must watch four gloves, must never let a boxer's back be turned to him, must always keep moving lest he interfere with the view of the spectators, must always be on the alert for the unexpected; and hardest of all, he must hand down his decision as he sees it, without fear or favor, and without seeking or accepting advice from anyone. And because he knew his business and strove hard to please, the fans came to call him Honest John McArdle and tolerated him, which is as much reward as a referee can ever hope to receive.

Mother McArdle was secretly relieved that her boy was no longer the target for another man's fists, but she was careful not

to show it, explaining to her friends that "John was ower fond o' fechtin', and was verra sairy about his puir arm."

All this happened before the Eighteenth Amendment, before John McArdle realized in full his love for the same Janie Roberts whose books he had carried home from school, and before Canada Dick Peters was matched with the Philadelphia Phantom for the middleweight championship of the world. These three developments followed one another closely, and each presented to John McArdle its individual perplexities.

First there was the dry law, which necessitated funds with which to remodel his establishment and which made his future income problematical. Then there was Janie.

Janie Roberts was twenty, all rose and gold, with eyes of a Coventry blue, and the lilt of the lark in her laughter. More than that, she was the daughter—and idol—of Big Steve Roberts, who had once been a dealer in a back-room at Dawson and now leased a palatial suite in the Van Humphrey, maintaining a "Club for Gentlemen—Admission by Card Only."

In order that Janie should make no mistake in life regarding men and should marry outside the sporting world, Big Steve Roberts drew heavily upon his bank-account and upon the vast fund of his experience. He taught her how to distinguish those who carried trick dice from those who were on the level, and he sent her out to look the world over. It would not have surprised him if the Prince of Wales had come back to ask her hand; but after two years Janie returned—to walk in the park on Sunday afternoons with the man who had once hurled his reader at her teacher's head.

"Now, Dad," she remonstrated, flexing a pink and white finger under his nose, "—now, Dad, there's no better father in all the world than you; and yet—you're a sporting man."

"I've been a good father in spite of my associations," he replied, "not because of them. I want my little girl to marry a *real* man—one that nobody can reach; and I tell you, Janie, in the sporting world, we're all losers."

"You're a dear old mule," said Janie lightly. "I suppose I'll have to obey you just out of force of habit, but you listen to me: either I marry John McArdle or I don't marry at all."

And Big Steve, fully aware that no power on earth could move Janie once she made up her mind to a thing, muttered approvingly, "Tis better so," and did not discover for several minutes that he was looking at the church notices instead of the racing chart.

Thus matters stood, presenting to John McArdle a sort of triangular problem, his matrimonial and financial difficulties forming a right angle, with the hypotenuse represented by the approaching contest between his successor to the middleweight title and the only contender in sight.

The Philadelphia Phantom had flashed across the pugilistic horizon with all the brilliance of a meteor. Not since the days of Joe Gans had there been a man who understood ring generalship so well and was as good a boxer. Sporting writers agreed that there was but one man who might have taken his measure in a distance fight, and that was the one whose name was mentioned merely as the probable choice for referee.

Concerning Canada Dick Peters there was a wide difference of opinion. There were many who believed that the contender was all that was said of him. There were others, grown gray in the game, who opined that Peters was merely an artificial "card" who owed all his success to the shrewd manipulation of Jake Scheppeler, and they did not believe the match would ever be held.

But finally the articles actually were signed, and not long afterwards, Rudy Metzker, promoter of the match, dropped in for a quiet talk with John McArdle.

"Well, John," said Metzker when they had sunk into easy chairs in the privacy of McArdle's little office, "we're deadlocked over the referee question, and they've left it up to me to pick any one of three men. You and I have been pretty good friends, John."

"Yes," acknowledged McArdle, "we've been pretty good friends, and I'd like to referee the match."

Metzker nodded and chose his words carefully. "This is likely to be the last big match in America, John."

"Yes."

"This will be the last chance that any of us will have to make a penny out of the fight game. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes, I've thought of it. I've been wondering how you figured to make any money when you had to guarantee a quarter-of-a million purse and hold the fight here."



"Ring the bell," McArdle reiterated, "and keep on ringing it; I'm going to throw them out."

"That's just the point," said Metzker. "I can't hope to do better than break even. When it comes to earning any money, I must look elsewhere than the gate-receipts—the betting, for instance. Only one of two men can win, and I might know enough about both to come very close to picking the right one."

"Oh," said McArdle.

"Now, John," pursued the promoter, hitching his chair a trifle closer, "take the champion, for instance: he's inclined to hit pretty close to the belt with that left hook when he's tearing in—you've probably noticed that?"

"Yes," said McArdle.

"Suppose, John,—only suppose, mind you,—that the champion, say in the seventh round, should see he was getting the worst of it, and should deliberately foul his man. If you were the referee, John, what would you do?"

"Why, disqualify him, of course. What else could I do?"

"Some men," suggested Metzker, "might take into consideration a good many things. They might think of the moving-pictures and the thousands who had paid good money to see the full show, or they might remember that the champion was a one-to-two shot in the betting, and they might figure that the title was worth protecting. If the challenger kept his feet, some referees might rule that it was only a technical foul and dismiss the matter with a warning. Or if he actually went down, there is always the chance that it might be called a knockout."

"You know me, Rudy," reminded McArdle; "what do you think I'd do?"

The promoter regarded his friend thoughtfully. "I think," he answered, "that you'll referee the match on the square and call a foul *when you see one*. In fact, you couldn't do otherwise and be Honest John McArdle."

"No," said McArdle slowly, "I guess that's true."

"Well, that much is settled, then," dismissed Metzker. "The fee will be five thousand dollars, in any event. We will hope that there's no foul; but in case such an unfortunate thing happens, and you have to do your duty in the face of the betting and everything—why, it would seem no more than fair, John, that the referee should receive more—say twenty-five thousand."

"Ah," said McArdle.

Metzker pressed the point home. "You see, John, it would hardly do for the referee to lose his nerve at the last moment, or not be in a position to see a foul blow if one was delivered—say, in the *seventh* round. Take a man like Big Steve Roberts—he might have the bank-roll bet that way, and Steve isn't likely to forgive the referee who made a mistake like that. In fact, Big Steve would be just the sort to stage a little surprise-party for the man who double-crossed him."

"Is he in on this, Rudy?"

"In on what?" countered the promoter sharply.

"I mean," corrected McArdle, "is Roberts going to plunge on this fight?"

"Big Steve," said Metzker gently, "is the one who doped it out that a foul was likely, and he always backs his hunches—hook, line and sinker."

The promoter arose and dusted the cigar-ashes from his vest.

"Don't let anything I have said bother you, John," he admonished. "After all, the betting is no concern of yours, and I know you don't care who wins. The public believes in you, John, and they know that you'll do your duty in the ring. That's all in the world any of us expect of you. I'll tell the papers you're the man. Kind of a hot day, ain't it?"

"Yes," said McArdle, "it is warming up."

Rudy Metzker nodded and vanished in the direction of the street, leaving the referee sitting at his desk.

At the supper-table that evening, McArdle told his mother that he had been selected to serve as the third man in the ring for the big match. He made the announcement soberly, and she missed the enthusiasm with which he had been wont hitherto to discuss such appointments. As the days passed, he became



Of what followed, John McArdle had but a vague memory. He remembered he had dropped the champion with a hook to the chin and he recalled dark forms climbing through the ropes in every direction.

more taciturn and depressed. Mrs. McArdle attributed this to something else.

"Is it the lass, John? What way do you no go out wi' Janie of a Soonday? Hae ye been fechtin'?"

"No, Mother, we're still good friends—only I'm busy."

"A bonnie lass," said Mrs. McArdle. "Will thee be fetchin' her to the kirk some day, John?"

"Perhaps, Mother. You'd like it?"

"Aye—she's a bonnie lass."

John continued to smoke thoughtfully.

"Thee had better tell thy auld mither what's troublin' thee, lad."

But he shook his head. "Tis nothing," he assured. "I was just wondering if twenty-five thousand dollars would remodel my place into a high-class billiard-parlor. I'm losing money now."

"Whist!" said Mrs. McArdle. "Tis eneuch money to buy all E'nbrugh!"

Her son smiled and went out, and for the next week or so was very busy, visiting the rival training-camps, chatting with the newspaper men and incoming celebrities, and catering to the night crowds who made his café a sporting rendezvous as the day for the big fight drew near.

To the surprise of sporting writers, the match developed the heaviest betting in years. Canadian sportsmen were reported to have formed a pool to back the challenger at the prevailing odds of two to one. Despite the flood of coin that developed in support of the Philadelphia Phantom, the odds remained stationary, for in every city throughout the country Canada Dick Peters enjoyed a mysterious backing.

FINALLY the big day came. John McArdle sat down to an early lunch at home and then prepared to leave.

Now, the soil in which the slip is planted is the soil wherein the tree holds root. At the last moment John McArdle turned to his mother and relapsed into the speech by which they understood one another best.

"I be verra fasht about somethin', Mither. John McArdle is in a verra bad way. I hae gie th' word to referee this fecht fairly and to ca' a foul when I see't."

"And what for no, John?"

"I ken the foul will be a trick—the best mon will nae win, Mither. The twa lads hae sold oot to Janie's faither, an' I dinna ken what to do."

He entered into greater detail in an effort to make her understand all the angles that were involved, but she had difficulty in comprehending the fine distinction between the rules of the prize-ring and the arbitrary power that is vested in a referee. She knew only that her bairn was facing a crisis in his life, and that it was entirely a man's problem.

"Thee maun do wha'

John McArdle tells thee, lad," she told him sadly. "Thy mither canna help thee."

"Aye," he said, and bent to kiss her. "Gie to the big chair now and dinna worry."

As he was leaving, he looked back and saw her adjusting her spectacles, and he understood that until he returned, she would sit there with the Bible turned to the window.

THE naked bulk of the huge open-air arena, plastered with advertising signs, rose from the National League ball-park. At two o'clock the newspaper men estimated the crowd at fifty thousand and the receipts at close to three hundred thousand dollars. Rudy Metzker had played in luck as usual.

The preliminaries went off well too, and the crowd was in good humor. There was the usual list of messages and challenges to be read, and a long line of celebrities to be introduced. Then the crowd settled down expectantly, only to get to its feet again, yelling, as the rival retinues left their quarters and squirmed a path down the congested aisles.

There is something demoralizing about the concentrated gaze of fifty thousand men marshaled around a twenty-foot square of canvas. Let him who may not think so crawl through the ropes as John McArdle did, and then see how many hairs of moral rectitude he will split.

Canada Dick Peters came into the ring, and the referee noticed that the challenger's belt was two inches higher on the waist-line than was customary. The thing would be staged very cleverly. Still not knowing what to do, he listened to the champion being introduced.

Billy Gordon, veteran announcer, signaled to McArdle, and the latter stepped forward to the ropes, facing the multitude. One hand grasping the referee's arm, the bald-headed master of ceremonies flung the other high in the air and gave tongue:

"Honest John McArdle," he shouted, "will referee this contest!"

The words clarified the vision of the man who was being presented. Looking out at the ocean of upturned faces and hearing the patter of thousands of approving hands, the former middleweight champion understood fully then that a referee is something bigger than a ring arbiter—he is the representative of public opinion and the guarantor of clean sport and fair play. And seeing things in that light, John McArdle passed sentence upon himself.

The battery of sporting writers seated at their telephone and telegraph instruments looked up to find the referee leaning over the ropes above them.

"Boys," said McArdle, "I'm going to make an important announcement in a minute, and I want you to put it on every wire in the country."

To the quick chorus of, "What's doing, John?" he shook his head, and walking back to the center of the ring, summoned the men from either corner for their final instructions. They shook hands and went back to the ropes, waiting for the bell.

John McArdle held up his hand for silence and faced the crowd. His voice carried into the far corners.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "this will be a fifteen-round contest for the (Continued on page 142)



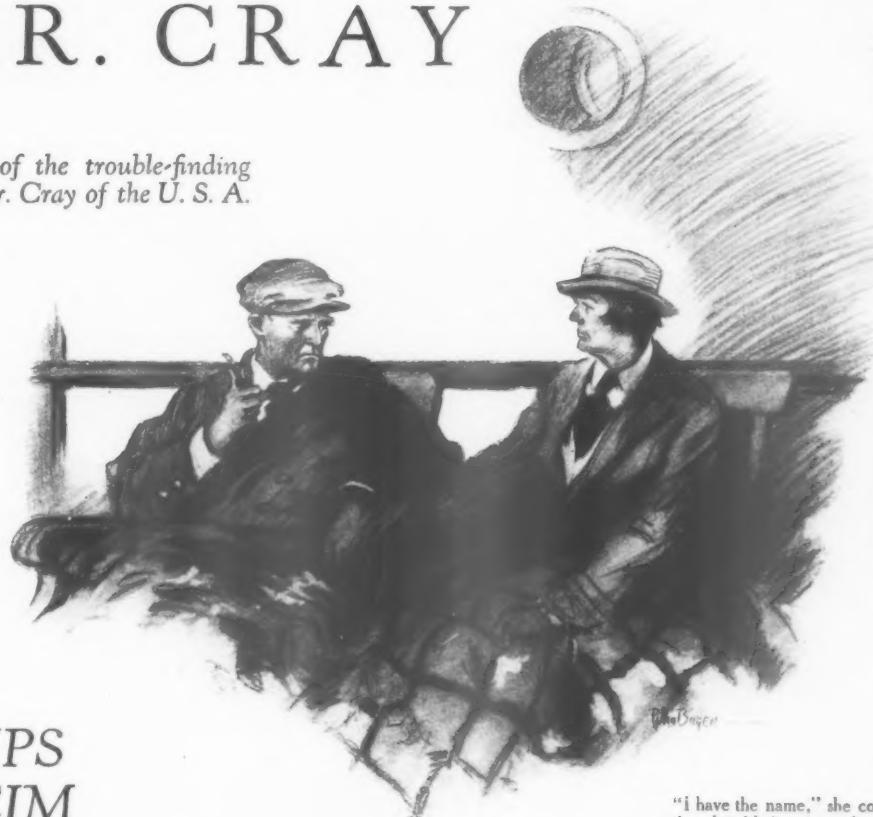
"Boys," said McArdle, "I'm going to make an important announcement in a minute, and I want you to put it on every wire in the country."

THE RECALCITRANT MR. CRAY

*Another adventure of the trouble-finding
and venturesome Mr. Cray of the U. S. A.*

Illustrated by
RAEBURN
VAN BUREN

By
E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM



"I have the name," she continued, "of being a man-hater. I am nothing of the sort."

MR. JOSEPH P. CRAY was exceedingly comfortable on board the steamship *Omata*, homeward bound from Toulon to Tilbury. His stateroom was very much to his liking, the boat was clean and not overcrowded.

The people on board, mostly Anglo-Indians holding official positions, were perhaps a little unsociable, and preserved for the most part that reserved demeanor usual amongst travelers who have had the ship to themselves throughout the voyage towards intruders who have embarked at the last port of call. Nevertheless, Mr. Cray, who had been asked to take a vacant place at the Captain's table, found no lack of society. There was a compatriot of his own, a manufacturer of reapers, who had just paid an extended and profitable visit to the east, and who was always ready to talk business or to recount his doings in some of the more adventurous cities; also a young invalided officer from the Indian Army, with his delicate sister, an interesting but rather pathetic couple, who had seemed grateful for Mr. Cray's cheerful conversation. There was also a middle-aged lady, returning from her travels, who boasted that she had been in every country of the world—a stalwart and determined-looking personage, who usually wore masculine clothes, and who had looked from the first with eyes of distinct favor upon Mr. Cray's obvious opulence. This lady, in fact—Mrs. Richard Green by name—threatened to be the only drawback to an exceedingly pleasant five days. Already Mr. Cray was taking note of her advances with a vague uneasiness.

"You seem to me, Mr. Cray," she said, dragging her chair over to his side on the evening after his arrival, "to be a man who is in need of sympathy."

Mr. Cray looked at her furtively. She wore a gray felt hat, perfectly unadorned, jammed down over her head; her tweed skirt barely reached halfway between her knees and her sturdy ankles. Her eyes, perhaps her best feature, were dark and brilliant. Her check-bones were a little high, her jawbone bespoke determination. She was not a woman to be trifled with.

"We all need that," Mr. Cray assented weakly. "I guess I get on pretty well, though."

"I suppose you think you do," Mrs. Green rejoined reprovingly. "You men never know when you're well off and you never know when you're badly off. You're a poor sort of creatures, anyhow, to go wandering about the world by yourselves."

"I'm not always alone," Mr. Cray protested.

"And who is your traveling companion when you are not?" she demanded.

"Sometimes my wife."

Mrs. Green glared at him ferociously.

"So you are a married man?"

"I am," Mr. Cray admitted, feeling, for the first time for many years, comfortably resigned to the fact.

"Where's your wife, then?" his neighbor demanded.

"In Indiana, U. S. A.," Mr. Cray replied. "She prefers to remain there."

Mrs. Green seemed somewhat mollified. Indiana, U. S. A., was a long way off.

"And meanwhile you go gadding about with any hussy who happens to smile at you?" she asked sternly.

"I don't think that's quite fair," Mr. Cray protested. "Young ladies are very pleasant companions sometimes, but—"

"I saw that yellow-headed minx making googly eyes at you at dinner last night," Mrs. Green declared. "Just the sort of baggage you men find attractive, I suppose."

"I don't even know whom you mean," Mr. Cray expostulated.

"Calls herself a colonel's wife!" Mrs. Green scoffed.

Mr. Cray brought up his reserves.

"What about your husband?" he inquired.

"Dead," was the uncompromising reply. "I buried him fourteen years ago. Since then I have led a lonely life."

"You must have done some wonderful traveling," Mr. Cray observed.

"I have indeed," she admitted. "I have been into countries where no woman has ever before set foot. I have shown the world what courage can do. Although I have traveled alone and unprotected, no man has ever dared to molest me."

"You must be very brave," Mr. Cray ventured.

"The man who raised his hand against me would be braver still," she asserted.

"I can well believe it," he agreed fervently.

"At the same time," she continued, after a moment's pause, during which Mr. Cray had been taking notice of her square-toed, masculine shoes and her thick worsted stockings, "I am free to admit that the time has come when I am a little weary. I propose to settle down in London, make friends and lead a domestic life. For the first time in many years I find myself free and disposed to seek companionship."

"Very agreeable," Mr. Cray murmured.

"I have the name," she continued, edging her chair a little closer to his, "of being a man-hater. I am nothing of the sort."

Mr. Cray expressed his relief.

"We're pretty harmless, take us all round," he ventured.

"You may or may not be," the lady replied. "I have never allowed a man to take any liberties with me. I don't trust them. At the same time," she went on, "a man has his place in a woman's life, and because I have chosen to keep him outside mine for the last fourteen years, that does not necessarily mean that I in-



Esholt was deathly pale. "I have your four aces, sir," he announced. "I kept three and a kicker."

tend to preserve the same attitude for the rest of my life. Indeed, the contrary is the case. I intend to cultivate men friends."

"You may marry," Mr. Cray suggested.

Mrs. Richard Green looked at him very hard.

"I may," she admitted. "On the other hand, I may not. I am a woman who is free from all prejudices. Travel has broadened my mind. My outlook is different from other women's. Marriage has its advantages and disadvantages. Besides, the person whom I might choose," she went on, still looking fixedly at Mr. Cray, "might be a married man."

The Recalcitrant Mr. Cray

"Sure!" Mr. Cray assented, a little shaken. "There are many who aren't, though," he went on with a sudden access of cheerfulness, "—in fact, London's full of them. Never knew a place where there were so many middle-aged bachelors."

"When I fix my affections upon a man," Mrs. Green said firmly, "his state will make no difference to me. Married or single, I shall have him. If the law cannot join us, I shall make my own law. That is the sort of woman I am, Mr. Cray. That is the sort of spirit which has brought me safely through savage countries."

Mr. Cray made frantic signals of distress to the manufacturer of reapers, who was just passing. The latter responded like a man.

"We are waiting for you forward, Mr. Cray," he announced. "Number one is in the shaker."

Mr. Cray struggled hastily to extricate himself from the rug which enveloped his lower limbs.

"I'll be with you right along," he declared, staggering to his feet. "You'll excuse me, Mrs. Green."

"And what may this number one signify?" the lady asked disapprovingly.

"Our first cocktail before dinner," Mr. Cray explained. "I guess I'm rather a sinner so far as that sort of thing is concerned," he went on guilefully. "I try to keep myself down to three before dinner, but it's very often five, or even six."

"It is a habit of which you must be broken," Mrs. Green said sternly.

Mr. Cray staggered off. He passed his arm through his friend's. With the other hand he felt his forehead, half expecting to find drops of perspiration there.

"That's some woman!" he declared.

His companion grinned.

"I heard her asking questions about you. She's got your number all right. Said she liked your mild voice and your complexion."

"Let's get right into the bar," Mr. Cray insisted nervously.

A T dinner-time that evening Mr. Cray received a further shock.

In the chair exactly opposite his own, which had been vacant since Toulon, he discovered Mrs. Richard Green.

"I have changed my place," she announced. "I thought I should like to come to your table."

The Captain, seated a few places away, smiled. The young invalid officer exchanged a glance of amusement with his sister. The manufacturer of reapers, who was at a table some distance away, telegraphed his congratulations across the room. Mr. Cray, without knowing exactly why, felt his *savoir faire* deserting him. The fact that he ate his soup in stony silence did not seem in any way to trouble his opposite neighbor. She eyed with calm and proprietary approbation his well-fitting and carefully brushed clothes, his very handsome pearls and well-tied scarf. She her-

self was appearing in very different guise. Her skirt was still of the order called serviceable, but she wore a blouse of a shimmery magenta color, long amber earrings, and a necklace of uncut stones of barbaric character. Her bobbed black hair defied any attempt at ornamentation, but in the front it showed signs of straying over her massive forehead in the form of a fringe. Mr. Cray, notwithstanding his qualms, could scarcely keep his eyes off her. The muscular development of her arms was wonderful. She ate her dinner with the calm and healthy appetite of a woman sure of herself and her path in life. The Captain made a polite effort to engage her in conversation.

"They tell me, Madam," he said, "that you have been a great traveler."

"I have visited every country on the globe," she replied. "I have faced savages, wild animals, and foreign dinner-parties. I am now on my way home to settle down."

SHE looked hard at Mr. Cray, who writhed. "You will be writing another book of travels, I suppose?" the Captain remarked.

"In due course," Mrs. Green assented.

The Captain, who felt that he had done his duty, turned to another of his neighbors. The young officer addressed Mr. Cray.

"You are just from the Riviera, sir, are you not?" he inquired.

"From Monte Carlo," Mr. Cray told him.

Mrs. Green frowned slightly.

"I look upon the Riviera," she declared, "as a place for idle people to indulge their extravagant habits. A most enervating climate, too."

Mr. Cray remembered that he was a man, and a citizen of the United States.

"I would sooner spend the winter in Monte Carlo than anywhere else in the world," he said firmly.

Mrs. Green showed no signs of annoyance. Her smile, indeed, was maddeningly tolerant.

"Well," she remarked, "under certain conditions I dare say I should be inclined to modify my impressions of the place. I have no conscientious objections to a little mild gambling. I occasionally indulge in a game of cards myself. But extravagance is a vice to which I have the strongest objection."

"Extravagance," Mr. Cray pronounced, "is what you might term a relative quality. In my younger days I worked hard and established a successful business. I have only one daughter and no other near relatives. It gives me pleasure to spend my money."

"A very bad example to others," Mrs. Green said severely.

"Guess the others can take care of themselves," Mr. Cray observed. "I was never meant to be a shining light."

"What you need—" Mrs. Green began portentously.

"Is another pint of that champagne, James," Mr. Cray interrupted valiantly, turning to the steward. "Madam," he added, looking across the table, "I confess that I am a black sheep. I have every bad habit under the sun—and I like my bad habits."

Mrs. Green was sorrowful but unperturbed.

"You are a very interesting man," she declared, toying with her huge beads and smiling across the table. "I am seriously thinking of taking you in hand."

Mr. Cray's heart sank within him. The woman was like a colossus. Nothing could move her. He had the sensations of a man pursued by some irresistible force. Mrs. Green lifted her voice, and laid down beneficent but somewhat arbitrary laws as to how a man should live. Mr. Cray listened in rebellious silence.

"Your great country, Mr. Cray," she wound up, "has shown the world what it thinks of liquor."

"In her way she has," Mr. Cray acknowledged.



"Because they cheated," he answered gravely.

"In my small way, I shall continue to show the world what I think of it. Steward, hurry up with that wine."

Mrs. Green shook her head but her smile was indulgent.

"Obstinate!" she murmured. "We will have a little talk after dinner, Mr. Cray. I will make you a little coffee up on deck."

"I never drink coffee," her victim lied. "I always take brandy after my meals."

"In time," Mrs. Green warned him, "the indulgence in spirits to that extent will completely destroy the lining of your stomach."

"Mine," Mr. Cray assured her recklessly, "is lined with asbestos."

"You remind me," she said pensively, "of a black man on the west coast of Africa, whom I treated with medicine of my own concoction. His sufferings were terrible."

"I can well believe it," Mr. Cray assented fervently.

"Nevertheless, I cured him," she continued, with a note of triumph in her tone. "He died soon afterwards of another complaint. Curiously enough, his savage relatives were so incensed against me that I had to leave the neighborhood before I had concluded my notes on my visit."

Mr. Cray gulped down his wine, bowed to the Captain and stood up.

"Guess it's a bit close down here," he muttered. "I'll take a turn on deck, and a cigar."

M R. CRAY was, without doubt, in some respects a weak man. He had conceived a positive dislike for Mrs. Richard Green, and he had abandoned a certain portion of his dinner sooner than be tormented any longer by her conversation. Yet when, a quarter of an hour later, by a strategic flank movement she ran him to earth in a retired portion of the ship, he was utterly unable to say those few rude but firm words which he had been repeating to himself ever since his escape.

"I have set the coffee machine going," she announced, "and the steward is bringing us some cups. I am making it a little stronger than usual on your account. If you feel in the least unsteady, let me take your arm."

"I am quite all right, thank you," Mr. Cray assured her. "You'll excuse me if I seem ungracious, but coffee always keeps me awake."

"Mine wont," was the firm reply. "If you stay awake tonight it will be because of the wine you've drunk, or because you've something on your conscience. Mind that coil of rope."

Mr. Cray was on the point of surrender when a savior appeared. The invalided young officer emerged from the smoking-room and touched him on the arm.

"We are waiting for you, Mr. Cray," he announced. "You haven't forgotten our little game of poker?"

Mr. Cray's wit was as ready as his sense of relief was great.

"I will not sit down," was the uncompromising reply. "I came here to say a few words and I speak better standing."

"For the moment I had forgotten it," he confessed. "I must ask you to excuse me, ma'am. I have promised to play poker with these boys."

Mr. Cray dived into the smoking-room and Mrs. Green went on towards where her coffee machine was simmering upon the deck.

"You're a good Samaritan," the former declared. "I don't know what's got that woman, but she's a terror. Why, you've got a little game of poker," he went on in a tone of surprise, as he noticed three other young men seated at a table in a corner of the room, counting out chips.

His companion assented.

"It's a very small game," he explained, as he led the way. "My name is Esholt—Captain Esholt—just invalided out and going home to look for a job. My three friends are Mr. Graham, Captain Thomson and Mr. Leach."

The three shook hands with Mr. Cray, who sat down genially amongst them and gave lavish orders to the expectant steward. They were all very much of the same type as Esholt himself. One of them had been in the Indian Army with Esholt, and the other two, after a period of service, one in Mesopotamia and the other in Egypt, had recently been demobilized.

"We play quite a small game," Captain Esholt repeated, a little nervously. "The fact of it is we are all of us pretty hard up. We ante two shillings, if you don't mind."

"Quite enough," Mr. Cray agreed. "I like a small game. I'll take five pounds' worth of chips. What's the limit, anyway?"

"Well, we've never made one," the other replied. "We just double, and we don't get very far on that. Straddle when you like, and pots for jacks or better."

"Let her go," Mr. Cray declared, lighting a fresh cigar. "Just the sort of game I like."

The game proceeded for some time with varying fortunes. Mr. Cray, aware of a certain tenseness on the part of his companions, which seemed to him inexplicable in view of the smallness of the stakes, played with an indifference which resulted, as is usually the case, in his steadily winning. During one of those brief periods when he was out of the game, he leaned back and took stock of his fellow-players, curiously at first and then sympathetically. They were all apparently under thirty, they were all either slightly maimed or with partially broken health. Esholt had already confided to him his fears as to securing a berth with his old company, and neither of the others seemed much more sanguine as to his chances of making a fresh start in life. Mr. Cray looked down at his chips and wondered how to get rid of them. Presently he found out.

Esholt was the dealer, Thomson was next to him, and Mr. Cray next. Mr. Cray straddled Thomson's ante, and these two and the dealer

alone remained in. Thomson took one card, Mr. Cray kept an ace and drew four. Esholt bet, Thomson doubled. Mr. Cray, picking up his cards, found that amongst the four he had drawn were three more aces. He doubled again and Esholt went out. Thomson hesitated. The amount now in front of him was sixteen shillings, and it required another sixteen to see Mr. Cray.

"I'd go quietly, young man, if I were you," the latter warned him. "I've the biggest hand we've seen tonight."

There was a spot of color in Thomson's pale cheeks. He looked at Mr. Cray with a queer little twitch of the lips.

"I don't want to know about your hand," he said roughly. "How do I know you're not bluffing? Any way, I'm seeing your thirty-two and raising it the same."

"Sixty-four to see, eh?" Mr. Cray remarked. "Well, make it a hundred and twenty-eight."

"Two hundred and (Continued on page 100)



CONFFLICT

Illustrated by
FRANK STREET

By CLARENCE
BUDINGTON
KELLAND

The story so far:

AT the death of Dorcas Remalie's wealthy father, she found that his will placed her under the guardianship of her uncle John Remalie, a New England lumber-king who for twenty-five years had lived in a big, grim stone house with only his housekeeper Miss Labo for company—and in all those twenty-five years they had never exchanged a word.

The dullness of Dorcas' life in her uncle's house was occasionally relieved by an encounter with an attractive young man called Jevons, who distinguished himself by defeating Remalie's walking-boss Sloane in a fight—Sloane, a coarse fellow whom Miss Labo invited to the house and introduced to Dorcas.

And then Dorcas overheard Miss Labo talking with a young man while Remalie was absent. John Remalie, it seemed, had carried on an "affair" with Miss Labo in his youth, although he was engaged to another young woman. When he learned from Miss Labo that there was to be a child, he insisted that it be put out of the way. Miss Labo pretended to agree and told Remalie the child had been murdered, while she had it cared for secretly. As the price of silence, she had compelled him to break off his engagement and support her. . . . The young man to whom Miss Labo was talking was, she told him, the child—her son. Later Dorcas heard Miss Labo's visitor leaving and looked out the window, to recognize—Jevons!

Jevons now appeared as a rival to Remalie—bought a tract of timber, set up a sawmill and brought in workmen who had served with him as foresters in France. And now Remalie received another blow: in a moment of anger Dorcas told him what she had overheard—that his son still lived, that he was none other than the hated rival lumber operator Jevons!

Remalie hated Jevons, his son or not. And he told Dorcas in Miss Labo's presence that he had changed his will, cutting her off entirely if she married anyone possessing a drop of Remalie blood. . . . At this Miss Labo, too, changed her plans: her son would not profit by marriage with Dorcas—indeed Dorcas stood in their way. So Miss Labo began a series of strange experiments with certain herbs and berries she found in the woods. Later she fed something to a little bear-cub which Jevons had given Dorcas, and next morning Dorcas found the cub dead.

John Remalie saw something which made him realize that Miss Labo planned to poison Dorcas—and he at once arranged to absent himself for some days on a business trip!

And then Dorcas received more convincing evidence that Miss Labo planned to murder her—with poisonous mushrooms. When

the dish was served, she contrived to appear to eat without doing so, then slipped out of the house and went for counsel to her friend Letty Piggott, the village librarian. And Letty sent her secretly for refuge to the home of her sixty-year-old admirer Fabius Ginger, who with his two gigantic and ancient brothers Hannibal and Hasdrubal lived by themselves in a remote place in the forest.

CHAPTER XIX

THE Ginger brothers assembled in conference over the kitchen stove on the morning after Dorcas Remalie's arrival. The hour was so early that it cannot even be mentioned among persons accustomed to breakfast-bells and shower-baths. It is true that even the most respectable clocks mention the hour in passing, but they do

so privately, with a sort of shamed hush to their ticking. In New York City alone there are a million men and women who do not know by

personal observation that such a time of the day exists. Another half-million have seen it only as a going-to-bed and not at all as a getting-up hour. But to Fabius and Hasdrubal and Hannibal it was the regular hour for starting breakfast three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

They did not arise so early from necessity, nor as a matter of convenience. It was habit. There exists in our remoter homes a theory that early rising and virtue are Siamese twins, and that an attempt to separate them causes death. If smoke fails to arise from a kitchen chimney before dawn has a safe footing in the sky, there is whispering and nodding of heads. A man may beat his wife in the view of the citizenry; but if he arises before dawn he may still retain a respectable station in the community.

Hannibal, ancient, weather-beaten, faded of eye, with a mop of white hair that had not bowed before the authority of a comb since his arising, assumed his rightful place as head of the family and chairman of the meeting.

"Boys," he said in a hoarse whisper, "what we got to diskiver is what she'll eat?"

"What we got?" demanded the practical Hasdrubal.

"Beans. Everybody eats beans for breakfast."

"She haint everybody. Comes from N'Yawk, she does, and Gawd knows what them N'Yawk critters has the habit of feedin' on."

"You done consid'able readin' of books," Hasdrubal said to Fabius. "Call to mind any accounts of high-falutin' breakfasts amongst tony folks?"

"Naw, but I seen a feller makin' flapjacks in a winder down to Boston once."

"So fur's I kin see," Hasdrubal said, "the' haint but one thing to do, and that's cook some of ever'thin' we got, so's she kin take her pick. Don't calc'late she eats *much*. She'll never git away with more'n four aigs. Aigs ought to be safe. Then we kin fry some salt pork and stir up some flapjacks, and maple syrup, and mebby some of them biscuits—"

"And kill a chicken. That there black rooster that's been a-stat'in' his bigness for a month—"

"And 'taters—fried 'taters."

"And pie. Thank Gawd we got some apple pie left over. She'll wake up hungry after that tarnation ride last night."

"Don't forgit the tablecloth, nuther. Git out a clean one if the' is any."

"She'll be used to napkins."

"Haint sich a thing in the shanty. But we kin fold that there red silk handkerchief of Hannibal's under her plate, and taint likely she'll ever notice the difference."

"And prunes. Bet she haint never missed her prunes for breakfast yit."

"Oatmeal was put on las' night; so *that's* all right."

"I've heard tell of singein' bread," Hannibal said with a sudden brightening of his face. "City folks *ree*-gards it as a dainty, I'm told. You cut slices and hold it clost to the fire till it's doggone nigh burnt up. We'll make her some of that."

"She'll drink coffee."

"Mebby not. Tony folks is give to drinkin' tea, and at the durndest times of day!"

"We'll make both—and a glass of milk to start off with."

"You git up some of them apples out of the cellar, Hasdrubal."

"Uh-huh! That all we got? Can't have her complainin' of hunger the fust thing out o' the bag."

"Don't call to mind nothin' else, but if I do, I'll cook her up. Calc'late she ought to make a meal out of this here layout som'ers, by gorry!"

"We wont none of us set to the table with her. Kind of leave her the dinin'-room to herself. It'll seem kind of more select."

"Good idee, and the three of us kin wait on her."

"Wonder when she'll git up?"

"Calc'late not for a spell. We got plenty time. Bet she lays abed till mebby *six* o'clock!"

"I'll be famished if I wait *that* long."

"Eat a snack then, durn ye, but don't use up nothin' we're savin' fer her."

"Hannibal'll have to drive to taown today to stock up. We'll kind of question her diplomatic about what she likes. And by jing! We'll git her a special set of dishes fer herself. Silver knife and fork and spoon."

"Two forks," corrected Hasdrubal. "Swell folks uses a different fork fer pie."

"I'm goin' to 'tend to makin' her bed up," said Hannibal. "You fellers is too young to go meddlin' around a gal's room. Twouldn't look right. But me—I got the age. I could nigh be her great-grand-daddy."

"I wonder how come she to wear them pants," Hasdrubal said musingly.

"Disguise, like in them detective stories. I'll bet she's party when she's dressed in clothes."

"I saw her," said Fabius, "and she's nigh to bein'."

"Huh! Well, don't let me ketch you and Hasdrubal makin' eyes at her. You young fellers!"

THE young fellers, both of an age to be grandfathers to Dorcas, eyed each other sheepishly.

"Letty didn't state the kind of trouble she was in," said Fabius.

"Taint none of our business. Taint her fault, whatever 'tis."

"And Gawd help the parties that comes to molest her," Hasdrubal said. The others nodded in confirmation.

"Things is goin' to be changed around here," said Hannibal.

"Haint a one of us ever lived under the roof with a woman."

"We're goin' to find it a chore—keepin' watch of ourselves so's we don't do nothin' to upset her. Bet she'll be stirrin' party soon. Scurry around with that cookin'."

Six o'clock came, then half-past, and Dorcas still remained in her room. The brothers eyed each other uneasily.

"Calc'late anythin's happened to her?"

"Mebby she was took sick in the night!"

Moved by a common impulse, they tiptoed up the stairs and stood grouped outside Dorcas' door, heads cocked close to its panels, listening. No disconcerting sound came from within; there was only silence.

"I'm gittin' worried," whispered Hannibal. "Taint natural. Here, you young fellers scamper downstairs. I'm a-goin' to rap, and if the haint an answer, I'm a-goin' right in, by jing! You be all ready, Fabius, and if you hear me holler, you ride hell-for-lather after the doc."

THE old man waited discreetly for his brothers to descend the stairs; then he rapped timidly. There was no response. He rapped again, more loudly, and a third time. A sleepy voice, but a reassuringly healthy voice, became audible.

"What is it? Who's there?"

Hannibal wagged his old lion's head with relief. "It's Hannibal Ginger," he said. "Be you all right?"

"I'm—lovely," said Dorcas drowsily.

"Um! You didn't git up, so we was afraid mebby you was sick or suthin'."

"Is it time to get up?"

Hannibal resorted to the language of diplomacy. "Wa-al, I wouldn't go so fur's to say *that*. But the's lots of folks that is up."

"I'll get dressed right away—and come down and get your breakfast."

Hannibal covered his mouth with his hand to conceal a grin from the door. "All right," he said. "We'll keep our appetites a-waitin' on you."

He tiptoed back to the kitchen, grinning his broadest. "She's goin' to git right up and git our breakfast," he said, and jabbed his thumb into Hasdrubal's ribs. "Be kind of s'prised, wont she?"

"I hope," said Hasdrubal fervently, "she wont be disappointed."

"Shet the kitchen door, so's she wont suspect nothin'. Got the table set?"

It was set. A red-and-white checked tablecloth covered its surface. One place was laid with a huge blue plate, a knife with an iron handle and a fork of the same pattern. There was also the second essential fork for pie, and a row of spoons whose uses were not stated by Fabius, who had laid the table. "Kind of give her half a dozen on speculation, as you might say," was his explanation. There was an actual china cup with a picture of the North Station in Boston on one side, and folded conspicuously, to be used as a napkin. Hannibal's carmine silk handkerchief. The brothers eyed the dining-room with marked approval.

"Tasty, I call it," said Fabius.

Dorcas appeared unexpectedly in the door.

"Good morning," she said, and there was an air of daintiness and freshness about her that quite took the breaths of her three hosts. They found themselves speechless until Hannibal arose to the occasion.

"I hope you find yourself in good health," he said formally, while his brothers bowed at the end as if they were adding the punctuation.

"Wonderful! I feel beautiful—and that ravenous!"

Fabius jabbed Hasdrubal with his elbow. "Hear that?" he demanded in a rumbling whisper. "Better fry another aig. If she's keen set, four'll never be enough."

"Where's the kitchen?" Dorcas said in a businesslike voice.

"You set right there," said Fabius, pointing to the chair with a boyish air of importance and mystery.

"Jest set," said Fabius.

Dorcas sat down obediently, with the air of a grown-up playing house with children. The brothers filed into the kitchen, closing the door after them with ostentatious secretiveness. Presently they emerged. Fabius came first with a huge bowl of stewed prunes in one hand, and an equally large portion of oatmeal balanced on the palm of the other. Hasdrubal came next with biscuits and a stack of buckwheat cakes that would have daunted a lumberjack. Then came Hannibal with salt pork and fried chicken. Dorcas found herself surrounded by food, by food in such quantities as she had never seen amassed before. The brothers stepped back in a row and watched her anxiously.

"My," she said, "that smells good. You must have tremendous appetites."

"Us? We haint got nothin' to do with it."

"It's fer you," said Fabius.

"For me! All of it?"

"That haint *all*," said Hasdrubal with an injured air.

"Not by a dum sight," said Hannibal.

"The's aigs *yit*," said Fabius.

"And suthin' else—suthin' we never cooked before, but we heard it was mighty tasty, so we fixed ye some."

Dorcas was able to perceive the gentle, kindly, generous thought that underlay the absurdities, and she did not smile. "It's lovely," she said, "*lovely*. It's the finest breakfast I ever saw."

"Hear to that, now," whispered Hannibal.

"Wait till she sees that there toast," whispered back Hasdrubal, and the trio withdrew again to the kitchen, each returning with a burden of eggs, toast and coffee.

"We kin fry more aigs in a second," Hasdrubal said. "We didn't fix but four."

"*Four!* Four eggs!" Dorcas strangled.

"Why, I *never* eat *more* than four!"

"That's toast," said Hasdrubal, pointing. "Ever have it?"

"I've had it, but never so much, not toast that looked so nice. But where are your places? Where do you sit?"

There was an embarrassed pause. "Um—" Fabius began, and halted for lack of suitable words.

"We figgered," said Hasdrubal, leaping into the breach, "that mebby—" And here he came to a stop.

"That mebbe," said Fabius, and not without a certain delicacy of thought in his phrasing, "that more'n likely you was used to eatin' alone."

Dorcas fixed him with her eye, and he blushed. She pointed at him sternly with her finger.

"Have you eaten breakfast?" she demanded.

"Wa-al, not what you'd call *et*," said Fabius. "We jest kind of snacked."

"And you didn't set places for yourselves," said Dorcas, "because you didn't like me. You thought I was snippy and nasty and—"

"Now, now! Us boys, we haint got many table manners, and—"

"Neither have I," said Dorcas. "Do you want me to get up from this table without eating a bite?"

"My goodness—no!"

"Then *march!* Get your plates and knives and forks and chairs. I sha'n't touch a bite until I've served every one of you. March!"

Their faces lighted with pleasure. They dragged up chairs and placed their dishes, and Dorcas served them, scolding the while. She forced herself to eat a little of each dish, and the brothers did not notice how little it was, for she served them generously, and their appetites were capable of accomplishing wonders.

"There," she said when the meal was over, "you men clear out of this house. From this minute I'm boss of the kitchen. Maybe I'll let you help wash dishes after this—if you ask prettily, but not this morning. I wont have a man messing up my kitchen. It is *my* kitchen, isn't it?"

"Anythin' and everythin' in this house is your'n," said Fabius.

"Listen," she said, "I've learned to know how useless I am. I'm no good to anybody. I can't do anything, and I want to learn. I want to be useful, and feel that I've a right to live and to enjoy the mountains and the woods and all the loveliness around us. I haven't any right to enjoy the world unless I work for the right,



Sloane saw that if here was a boy, it was a long-haired boy, with tresses requiring the restraint of hairpins. He crouched behind a clump of alders.

have I? No siree! And I'm going to ask you to teach me. I want to learn how to cook and how to do everything. You will, wont you? It'll make me so happy."

"Dorkis," said Fabius, "you kin set fire to the place, if you calc'late it'll please you."

"It's understood, then! You teach me to cook, and everything. I'll give you a week to do it. And after that, I'm the boss."

"But—"

"No buts."

"Don't seem right—to have you *workin'*."

"You wouldn't like a lazy girl, would you?"

"But—you haint been *raised* to work."

"That isn't my fault. I'm going to work now. Oh, I'll be worth my keep; you'll see."

Hannibal essayed a gallantry, and both his brothers glared at him jealously when he made a success of it.

"Dorkis," he said, "you earn more'n your keep jest by settin' and lookin' like you do, and a-cheerin' up the life of three lone-some old fellers like us."

AND so Dorcas entered into a third life, totally different from the other two she had known. Of the early phases of her life this was destined to be the happiest, and the most valuable in the formation of her character. The first phase had taught her idleness, pride of class; the second had taught her fear and hatred, something of self-reliance and courage, and had given her a hint of love; the third was to teach her the great lesson of life, that it is a glorious thing to pay one's way honorably, and to retire weary at night with an honest consciousness of a day's labor well done.

Instead of being an onlooker at life from the gorgeous seat of a box, or a prisoner peering at life through hated bars, she was to become a part of life, living, working, participating. Now she dwelt neither in a glittering dream, nor in a horrid nightmare—she *lived!*

The blood in her veins, which had descended to her from that pioneering grandmother, glowed with a proud warmth. It was coming into its own; it felt itself returned to its own home, and to its rights. Dorcas will never know how grateful she ought to have been to the Divine Plan for having provided her, with miraculous foresight, with such a grandmother. The blood of indomitability, that unsung legacy, was her most precious possession.

CHAPTER XX

THE days that followed were good days. It was a return to childhood for Dorcas Remalie—to such a childhood as she had never known. She lived in a world of make-believe. It was all a game filled with delights and laughter and satisfaction of soul. She did not think; but satisfied with merely living and enjoying, she swept her uncle and Miss Labo from her mind; she swept from her mind apprehensions of the future. From morning until the hour for sleep, she played, she dreamed. All the elements of some old-time children's tale were present. For the first time she knew and lived perfect simplicity and kindness—she *lived true!*

She actually worked, and learned the pleasure of labor. For days at a time she imagined herself to be a boy, and did her best to perform such chores about the place as a boy would be required to perform. The tomboy that is in every normal girl was in her case given its first opportunity to emerge.

About her stretched the limitless forest; above her lifted the mountain, snow-covered now, and faery, a mountain of silver mist which would disappear if one approached its foot. It was a magic mountain, and she loved to sit upon the little eminence behind the house early of mornings, and gaze at it until it swelled her heart and uplifted her and taught her a song of the soul. It was impossible to live in neighborliness with the mountain and be impervious to its message and its meaning. It was aloof, calm, shiningly beautiful, looking down upon a world with equanimity. It saw, but was not disturbed; it was patient and sure, unaffected by the passing day and the evils of the passing day. It seemed to send forth word to the beholder, an assurance of the stability of the universe, and of the innate beauty of the universe. Man became insignificant; man's schemes and labors and mischiefs became ephemeral. "All shall pass," said the mountain, "but I shall remain, serene, confident in the emergence of virtue out of chaos."

It preached no sermon, uttered no philosophy or prophecy, but out of the limitless past, out of eons of experience, it read the future as a fact. Dorcas believed. Right was right; virtue was virtue—and evil was negligible, ephemeral. Suspicions and hatreds and jealousies were only mists clinging to the foot of the mountain, powerless to penetrate or to mar, powerless even to obscure—for high above them the apex of the great rock lifted its head, and gleamed with a majestic calm. The mountain was not ignorant of the mists, but the mists were ignorant of the loftiness unreachable by them, not to be obscured by them. They fancied they hid the marvel in their damp obscurity; the mountain, indifferent to their touch as to their purpose, pierced them, surmounted them, and took on an added beauty because of their presence.

Dorcas felt the mountain knew she was there, and gleamed a special greeting to her eyes. As it held its head high above

the mists, so it taught her to hold her head high above the stifling fogs of malice and evil that arose about her life. It taught her, that as the mists were swept from the mountainside, so must they be swept from the human life that stands serene and steadfast, with faith in the coming of a clearer day.

Very rarely some human being traversed the road that passed the Ginger farm; once in a while a lumberjack would trudge by, emerging from or entering the woods, his "turkey" over his shoulder; for days at a time no team would splash by, and when one did appear, it would be driven by some squatter, some frayed and bedraggled human creature who had found his place in the world upon some lonely, inclement acre in the forest.

"Haint much life hereabouts," said old Hannibal Ginger. "Kinder lonesome, if you haint content with quill-pigs and partridge and a deer once in a while. Allus find a quill-pig to talk to. Neighborly cusses, them quill-pigs. Notwithstandin' their chawin' up of door-sills and barn floors and what-not, I dunno but what I prefer 'em over humans. You know what to expect of a quill-pig, and you allus git it. Haint homesick for a crowd of folks, be you, like down to the village?"

"Not homesick. Very contented."

"The young needs to meet with the young," said Hannibal. "Fabius, he's the youngest we got to offer, but he haint no fust-class substitute for youth. Skittish, though! Calclate you'll like Fabius better'n any of us."

"I don't like any of you better than the rest of you," Dorcas said. "I—I love you all."

"No! Sure pop? Say, I wisht I had a son. No, it 'ud have to be a grandson, wouldn't it? If I had, I'd lick him till he made up to you, and you an' him would git married."

"Do you think you'd have to lick a young man to make him marry me?" she asked mischievously, and the old man coughed and strangled and blinked in his embarrassment, until she patted his hand and said: "If you had a son, and he was just like you must have been, I'd—I'd make love to him myself, and propose, and he couldn't get away from me."

"Say," he said presently, "what d'ye think of Fabius' prospects of marryin'? He's kep' the whole kit-and-bilin' of us in a ferment these twenty years, and haint never pulled it off yet. He wouldn't go and fetch no woman here, would he? Eh? And he couldn't go off nowhere else and live with no woman and leave us, now, could he?"

"It's a worry, having a young man like Fabius around," said Dorcas with a wag of her head.

Hannibal leaned closer and whispered: "I don't like the look of things, Dorkis; Fabius haint took a chaw of tobacker since you come."

"You don't think he's going to throw over Miss Piggott for me, do you?"

"Taint that. But havin' you around kind of keeps him stirred up. Gives him the needful will-power, like you might say. That woman'll git him yit."

"Uncle Hannibal," she said with a sudden access of uneasiness, "if they should discover I am here—if Uncle should find me, and come for me—what would you do?"

"Um! Haint accustomed to crossin' bridges till I git to 'em. Dunno what I'd do. Dunno what the boys would do—but it would be ample, Dorkis—ample."

SOMEHOW she had a feeling it would be ample, that she had nothing to fear from action, from force openly threatened or applied. What she had to fear was stealth, the indirect, the subtle, the crafty. Against such an attack the straightforward old men would be helpless. They were fighters in the open, man to man, expecting and hoping for courage in their enemies to equal their own courage. It was a comfort to know she had no need to apprehend danger from which loyalty and honest-thinking manhood could defend her.

But for the most part she was not assailed by apprehensions.

"It'll be busy enough along here—come May," said Hannibal. "Remalie's drive comes rampagin' down the river past the rim of the farm, and for a week there haint nothin' to be heard but hollerin' and dynamite. Place gits all trampled up. Be wuss this year, what with that new young feller usin' the water for his logs."

"Mr. Jevons? Is his timber near?"

"Yonder," said the old man, waving his arm vaguely in the direction of the mountain. "Kind of a amiable young feller. Stopped here a couple times. Free-speakin' and common, he is, and for all folks says he's crazy, the way he's operatin', I haint so sure. No, I haint. I says to Fabius (Continued on page 130)



"I wanted that girl. You as good as promised her to me, Remalie. I want to know where she is."

GIVE MATRIMONY A CHANCE

By
ALICE DUER MILLER

Illustrated by
ALONZO KIMBALL



A FLIRT, according to the dictionary, is "one who plays at courtship; one who coquets for pastime or adventure: said of either sex, but most commonly of a woman."

Under this definition Sylvia Hazlett was not flirtatious. She did not play at courtship, or coquet for pastime or adventure. She did not in fact want her men friends to fall any more in love with her than was necessary in order to make them absolutely obedient to her wishes.

One of her most dominating wishes was to have—not an individual love-affair—but a warm, steady, comfortable background of masculine admiration. Another wish was to make her Thursday evening dinner-parties agreeable. For both of these wishes extra men were a necessity; and Mrs. Hazlett, though young, pretty, well-off, well-bred and well-born, did find herself obliged to take a good deal of trouble to maintain not the number, but the standard, of her extra men.

She liked celebrities, but celebrities have great disadvantages. They are rarely at leisure; they are often socially unavailable; and they are apt to be spoiled. Many people came to Sylvia's house for the good talk, and, more especially, the good food; but celebrities sometimes demanded even stronger inducements, and with these, it was true, Sylvia did sometimes find herself obliged to flirt a little.

"I only try to make them feel I take a special interest in their work," she said to her husband. "That makes them think they'd like to come again."

"It makes some of them think that you'd like to go to the Greek Islands with them."

Mrs. Hazlett's face darkened a little. "He was very provincial," she said.

The reference was to a distinguished archaeologist, in whose work Sylvia had taken such a profound and personal interest that he had assumed she was ready to spend the rest of her life digging with him in an island in the Ionian Sea. The humiliating feature of his mistake was that the poor man was not perfectly sure he liked the prospect. It was for this reason that Lee Hazlett was so fond of recalling the incident.

"You mean," he now asked, "it was provincial to want to take you to Delos—or wherever it is he goes?"

"It was provincial to think that every woman who asks you to tea wants to run away with you."

"Oh, my dear, you asked that fellow to a great deal more than tea," replied her husband.

"More in quantity, but not more in quality," said Sylvia.

The archaeologist had been one of her few failures. There had been one or two others who, of a less cautious nature, had wanted to flee, like *Anna Karenina*, to one of the smaller Italian towns; there had been a few jealous wives, and one or two men, who had mysteriously melted away, as if they scented danger: but with these few exceptions Sylvia's friendships with her extra men had turned out well, and her Thursday dinners were considered among the most entertaining entertainments of the initiated New Yorker.

It was on account of these parties of hers that she had accepted the position of chairman of the lecture committee of the Savoy Club. The duties of this position were arduous. They were, in the first place, to familiarize herself sufficiently with the moral, artistic and political movements of the day to enable her to select speakers who would be both famous and interesting, then to discover the whereabouts of these and persuade them that the interest of the Savoy Club in their specialties was so intense that they ought to devote an afternoon to talking to the Club. And then her last, and by far her most difficult duty, was to persuade the ladies of the Club to manifest this intense interest by coming to listen to the speakers. This was almost impossible, so crowded were the lives of these ladies of leisure. All this work Sylvia did, and did well, because she was thus able officially to cast her eye over the celebrities of the day, and decide which ones were available for private consumption.

The first instant she gazed on Raymond Crane she felt like stout Cortez on an occasion more historic but no whit less important—her surmise being that she had at last met the perfect celebrity. His book "Give Matrimony a Chance" was having an immense success—not only selling in the hundred thousands, but being debated by college clubs, being denounced from pulpits, being made into a play, and even, best of all, being ordered off the tentative purchase-table by elderly gentlemen in the Centurion Club. Success could hardly go farther.

Sylvia usually had the speaker of the day to luncheon first and

fortified him with a little good food and flattery in preparation for what was to come, the two terrible moments she feared were ahead of him—first, when he saw that hardly anyone had come to his lecture, and second, when all those who had, began to leave before it was over. But Crane hadn't been able to come to luncheon, and so she saw him for the first time in the anteroom of the main hall of the Club, ten minutes before his lecture.

Grace is attributed to women more often than to men. Crane



Sylvia sat between two admirers of her hostess.
They spoke with reverent voices of her art
her adorers and her husband's devotion.

was graceful, with a slim, vigorous, catlike sort of grace. His dark hair was prematurely streaked with gray—for he was barely thirty; and he had a pair of the wildest, keenest, most amusing blue eyes that were ever seen.

She began to introduce herself to him with a formal sentence that always served her in these circumstances, but he interrupted her.

"Oh," he cried, "how I wish I hadn't said I'd do this!"

"Nonsense!" Sylvia found herself replying, very much as if she had been speaking to one of her own little boys. "It's an excellent thing for you to do."

"Ha, ha, easy for you to say!" he returned. "Lor, how I could hate you if you didn't seem to be so nice." He looked at her as a puppy looks when it begins to play with an object of which it is very slightly afraid. He had the directness and sincerity of that friendly animal.

Sylvia stepped rather nervously to the long sapphire-blue curtains that kept some of the draught of the halls from the lecture-room, and looked through to gauge the audience. As she opened the curtains, a loud roar like a breaking wave came to her. The room was crowded. The following sentences reached her ears:

"Have you read his book?"

"No. Isn't it very improper?"

"Well, it's a defense of matrimony."

"Oh, I thought it was in favor of free-love."

"I may be mistaken—I haven't read it myself. I get so little time to read now that the children—"

"Free-love? Oh, I'm so tired of free-love. I thought this was the man who said the moon was inside the earth."

"Now, dear, that's next week."

"No, darling, next week is the eat-salt-and-live-forever man."

"It's not eating salt he advocates."

"Really, Lily, I wish you wouldn't catch me up—everything I say."

"I never meant to come to hear *this* man, did I?"

"Well, it doesn't matter much. We shall have to leave as soon as he begins, if we mean to keep our bridge date."

"Of course I mean to keep my bridge date—"

Sylvia turned with a glowing face to her speaker. "You have a perfectly remarkable audience," she said.

Of course, she knew that the size of the audience indicated not so much interest as curiosity. The word had gone out that Crane's book was in some subtle way subversive of morals, and so of course a great many people wanted to hear the author speak.

Mrs. Hazlett stepped before him upon the platform, as a priest might lead a sleek young bull to the sacrifice, and began her speech of introduction. She knew it made no difference what she said in the first minute,

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for the audience was saying: "Oh, is that he? Not so bad, is he?" "Queer boots for the afternoon." "Still, he doesn't wear a ring on the third finger." "Oh, my dear, do *you* hate that too?"

"Ladies," said Mrs. Hazlett, "I understand that your committee has been criticized for not being practical. I hear that many of you considered Professor McNulty's lecture last week about the earth's being probably hollow as lacking in everyday applicability. Well, this week we have an intensely practical speaker—one who may alter the daily life of everyone of you who is or is to be married. He will tell us how matrimony—the most friendless institution of the twentieth century—may be made perfectly endurable."

"I always ask our speakers for some biographical material, for I think the formal background of the really great is always interesting. Our speaker today was graduated from Union College and then took a degree from the Boston School of Technology, meaning to be a mining engineer; but just before his graduation he published a romantic story, 'Moonlight on the Willows,' which was so successful that he followed it by his first long novel, 'The General,' built, as one of the reviews said, as solid as a bridge and as airy as a tower."

"I will not run through the list of his powerful and widely read

works. But not long ago, annoyed by the strictures of one of his radical friends on marriage, he sat down and in a single night wrote his now famous book: 'Give Matrimony a Chance.' Ladies, just one other personal fact, that I did not learn from the speaker, but which I think you ought to know. We have all noticed how well our maiden aunts understand bringing up our children, because they have none of their own. Well, it may be that Mr. Crane understands matrimony for the same reason, because"—she paused significantly—"there is no Mrs. Crane."

CRANE'S audience was delighted to hear that he was not married—not because any of them had designs upon him, but because they at once felt that they were professionals in a field where he was only an amateur, and that softened their hearts. Crane came forward.

"I'm an advocate of the institution of marriage," he said, "but not a bigoted one. I think marriage has some terrible features, but I'm of the opinion that its substitutes have worse ones. Now, what are the worst features of matrimony? They are not introduced into it by either the law or the church. The law concerns itself with financial obligations, and the care of the children. Most of us are content with those arrangements. The church imposes faithfulness. Well,—you mayn't agree with me in this,—but I think most people would bear even that, if it weren't for the impossible, unnatural, wearisome restrictions put upon their conduct in the married relation by social custom. I tell you we none of us give matrimony a fair chance."

He then went on to take up in detail the customs he objected to. He said married people were no longer compelled by custom to share a room, but that many of them still had to share a bathroom. He described at some length the irritation and nervous strain of sharing a bathroom. His audience giggled, a little shocked.

The Savoy Club bore certain sorts of radical doctrine well—the sort that was still a long distance away. They had been intellectually convinced by a lecture on the state care of children, and by another on the abolition of inheritance. But when Crane said that married couples ought never to be asked out to dinner together, every lady in the audience who had a husband at once asked herself whether she would be more or less popular than he; and as more women than men seem to be available in the social field, she saw that his invitations would be more numerous than her own, and became on the instant a passionate opponent of Crane's theory. A great many people believe that any change in social custom that will make them less comfortable is inherently immoral. It was for this reason that "Give Matrimony a Chance" was thought subversive of morals.

To Sylvia, however, the doctrine that married couples should be asked separately to dinners was peculiarly agreeable: it promised a free and inexhaustible supply of extra men—the nicest ones, too, for of course it was always the nicest men who were married first—snapped up in their youth. But by this theory they were released again—at least for social purposes. And as for their wives—well, one could always ask them some other time. She pictured a large—and very remote—dinner composed entirely of the wives of celebrities—or a luncheon.

THE lecture ended—not in a burst of applause, but more flatteringly, in a burst of conversation. Everyone began at once to talk to her neighbor about what Crane had said. Sylvia was delighted. She had offered to drive him home, but he was so surrounded by lovely disputants that she couldn't dig him out, and so she went away and left him, having engaged him to come to dinner on the following Thursday.

She had intended not to boast about him, but to let him come to Lee as a wonderful surprise; but she couldn't keep him entirely to herself—she liked him too much. By Thursday her husband had heard all about him, and had of course read his book. He approved of the Crane doctrine from another standpoint. He was not fond of dining out, and thought it would be an excellent idea if Sylvia did it for both of them.

Before Thursday arrived, Sylvia had begun to be nervous about her treasure. Second meetings were sometimes so different; and parties often went to the head of even the most experienced celebrities. But as soon as Crane entered the room, all her confidence returned. Nothing could spoil his simple directness, nor mar the shy surety of his manner—not all the women in the world crowding about him with their, "Oh, Mr. Crane, I think it's the greatest work ever written," and, "Will you come to my party on the eighteenth?" and, "Do explain what you meant when you said—"

She watched him through dinner. She had put him between the two cleverest, most selective and critical women of her acquaintance; and all through dinner she watched with pride their lively faces and heard their laughter. That was the effect he had, she thought: he vivified. That was the effect, perhaps, that freedom always had.

After all the others had gone, she made him stay so that Lee might have a word with him. Lee liked him as much as she did.

"That was a wonderful book of yours, Crane," he said, "particularly wonderful, it seems to me, for a bachelor. I could almost have sworn that that was written by a married man."

Crane's answer was a complete surprise.

"Oh, it was," he said. "I'm not a bachelor."

"You let me tell the ladies of the Savoy Club that you were," said Sylvia.

He smiled. "You said, if you remember, that there was no Mrs. Crane. Well, there isn't. My wife always uses her own name. But I've been married for six years."

PERHAPS if Sylvia had been alone with him, she would have been conventional enough to say that she was glad to hear it, and when would he bring Mrs. Crane to dinner. But the presence of her husband removed these inhibitions, and she broke out into a perfectly candid wail.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I'm so sorry."

Both men turned to her.

"Sylvia!" said her husband, protestingly.

"What do you care?" said Crane with his terrifying directness. Sylvia was no coward and decided to see the thing through. "Of course I care," she said. "I thought I'd made a friend, and now I find that I've only made half of one."

Crane shook his head sadly. "Early-nineteenth century stuff."

But Sylvia wouldn't be put off like that. "No," she said, "suppose your wife met me and hated me—what would that do to our friendship?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. A lot of my friends don't like her. And good heavens, you ought to know the way I feel about some of her friends! I think boiling in oil is too good for them. But does that matter to her? Not a bit. They're just as much round the house as ever."

"Well, then, suppose it's the other way—that I hate her?"

"Sylvia!" her husband protested again.

"Well, Lee, it's a possibility."

"Certainly it is," said Crane. "But it wouldn't make any difference. I mean I'd be sorry—the way I always am if two of my friends don't get on together. Nothing more. Look here, Mrs. Hazlett, haven't you read my book? I say there just as clearly as I know how to say anything, that I think married people should be two independent personalities, and not one discontented mush."

"Yes, but what does Mrs. Crane think about it?" replied Sylvia, who found she could be direct too.

"Ah," answered Crane, "she thinks it a lot more than I do—and practises it as well. And do remember that she doesn't call herself Mrs. Crane. Nothing irritates her more. She's a portrait painter—Ida Leonard—you must know her work."

Sylvia didn't know her work, though she thought vaguely she might have heard the name somewhere; but she was saved from a direct answer by Lee, who wanted to know at this point—as people always do want to know at this point—how Crane and his wife managed about their names when they went to hotels. This led inevitably to so many anecdotes that the conversation did not return to Crane's individual situation until just as he was leaving, when Sylvia said slowly and, to tell the truth, reluctantly:

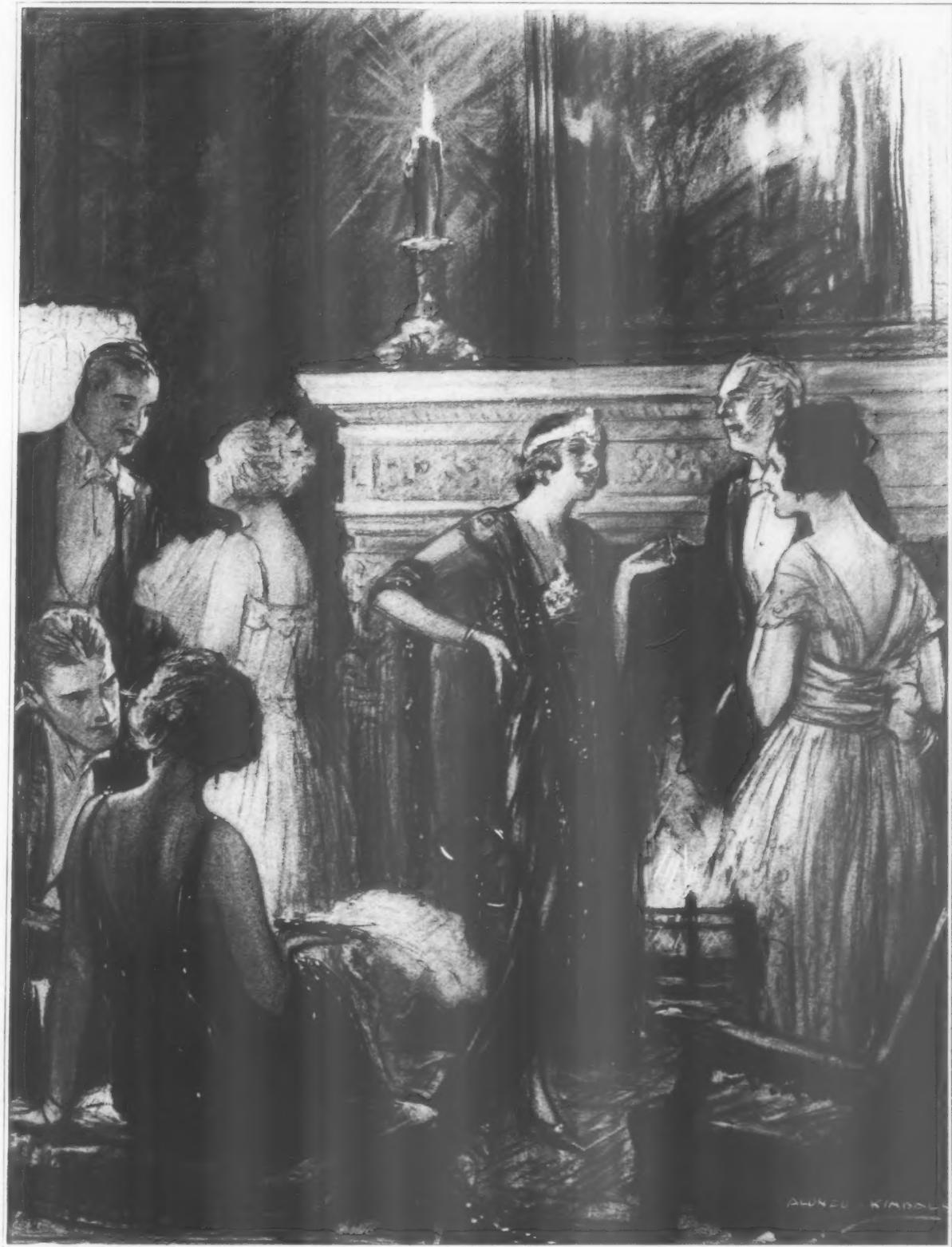
"Well, I believe I should like to meet your wife. Will you bring her to dinner next week, if I write her a nice note and direct it to Miss Leonard?"

"No, I won't."

"Which of us are you ashamed of?" said Sylvia.

"Of you," replied Crane. "You're just asking her because you think it has to be done—after all I've said. As soon as you get it into your head that you are not under any obligation to invite her, just because you invite me, then I'll bring her. I will, at least, if she'll give me an evening. However, she's away now—painting all the capitalists in Pittsburgh—takes some time. Will you go to the theater with me on Monday? I have two seats for an opening?"

"Yes, of course," said Sylvia, glad that the two seats made it clear that the "you" in his sentence was singular, or otherwise, she, with her absurd old-fashioned ideas, might have thought it included Lee. "Yes, of course; but why did you conceal the fact that you were married?"



"Well, I breakfast with him a lot," she said. "He brings it in to me himself—on the cunningest little tray you ever saw."

"I didn't conceal it."

"You didn't mention it."

"Well," he said, "why didn't you mention the fact that you had two infant children? I had to drag it out of you."

"I didn't think it would particularly interest you to know."

"That was just the way it was with me. . . . Good night."

He was gone. His departures were always sudden.

FOR the next ten days Sylvia was very happy over her new, stimulating, dependable, amusing friend. He was one of those people who, if they like you, like everything about you. Crane liked her house and her husband and her children—not only liked them but discovered the most subtle and complicated reasons for believing them to be the most remarkable husband and children in the world.

Moderation was a part of Sylvia's philosophy of life—especially since the incident of the archaeologist. She had no intention of asking Crane to dinner again too soon. But a succession of disasters to one of her parties—the death of a rich relation of two of her guests, and the fog-bound steamer of another, reduced her to such straits that when her party had shrunk from fourteen to five,—one of the five being an extra woman,—she decided that the only way to save the situation was to ask Crane.

"He won't think it queer—with his theories," she said to Lee.

She called him on the telephone at the hour at which he preferred to be called, and was answered by a feminine voice.

"Oh," said the voice, with a tinge of surprise in it, "you want to speak to Mr. Crane?"

"Yes, please," said Sylvia firmly. She had not been officially notified that Miss Leonard was back from Pittsburgh, but then she had not seen Crane for several days.

"Can't I take the message?"

By strict telephone ethics, she could; so Sylvia said: "This is Mrs. Hazlett. Will you ask Mr. Crane if he could dine with me tomorrow very informally at eight?"

"Hold the wire."

Sylvia held the wire—held it a long time, went through all the agonies of thinking herself cut off, of imagining that she was holding a dead wire to her ear, of believing that Crane had made a mistake and had not understood that she was waiting for an answer. Just as she was about to hang up the receiver, she heard his voice:

"Sorry to have kept you waiting. Couldn't help it. Look here, Ida

has some people coming here tomorrow night. I can't dine with you."

"Isn't that rather conventional?"

"Oh, no, quite the other way. I received an invitation from Miss Leonard to dinner. I must say I didn't remember it, but I did. I can't break an engagement. But why don't you come here?"

"I?" said Sylvia. She very nearly said "we," but just caught herself in time. "But I have people dining with me, too."

"Leave 'em."

"Oh, I can't do that."

"Isn't that rather conventional?"

It was rather conventional, particularly as her trouble was that she had an extra woman. If she dined out, it would leave a nice little party of four. She thought her guests over. They would not mind, and it wouldn't matter much if they did. She wanted very much to go to the Cranes'—if she might even in thought so refer to Miss Leonard and her husband. She wanted to adventure in this new social atmosphere to which she already felt so favorably inclined. She wanted to pick out all that was good in the new theory and combine it with what was left of the old. Her ideal was to take the brilliance and wit and attainments of these free spirits and, in the setting of luxury and ease that the old formal society had been trying to perfect for generations, to set them free to be brilliant.

All the time that she was thinking this, Crane was pleading with her to come and taunting her with her hesitation.

"If Miss Leonard really wants me," she began, and then feeling that it was the phrase of a school-girl, she suddenly accepted.

Lee was as usual amused and cooperative. He bought a box at the theater for his guests and promised to do his best with them.

"Only," he said, as he put her in the car the next evening, "don't absorb such free ideas that you never come back at all."

She kept him from shutting the door. "You mustn't talk like that even in fun," she said. "It's largely for your sake I'm carrying on these investigations. The theory is to make

marriage more romantic, not less so—to keep the gold and throw away the dross."

"Where do you get that dross stuff?" said Lee.

As she drove across the Park, she began to be anxious for the first time as to the effect she might produce. She did not wish to disgrace her friend. "I hope they won't think I'm so stiff and old-fashioned and formal that I spoil their spontaneity,"

she thought; "and yet, of course, it would be awful if I deliberately tried to be the other thing." Her real charm was, although she did not know it, that it was only in rare moments like this that she had time to think about the effect she produced; in the world she was always eagerly thinking about other people.

The dinner was in Ida Leonard's studio—a great, dim room, with great spaces of air and darkness above the heads of the guests, who, when Sylvia entered, were all grouped about the fireplace. Ida Leonard was standing on the hearthrug—a solid, classic figure in heavy brilliant draperies. She was a Titian blonde with brown eyes. The (Continued on page 98)



Sylvia turned with a glowing face to her speaker. "You have a perfectly remarkable audience," she said.

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KING—DOG

By

IRVING CRUMP

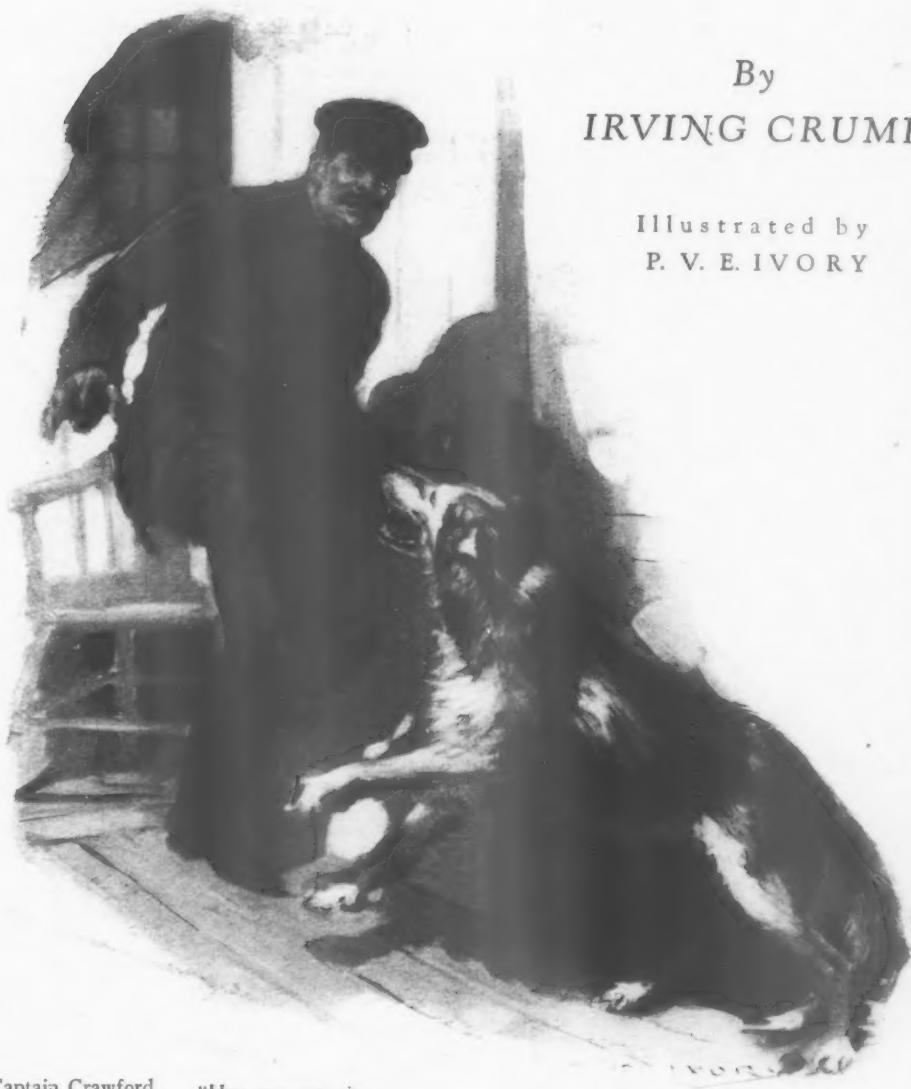
KING'S antagonism for the police developed the day he landed from the hospital ship onto the big concrete army transport dock in South Brooklyn. He hated their blue uniform and brass buttons with as much venom as he had hated the gray of the Hun; for he held them, in some way, accountable for the disappearance of his master, Captain Crawford. In truth, to King's canine mind nothing short of a state of war existed between the United States army, as represented by himself, and the metropolitan police force, although the members of the department took little cognizance of it for a time—excepting, perhaps, Patrolman Ryan of the dock squad. Ryan's opinion of King was tersely expressed to the dock watchman, upon his return to duty after a brief stay in the hospital caused by his first meeting with the tawny shepherd from France.

"Dog! He's no dog, I'm tellin' you. He's the devil with hair on. Believe me, if I ever see the beast hanging around these docks again, I'm going to shoot him full of holes."

It happened this way:

King had clung to the heels of Captain Crawford of the Eighty-third Signal Battalion for two years, through St. Mihiel and the terrible Argonne, doing his bidding with a faithfulness and devotion transcending even the loyalty of Private Rowan, the Captain's striker, generally acknowledged to be "the toughest guy in the entire army." Not even at St. Mihiel, when his right jowl and shoulder were laid open by a bullet, would he be separated from the officer; and when Crawford, in the Argonne, was riddled and torn by shell fragments, King insisted on accompanying him from one hospital to another and finally even to the big sanitarium in the French Alps. Nurses and doctors who understood his devotion were kind to King; and he was ready to fight those who were not willing to see him on ambulance or hospital-train.

Crawford's condition worried King. He saw the hollow, fever-flushed cheeks and the strangely bright eyes with which his master looked at him. And the odor that lingered about the shrunken hand dangling over the edge of the cot made him want to howl mournfully. Gradually he began to realize that Captain Jimmy was slowly dying. He clung to the cot closer than ever after that, watching wistfully, longingly, his master's face, as if he



"Here, you mut, git out!" he yelled.

hoped by the very strength of his devotion to save Crawford's life.

Then came the hospital-ship with its pathetic load of men who, knowing their fate, yearned for the privilege of dying among friends in their native land. It is doubtful if even King's determination to fight his way aboard would have availed him if it had not been for Crawford's request that he accompany them.

The trip across was as unhappy for King as it was for the nurses and attendants. He knew even before they did when a man passed out, and each day's toll seemed to bring Captain Jimmy's end nearer. Yet by a thread this life that King watched over clung on, though when the hospital-ship was warped to the dock in South Brooklyn the dog knew that Crawford's vitality was very low. The attendant realized this too, and cot after cot was emptied, until only Crawford's remained.

King followed the stretcher-bearers down the gangplank. It was the first land that he had trod in days, and it was natural dog

curiosity that prompted him to sniff each post and corner in passing. He lingered but a moment; yet in those few seconds the stretcher-bearers went on into the dock building, and King looked up in time to see the heavy door slam shut.

Roaring barks of protest and demands to be admitted, he rushed toward the doorway. As he approached, the door swung open again, and Patrolman Ryan stepped out. With a glad bark King tried to force his way past the burly form of the patrolman, but sour-tempered Ryan was not feeling in a mood to be crowded by a dog.

"Here, you mut, git out," he yelled, and aimed a kick at the shepherd.

Surprised and thoroughly angry, King leaped aside and glared at him, while new impressions began to form in his canine brain. Here was a man in uniform. It was a uniform he had never seen before. Was he a new enemy? King was suspicious and alert. He backed away to a safe distance and with fangs bared and eyes wickedly glowing, watched the policeman.

An officer with more discretion than Ryan, and less pugnacity, would have been willing to stop there and give way to the big wolfish creature, but not Ryan.

"Git, I said; and I meant it. Git out of here!" He stepped threateningly toward the dog.

King understood this only too well. The man was an enemy about to attack.

It was not in King's nature to wait for an onslaught, but to beat his enemy to it. Roaring with rage, he hurled himself at the patrolman. With the force of a projectile he threw his heavy body between the man's legs; then with a twist he upset him, springing clear before Ryan crashed on top of him.

"Drag him off! Git hold of him, somebody, or he'll chew me up," yelled the startled Ryan as he rolled in a heap on the dock. But the unfortunate officer scarcely had time to throw his arm across his throat before King plunged in a second time, and with slashing jaws ripped uniform and flesh from wrist to elbow.

Only once did he slash; then with fangs bared, he charged down the dock toward the street-entrance. A glance behind showed him Ryan struggling to his feet with a revolver in his hand. Three shots ripped out, and King heard the bullets thump into a packing-case close by his head. In a flash he saw it all. This was war again, a little different than the other war, perhaps, but war nevertheless, in which men in blue had already taken his master a prisoner and were seeking his life too. And there was born in King an antagonism for the police that was to prove a terrible influence later on. . . .

All the caution of King's war training came back to him and with it a certain wolfish tendency; for now it was necessary for him to find his own food. The absence of Captain Crawford worried him for the first week of this new life, and nightly (night is the only period one dares be conspicuous in war-time) he visited the dock at which the hospital-ship lay, where like a wolf he haunted the shadows, seeking with alert senses for traces of Crawford. But as he searched, recollection of the death odor that had lingered about Crawford disturbed him greatly, especially when he

sniffed at the crevices of the door through which he had seen Crawford's stretcher disappear. He could not understand, of course, that the

wounded had merely passed through the building and out at the other side, where a float loaded with hospital-cars was waiting to convey them on their journey to a sanitarium in the mountains. Crawford's going was a mystery he could not comprehend, a mystery akin to the mystery of death; and one night he was moved to crouch close to the sill of the doorway and raise his muzzle to the starlit night skies, while he gave voice to a grief-fraught howl of mourning. After that he went no more to the dock.

Though masterless and homeless, it was not in King to degenerate into a whining mongrel of the streets. Instead he grew strong and clean of limb, with a certain wolfish gauntness that told of hard-earned meals. Not for nothing had he spent his puppyhood in the crowded streets of a French city and served two years in the army.

A cluttered lot, the property of a construction company that had been building a section of subway through that part of the city, looked enough like the remains of a line of trenches to convince King that he could find a snug dugout somewhere about. Nor was he disappointed. Five sections of huge iron water pipe lay crowded into one corner of the lot, and these resembled bomb-proof shelters enough to convince King that any one of them would make capital quarters. For months King spent most of his daylight hours in these.

The question of forage was difficult at first. He was not above accepting scraps that he found in the streets, or even dipping into garbage-pails on the curb at night, though this was not at all to his liking, for King had been taught to accept only the food that was given him by Captain Jimmy and his striker. Did he know that this was to protect him from food poisoned by the enemy?

But gradually he developed the dormant instincts of his wolf forebears and became a hunter; for like the wolf, he realized that the meat he killed could not very well be poisoned. Cats and night-straying dogs soon were aware that haunting the city was a menacing creature that leaped out at them from the shadows and killed silently with slashing jaws. This method of getting food was the more interesting to King, for somehow he now found grim satisfaction in killing. Back in his brain was the impression that the more he killed in this land of his enemies, the more it worked to the detriment of the blue-coated soldiers with the brass buttons who had separated him from Captain Crawford.

Early in his wanderings he located the big South Brooklyn market district, where a meaty odor lingered about everything, and where mongrels were wont to gather at night, until King included that section within his domains. Scraps aplenty the wolf-dog found there; and staying late the second night of his visit, he discovered that several hours before dawn the market became active and tremendously interesting from his point of view. In these early morning hours great trucks of provisions rumbled up, and then by the light of flickering arcs men began to unload carcasses of beesves and sheep, or ham and bacon.

King, crouching in the shadows outside the circling glare of the lights, concluded that here was hunting worth while. For an hour



he slunk in the shadows watching and waiting for a time when these gnome-like workers who moved in and out of the building staggering under their burdens of food should leave a truck unguarded. At last that moment came. All the men had left the truck nearest him, and King seized the opportunity. Silently, but with ears erect and tongue hanging, he dashed into the market-square, a menacing, wolfish creature. There was about him a determination of purpose that forbade interference, and he all but spread panic among the workers at other trucks as with a growl he seized a saddle of lamb, pulled it from the dray and disappeared into the darkness.

"It's a wolf escaped from the park, or else I'm drunk and seein' things," cried a startled truckman.

"Wolf, nothin'," retorted an individual swathed in a blood-smeared butcher's apron. "That was one of those police dogs from Flatbush. I've seen lots of 'em."

"If it's a police dog, I aint never goin' in for porch-climbing," assured a third, "fer I'd hate to meet him in the dark."

"It's a police dog, all right," said the man of the apron with conviction, "but believe me, he's gone bad. We'd best report him, or some night when he's hangin' around here, he's liable to take a hunk out of us. Them dogs can kill a guy neat, they can."

Thereafter, in the early morning hours, the marketplace became King's hunting-ground. This was a game with a zest to it. To hide there in the shadows, waiting to strike, with the market men never knowing from which direction he would appear, stirred in him a wolfish pleasure, and he seemed to get a full measure of satisfaction out of snatching a ham or side of bacon from a truck, and eluding his angry pursuers.

But too frequent raids on the provision wagons resulted in certain complaints being lodged with the police, and one morning King, slinking in the shadows, caught the glint of the brass buttons and silvered badge of a patrolman. He too was hiding in the shadows, and King instinctively knew what he was there for. Then began a duel between the dog and this member of the enemy's forces. Instead of watching the trucks King watched the policeman, following him at a safe distance wherever the shadows permitted. During the remainder of the night King watched him, but when the blue-gray half-light of dawn began to invade the market district and thin the shadows in the streets, King started toward his den in the water-pipe, for he knew that in the daylight he would be an easy target.

The next night he visited the market, but he approached it with unusual care, looking first for the sentinel in uniform. He found him, as before, standing in the shadows, and again he watched him until dawn. The third and the fourth night he found the guard still there, but on the fifth night he searched the marketplace for an hour, cautiously investigating every possible hiding-place and circling the entire block. The policeman was not to be found. That night he stole a ham, devoured it and made off with another which he carried back to his home in the cluttered construction lot.

But the next night King got a surprise. Wolflike, he crept stealthily down the by-street by which he always entered the market square. He expected to find the policeman on guard again after his escapade of the night before. Nor was he disappointed. His keen eyes picked out the darker form of the man even against the black background of the night, and using his utmost caution, he began creeping closer and closer so that he could watch the patrolman's every movement. So intent was he on his stalking that he was taken completely unawares when a tawny form, as big and as powerful as he, burst out of the darkness at him. King knew in an instant that the beast was a dog ally of the bluecoat. He was tainted with the smell of the enemy.

Utterly off guard, King scarcely had time to spring into a position of defense before the heavy body crashed into him and bowled him over, while clicking teeth snapped at his throat and slashed perilously near his jugular vein. But King was in action



King leaped sidewise and flashed through the woods like a shadow, but not before two shots crashed out, and the bullets sang their death-song close to his ears.

an instant afterward; and with a rumble of rage, he threw himself on his antagonist. For a moment they were at grips, muzzles buried in each other's fur, while their ugly war-growls shattered the night quiet. But King knew the fate that would overtake him were he to lose control of the wrath that was bursting within him. Already his quick ear caught the sound of feet running toward him, and he knew that his enemy the bluecoat was close at hand. With a mighty effort he threw the other dog from him; then leaping clear, he streaked into the darkness while pistol-shots crashed behind him and bullets pinged on the pavement.

King did not know that the police had brought Robin Hood, the champion of the police-dog kennels from Flatbush, to help break up his nightly raid at the market; but as he loped homeward that night there burned within him a savage hatred for that dog ally of his enemy. He knew the folly of a clash with his men enemies. They possessed knowledge and weapons against which he could not hope to contend; but in Robin Hood he saw an enemy with whom he was on equal footing, an enemy on whom he could revenge himself for the disappearance of his master, an enemy with whom he could fight it out to the death, and wreak the hate that was in him. A savage desire developed for a meeting with this dog at a time when all things should be equal.

For the police it can be said that in a measure their object was accomplished; for King, realizing that odds were against him,

visited the market only occasionally and at long intervals after that, and then with the utmost caution. Instead he extended his hunting range farther and farther from his den in the water-mains.

ONE night late in the fall the tawny outlaw chanced upon an entrance to Prospect Park. This big woodsy enclosure was a veritable paradise to King, for subconsciously, during these months of homeless wandering and hunting in the city streets, he had gradually been reverting to the wolf in him, which though dormant for generations, was crowding to the surface now that his survival depended solely upon his fitness. And in turn the wolf strain cried out for trees and open spaces where hunting must needs be better, and where rocky dens and beds of leaves would take the place of the iron-bound home in the cluttered lot. To be sure, the park was but a compromise with what King really yearned for, but it was with a sense of relief and greater security that he slipped into the heavy black shadows in the undergrowth that fringed a bridle-path and pattered happily through the dried autumn leaves.

Deeper and deeper into the park he explored, finding many rugged places that delighted him. Presently he came to the edge of the woodland, and looked out onto a great moonlit open space, the sheep-meadow. Dropping on his stomach behind the last screen of bushes, King surveyed this broad expanse with interest. And as he crouched there the night wind brought to his nostrils an odor that went deeper than anything else he had experienced. It was the heavy animal smell from the sheepfold across the park.

A conflict of emotions was stirred within him. Generations of sheep-guarding ancestors seemed to call out to him that this outlawed life he was leading was wrong and that his real mission was that of herder and protector of flocks. Yet struggling against this was the viciousness of his war training, combined with the wolf instincts given free reign these months past. Eagerly yet fearfully he sniffed the night winds. Then a sound coming to him down the night turned the tide of this conflict—the far-off sound of a police whistle. King heard it, and the dog-whine in his throat turned to a rumbling wolfish growl as slowly he drew back from the meadow's edge and sought the woods. There in the splash of a shaft of moonlight that reached like a finger through the trees he crouched again, this time to plan his attack, for now he knew that these sheep were the property of his blue-coated enemies, and therefore his legitimate plunder.

Presently he started stealthily forward again. Approaching the sheepfold, he grew even more cautious, while he searched every possible hiding-place, listened for every suspicious sound and tested the air with his nose. Slowly he crept close to the eight-foot board fence that surrounded the big double-doored inclosure. Slinking in the shadow of the fence, he circled the fold, on the alert for the slightest suggestion of a guardian, either man or dog, for somehow he felt and rather hoped that Robin Hood would be the herd-dog. But the woolly wards of the Park Department were thought safe enough when once put into the fold, and no guard was kept.

Satisfied that all was clear, King backed off twenty yards and surveyed the fence. Then swiftly but silently he rushed forward and like a phantom animal bounded upward, mounting the barrier. For a moment he poised on the top and watched the turmoil his appearance caused among the startled occupants, before dropping lightly down to the stone-paved inclosure. Reaching the ground, King crouched low, his eyes investigating every shadow to make doubly certain that no enemy was at hand. It was characteristic that he should remain calm and restrained despite the panic of the sheep that huddled in a mass at the far end of the fold, giving vent to startled snorts and plaintive calls as they scrambled over one another in their efforts to get as far from this menacing visitor as possible.

SUDDENLY King swept down upon them; and as he plunged across the pen, ears down, mouth opened and fangs bared, he looked as ferocious as the biggest of gray timber wolves. Into the milling mass he hurled himself, slashing right and left with wicked jaws, tearing and cutting into the helpless animals. Just for a moment he seemed to lose his head entirely, and intoxicated with the lust of killing, killed like the weasel, wantonly. One after another he pulled them down, and a strange, frenzied light glowed in his eyes while he murdered each animal.

Presently he stopped and seemed to master himself. Then with more deliberation he marked a ewe and sprung at her, burying his dripping jaws deep into the woolly throat. With a twist of

his powerful body he threw her. Growling, he backed clear of the milling mass, dragging his last kill after him. In the center of the courtyard, full in the moonlight he stopped, and standing over the twitching form of his last victim, he glared savagely at the huddled, panic-swept flock. Then with a warning growl he fell to and began eating; nor did he cease until he was gorged to satiety.

With the cold, faint colors of an autumn dawn painting the low-hanging cloud-banks in the east with purple and gold, King, heavy with food, and gloating over his raid on the flock that he still felt certain was the charge of Robin Hood, found shelter in the lee of a huge rock that crowned a wooded hill in the park. There on a bed of dried leaves he curled up and licked bloodstains from his coat until he dozed off. He was quite sure that the park was the best place he had yet found in this enemy country.

Shortly before noon he was awakened by a sense of impending danger. Instinct told him that he was being hunted. Alert, but with no manifestation of alarm, he got up and leaped to the rock that had sheltered him. The wolf in him had made him select this hill as a point of vantage, for from it he could watch meadow and woodland for a great distance.

Crouching low, he began to scan as much of the park as he could see. On pathways he could discern figures of women and children moving slowly about, and he knew he had nothing to fear from them. In the meadow below him he saw all that was left of the sadly depleted flock, trying to find a few lingering green spears in the closely cropped frost-dried grass. There was no dog in attendance, and he wondered vaguely what had become of Robin Hood. He gave them scant attention, however, for beyond them, and working slowly in his direction, he discerned two men with rifles. King was puzzled because they did not have on the blue uniform of the police. He could not understand that they were employees of the park, but some sixth sense told him it behooved him to be cautious. Carefully he slipped down from the rock and took to the woods of the hillside.

IT is possible that had King known how confined he was in the park, he would have hesitated in making the raid on the sheepfold, or having made it, would have put greater distance between himself and the scene of his crime. He was not long in discovering the seriousness of the situation, however. At the foot of the hill the woods ended abruptly at a concrete-paved path, and King hesitated to cross the open space. He traveled the woods in another direction, only to find that presently it gave way to a wide thoroughfare over which roared automobiles. In still another direction he tried, only to find his way barred by another path. King knew how fatal open spaces were; but he realized, too, that to remain in the patch of woods much longer would be equally dangerous. To his left he heard a man approaching whom he knew was one of the searching party, and up on the hillside he could hear the two men he had seen kicking their way through the dried leaves. Presently one stopped and shouted.

"Here's blood on the leaves, Perry; and—by thunder, here's his bed, and it's warm yet. Come on! He's here somewhere."

King could not understand what they said, but he knew instinctively that they had found his trail. Silently he bolted across the pathway and into a mass of rhododendrons on the other side. This was excellent cover, and he hoped that it would be deep and long. But his hopes were quickly shattered; scarcely had he slipped out of sight into this thicket when he was confronted by still another path, graveled; and not fifty feet away it terminated in a huge graveled amphitheater lined with hundreds of vacant benches, with a bandstand, happily empty, in the center. The outlaw saw then that only night could help him, and this was several hours off.

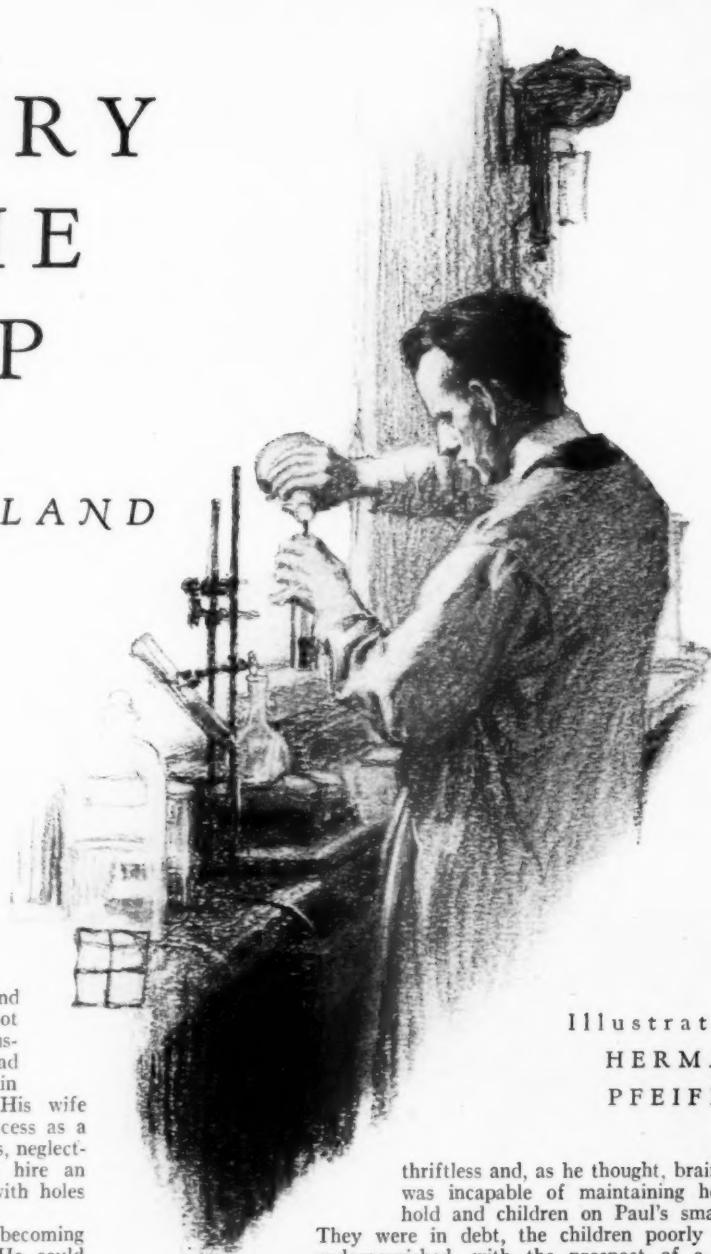
But with escape growing more difficult, the wolf cunning in the tawny shepherd sharpened every latent instinct, and King presently found himself resorting to wiles that even his war training had not developed in him. In the rhododendrons he paused a moment and surveyed the situation. To his right across the graveled path was another stretch of lawn with a woods beyond. Nearer, although on the opposite side of the graveled inclosure containing the bandstand, was another fringe of woods, and through the leafless trees King could see the cold blue-green surface of the big park lake. Somehow he felt that safety lay in this direction, and after a careful scrutiny of the vicinity, which revealed no one more formidable than several women and children, he bolted down the path, and slipped among the benches, to the consternation of a nurse and her charges, who screamed as he flashed by: "Heaven help us, it's a wolf escaped." (Continued on page 107)



Simultaneous with King's leap and Rowan's shot, the hall was flooded with light and another shot ripped out.

THE FURY OF THE SHEEP

By
HENRY C. ROWLAND



Illustrated by
HERMAN
PFEIFER

PAUL REVEUR could not himself have told which of the two great conflicting passions of his life was the stronger, his love of his four children or the hatred he had come to feel for his two employers, John and David Force.

Other emotions running through the warp and woof of his daily life were insignificant to Paul Reveur in comparison, like the design of the wall-paper in his room, or what he ate and wore. Even his emotion for his wife—now become a sort of smoldering resentment, with hot and cold waves of anger and indifference—did not matter much. A part of his work was tremendously important, but in a different way, like his bad health, which was the result of an explosion in the plant that had left him semi-invalid. His wife Florence, still young and pretty, was not a success as a mother; she was kindly but improvident, luxurious, neglectful and unintelligent—the sort of mother to hire an automobile and take the children for a drive with holes in their stockings and shabby clothes.

Paul's two great passions were in danger of becoming an obsession, because they were retroactive. He could not pass through his children's rooms and brush their little faces with his lips without a pang of hatred for his employers. And he could not go into the private office for a consultation with his employers without a gust of compassionate love for the helpless innocents whom he adored and who were being stifled by the greed and avarice of the pair. It did not help him much to know that John hated David, and David hated John, almost as bitterly as he, Reveur, hated them both. But all three of them were bound together by mutual interest. The partners needed each other for their joint gain, and Paul was quite aware that they were perhaps the only two men in the world to appreciate his own unusual talents and who would be willing to pay him even a quarter of what he was actually worth as an expert chemist.

But this was not all. Outside his duties in the plant, which were light, Paul had worked at his invention, a new process for extracting petroleum from shale; and he had succeeded in convincing John Force that there were millions in it. Paul had tried vainly to interest others and was now faced with the maddening necessity of further enriching this man whom he detested—while he gained a miserable amount of profit for himself. His

thriftless and, as he thought, brainless wife was incapable of maintaining her household and children on Paul's small salary. They were in debt, the children poorly clad and undernourished, with the prospect of a steaming summer in their dingy home. Paul knew his own health to be precarious, and the thought of what must happen to his little ones in the event of his collapse, drove him to desperation.

He felt that he had no time to lose. The bitter irony of the situation lay in the fact that the man he most hated of all men should be the only one whom he had been able to inspire with confidence in himself and his process. Paul knew that both of the brothers held him personally in contempt as a poor worm upon whom they might tread with impunity, but there was this difference between them: David, while acknowledging Paul's usefulness in the plant, scoffed at his invention, refused to listen to his claims; whereas John, more astute, believed in his heart that there was actually a brilliant mind under the straggling sandy hair, and that the hot glow which shone at times through the big, tired eyes of the scientist was kindled by the divine fire of genius.

Knowing that Paul had not the strength to fight, and that he was not in a position to refuse whatever might be offered him, John had drawn up a hard contract with his employee, by the terms of which Paul could hope only to receive a small royalty

which did not begin until the net profits exceeded a certain amount which the inventor doubted they would reach for some years. This contract had been drawn and signed by John Force, but not yet by Paul, and here a tremendous clash was due to occur. For John, the senior partner and capitalist of large wealth, had virtually agreed with his brother David to enlarge their plant, and now if they were to finance his new shale-oil enterprise in which David had no part, John would be obliged to repudiate this agreement.

HOW David discovered what was going on need not be told. Some fragment of conversation may have been heard by an eavesdropping clerk or bookkeeper in his secret service, or perhaps an examination of the contents of John's waste-paper basket might have revealed certain of his private calculations. It is even possible that John's attorney might have tipped him off. At any rate David had his suspicions of what was afoot and was waiting in grim silence with his decks all cleared for action. Paul had managed to scrape together the money to patent his process and hoped that at the last moment he might be able to extract from John a decent living salary for his services as superintendent of the new enterprise, with an advance on this which might set his family on its feet. John had already secured control of a large area of shale-beds in Colorado where the plant was to be erected, and Paul anticipated with a certain wistful pleasure the removal of his household to a better climate.

The stage was all set for strong action when one sultry June night at about eight o'clock Paul went down to his laboratory in the plant to complete some work in connection with his duties as chemist; he had no fixed hours, these being dependent on the nature of his research in refining processes. The watchman let him in, and as he limped across the yard, with a gait rendered awkward by one foot planted direct and the other turned outward at an angle of eighty degrees, the warm rain began to splash down in huge drops like a tropic shower. Passing the corner of a building, Paul saw that the Forces' private office was lighted.

"Who's there?" he asked the watchman.

"Tis Mr. David, sor. He has not yet left. I took him some supper about half an hour ago."

Paul went into his laboratory, and slipping on his gown, set about his work. The rain was now descending in a deluge, and through his open window he could hear the crash of the big rain-

spout from the corner of the building opposite in which were the executive offices. He was engaged in weighing some filtrates when Mike, the watchman, came to the door.

"Mr. David would like to speak to you, sor," said he.

A premonition of trouble struck through Paul. David Force's only greeting of him for the past few days had been a savage scowl, and the inventor was convinced that he suspected something. He put on his shabby hat, threw his mackintosh round his thin shoulders, and limped hurriedly across the muddy yard through the pouring rain. The door of David's office was closed, and at Paul's rap a hard voice snarled: "Come in!"

Paul entered. David Force was standing by the open window, a rank cigar in his mouth and his hands thrust into his trousers pocket. He was a big, gaunt man of forty-five, with a heavy jaw and small bleak eyes set closely on either side of a rapacious nose. He looked precisely what he was, a miser, a hard driver, ruthless, yet supple when circumstance compelled. His brother John was of a different type, being thick-set, red-faced, more self-indulgent but with the same porcine traits. David suggested the wild boar, John the fattened domestic animal. Both had the same heavy jowls and cruel, shifty eyes; but David's temperamental traits were cold and harsh, whereas those of his brother were apt to be hot and choleric.

David's greeting of Paul made no effort at politeness. "Shut the door," he snarled; and when Paul had done so, and removed his dripping hat and raincoat, David rasped out: "I want to know about this game that you and John are scheming to put across behind my back."

"Then you'd better ask your brother, sir," Paul answered.

"Just now I'm asking you," said David. "I gather that John plans to back this fool invention of yours. Is that so?"

"I can't answer any questions about Mr. John's affairs," said Paul. "My part of it is the process."

David gave a harsh, contemptuous laugh.

"Yes," he growled, "you said it! And that's about all the part you're apt to draw from it. I thought you were working for the firm, but it seems you've been working for half of it."

"I tried to interest you, sir," said Paul, "but you wouldn't listen."

"Of course I wouldn't listen to any such bunk. Neither would John have listened but for one thing." His small eyes glinted evilly at Paul. "Are you such a fool as not to guess that thing?"



But at this moment there came a heavy step outside, and the door was flung open. John Force, in evening dress, stood on the threshold. "What's all this?" he demanded.

Paul stepped to the desk on the other side of which David was standing.

"I can guess what you're trying to insinuate," he answered.

David's big lower teeth reached for the fringe of his mustache. "I don't insinuate anything," he growled. "I state it. My fool of a brother is after your fool of a wife."

A dull fire glowed in Paul's dark eyes. "You're a liar," he said, "and you know it." And as he spoke, his thin, sinewy hand fell on a round glass hemisphere the size of half an orange, a paper-weight with a photograph of the works magnified by the convexity.

THE furious outburst which he had half expected from this lie direct did not occur. Perhaps David observed the position of Paul's hand, but more probably he desired to continue his abuse before being violently interrupted.

"You poor worm!" he sneered. "She's out with him tonight. If you don't believe it, go down to the Palais Royale."

Paul's fingers tightened a little on the paper-weight. He was not entirely surprised at what David had just told him. John had come to his house for discussions several times lately which might just as well have taken place in the laboratory or at John's residence. But while he knew Florence to be frivolous, Paul was not yet willing to believe her faithless. Moreover he saw through David's design. But aside from all the rest, he did not greatly care what Florence did. The children were the tenants of all his heart. So now he answered with a contempt quite equal to that of David:

"If you don't know your brother any better than that, then you're the fool," he answered. "Can you see John Force risking a lot of money for any woman?"

The effect of this retort was a little surprising even to Paul. David's forbidding face darkened with anger, but he made no hostile gesture toward the chemist. Instead he appeared for a moment to reflect.

"I guess you're right," he muttered. "John's too damned stingy to risk his pile for any skirt."

Paul's hand was raised slowly from the table, and his fingers gripped the heavy paper-weight. He looked fixedly at David, and his soft brown eyes held a lurid tint.

"One more slur against my wife and I'll kill you," said he. Revere was prepared to carry out his threat. Though crippled from the waist down, his arms were sinewy and strong. He knew that David could not escape the contact of the heavy missile, and there was on the desk a big inkwell with which he might have followed his attack.

But at this moment there came a heavy step outside, and the door was flung open. John Force, in evening-dress, stood on the threshold.

"What's all this?" he demanded in his thick, guttural bass.

Paul turned and looked at him through a red mist.

"Your brother has been trying to get something out of me by making lying charges against you and my wife," he said.

John Force drew down the corners of his mouth, then gave a grunt.

"My brother's a fool," he growled, "and so are you. Well, I guess it's time we had a show-down. I had a hunch Brother David might drop in and try to overhaul my papers." He turned to Paul a face already purpling with anger. "You can beat it."

THE chemist went out and back to his laboratory.

He sank into a dilapidated wicker chair, rested his elbows on the arms and let his chin fall upon his thin, folded fingers. So the rupture had come, and he thought it probable that the following day would find him out of employment. John Force had told him that with the withdrawal of the bulk of his interest in the plant would come the cessation of his own administration of its affairs, which must then devolve upon David; and Paul could not see himself remaining on David's pay-roll after what had just passed between them. He had hoped that this rupture would not become necessary until the following spring, so that now he found himself faced with the problem of how he might feed and clothe and house his beloved little ones.

Revere knew that he could expect but little from John until active operations were begun on the new enterprise. John, of course, would not, in his own interest, permit his prospective superintendent actually to starve, but the first trouble for Paul lay in the fact that all of his formulae and data were so comprehensively complete that his own services would not be indispensable. Any chemical engineer of average intelligence would find no difficulty in following his detailed course of procedure.

Yet such an individual would probably demand twice the salary which Paul might consent to accept, and this would always be an item with John Force. But the capitalist had taken pains to assure himself that Paul would not be indispensable to him. And even if the inventor had been crafty enough to leave some hiatus which might render him so, it is probable that John's experts would have discovered it. Aside from getting a good man cheap, John had taken no chances on Paul's physical infirmities.

So now it seemed to the unfortunate inventor that this, his last state, had become more grievous than his former one, that his fetters were more firmly riveted than ever.

In this moment of desperation the hatred he felt for John Force was even greater than that for David. Paul thought of the bleak winter ahead, and his imagination was tortured by pictures of his children with pinched faces and insufficient clothing, and the pitiful aspect of a barren Christmas, and his little Paul crying papers on some sleety corner. In his anguish of soul he remembered having once read in a book of travel that sometimes a Chinaman in straits would sell himself as a substitute for a man of means who had been convicted of crime, and suffer decapitation in his stead. Now for the first time Paul understood how such a thing might be. He felt that he would cheerfully welcome such an opportunity for assuring the future welfare of his little ones, providing it could be honestly achieved. His life was theirs. It had no longer any value to himself.

EVEN if Paul had held the life insurance which was refused him, he would not have stooped to suicide, for he was characterized by an honesty so unequivocal that it amounted almost to a burden. This abnormal probity sat upon him visibly, was undeniable to the most casual eye, just as a profundity of meanness was undisguisable on the face of John Force. It had been this honesty of Paul's which had secured him his position with them, and held it through occasional attacks of illness; for while in actual hours he might not render full service, they were convinced that he would feel himself bound to turn to their benefit whatever discovery he might make which had a direct relation to their products—toilet preparations and synthetic perfumes. Moreover an honest man was indispensable to them as the custodian of such valuable chemicals as the laboratory contained.

Paul roused himself presently at the sound of harsh voices strident with anger. The shower had passed, and the rain stopped so suddenly that the furious wrangling clove the still air as though it were just outside his window. Very evidently a furious quarrel was in progress. Paul could picture David's rage on learning for a certainty that John proposed to withdraw his capital from the plant. It was indeed a stealthy, dishonest thing for John to do, after having verbally agreed to his brother's project for doubling their profitable business; and it smote suddenly upon Paul's desperation how wickedly wrong it was that this dishonest man should be in train to make a huge fortune at the expense of one like himself whose scrupulous convictions had resulted only in a sort of serfdom. And as this idea passed through Paul's mind, there rose within him one of those violent reactions that can only occur with a nature in which some abstract quality is carried to the point of supersaturation.

This is exactly what occurred in the case of Paul Revere. He found himself suddenly overwhelmed to the point of rejection with a principle which up to this time his nature had contained to its limits. His honesty nauseated him a good deal as a starving man might be nauseated by an excess of food, no matter how wholesome in normal quantities.

He rose, and going to his desk, took out the contract which had been signed by John Force and which he himself was to sign the following day. He scanned it through with a sort of rage; then, seized by a furious impulse, was about to hold the corner of it to his Bunsen burner, when a paragraph caught his eye. And at this moment there came through the open window:

"You damned fat sneak! I'll get you for this yet, if it costs a million dollars."

Paul drew the contract away from the flame. He examined the paragraph with a searching eye, not for its phrasing but for the typewritten impression. He swiftly counted the lettering, then picked up a pair of dividers and a rule and made a measurement or two. For his mind of the inventor, which is the imaginative mind, had suddenly grasped at a ruse which an hour before would not have entered it; the iron doors of rigid probity would have barred the way.

But these doors were now, for the moment, wide open; and Paul's swift calculations and knowledge of his craft showed him where and how alterations could be made which might make the



Paul turned and faced him, his dark eyes glowing like the incandescent heart of the furnace. "The deal is off," said he quietly. "Do you see this?"

difference of many thousands in his favor. He knew that such alterations would not trick John, who held his own copy of the contract, by a comparison with which the fraud would be immediately discovered when subjected to expert microscopic examination. But it was not Paul's purpose to attempt the deception of John. He had another and a bigger end in view.

HE set to work upon his alterations with swift and masterly skill. The erasures subtly made, he went to his typewriter, the same model as that used in the business offices, and carefully effected his substitutions, then scanned his work with satisfaction. And scarcely had he finished when the wrangling, abusive voices from across the court ceased suddenly and a door slammed; and glancing through the window, Paul saw John striding toward the gate outside which his car was waiting.

Paul thrust the contract into his pocket, limped out of the laboratory and across to the private office. The door was open, and through it he saw David sitting at his desk, staring straight ahead of him with an expression of such impotent fury on his face that few men would have dared intrude upon his savage meditations.

"Well," he snarled at sight of Paul, "what do you want now?"

"I want to talk business," Paul answered. "I've been thinking over what you said about my wife—and your brother John."

A sudden gleam shone from David's eyes. His big head thrust forward a little between the gaunt shoulders.

"Huh!" he grunted. "So the worm has turned!"

"Yes," said Paul. "I'll take back calling you a liar. I believe you're right. I've got an account to settle with your brother."

David gave him a sardonic grin. "So John's life's in danger!" said he mockingly, and then quoted with a sneer: "Beware the fury of a maddened sheep."

"John's life is *not* in danger," said Paul, as he perched his frail body on the corner of the desk; "but his chance of making a great fortune is."

David stared at him with a sort of curious scorn. This astonishing effrontery on the part of the meek, subservient Paul, first in giving him the lie direct and threatening his life, then coming to him, as now, to beard him in his rage and sit with calm insolence on the corner of his desk, bewildered him a little. Nothing would have persuaded him that such cool presumption could ever have found a place in the nature of the little man, and he wondered from what hidden power it drew its strength.

"What's your game?" he demanded.

"To get square with your brother," Paul answered. "To judge from the compliments you two have been handing back and forth, I guess you'd like a chance to do the same. It won't cost you a million dollars, either, but it might easily make you that, and then some."

"Are you crazy?" David demanded.

"No. Listen. I've got in my pocket a contract between John Force and myself and signed by him. I am to sign up tomorrow. It is for the promotion of my new process to extract oil from shale. John's got an option on a big acreage in Colorado. But without my process it's no good to him. It would stand him a loss. Do you get that?"

The light of comprehension, and a sudden flame of avarice, spread over David's face. "Go on," he said.

"Well, then," said Paul, "here's where *you* come in. Your brother may or may not have told you that he means to Welch on you in the enlargement of this plant and put the money in this proven scheme of mine and of which I hold the patent of the process. That lets you down. John makes the mistake of thinking me a poor worm that would never dare doublecross him, but as you have just remarked, the worm has turned. I intended to sign this contract tomorrow, but after what you so politely told me, I don't intend to sign it at all—with John. But unless you are more of a fool than I think you are, *I am prepared to sign it with you.*"

David stared at him a moment, started to give a sardonic laugh, then checked himself. He reached out his long gaunt arm and thrust a chair at Paul.

"Sit down!" said he.

Paul shifted himself from the desk, leaned back in the chair and looked thoughtfully at David.

"You are a pretty good business man, Mr. Force," said he, "but if you will stop a moment to think, you must admit that your brother John is a better one. The proof is that although you are his senior, he is today the head of this plant. He spends more money than you do, but he is a richer man. The reason of this is that John not only knows a good thing when he sees it, but has

the nerve to back his judgment. If you had had the running of this plant, your turnover would not be half what it is today. You realize this now and are bitterly disappointed and furiously angry because John is going to put the capital for enlarging it into what my tests have convinced him is a scheme which will make this dump of yours look like a piker business."

"You've got to show me—" growled David.

"I intend to show you. I'd have shown you long ago if you'd had sense enough to let yourself be shown. I've never had any love for either of you, but I hated your brother less, besides considering that he had the better mind. But I hate him now almost as much as you do yourself."

David gave an inarticulate grunt.

"What I now propose," said Paul, "is to put the skids under John. We can do this if you are man enough to admit that his business vision is better than your own and take advantage of it. You know that he is no plunger, no sanguine speculator. Your knowledge of his methods must tell you that he's got to be dead sure before signing such a big contract as he has with me, and one which will make us both millionaires. What I now propose is that you take this chance to profit by John's work and expense of the past few months. That is to say, I offer you the chance of signing this contract instead of your brother."

David stared at him owlishly. He had always known that his brother was possessed of a mentality superior to his own, and this had been perhaps the dominant cause of his hatred. Glowering now at Paul, he could feel no doubt of the profundity of the same passion which had made of this humble hireling a sort of concentrated essence of revenge.

"Let's see your contract," he snarled.

Paul took from his pocket the document which by the terms of his skilled alterations had made him a potential millionaire. David glanced it through, and his heavy jaw dropped while a glaze of astonishment filled his avaricious eyes. He would never have believed it possible that his brother would have ceded so much in any contract, nor that the hitherto meek personality, of which this night had revealed the startling depths, would have stood out for so rich a share. But the fact that this had indisputably occurred now convinced David that here indeed was a priceless opportunity, and for the moment all other emotions were submerged in those of avarice. He forgot that Paul had called him a liar and threatened to brain him with the paper-weight—or rather, perhaps he thought he understood the source of this recklessness. He almost forgot his hatred of his brother and the opportunity offered for the accretion of enormous wealth.

"But I haven't the capital for this—that is, without selling out my interest here."

"Then sell it out," said Paul. "Or if you like, I'll offer you another proposition. My health is delicate, and for personal reasons I would discount the money to be made by me in this proposition for a lump sum in cash. You can see from the contract what your brother thinks of it. Well, then, you can buy my patent and give me a ten-per-cent royalty on subsequent profits."

"What do you want for your patent?" David asked.

"My patent is worth half a million at least," said Paul, "but I'll sell it to you for two hundred and fifty thousand. That won't break you, or oblige you to lose your interest here. But you'll have to speak quick."

David glanced again at the contract. "I'll give you a hundred and fifty thousand," said he.

PAUL shook his head. "Nothing doing!" The answer came faintly. "I'm willing to sacrifice a lot to get square with John, but there are limits." He folded the contract and put it into his pocket. David stared at him avidly with his small swinish eyes. "You see," Paul continued, "this thing cuts two ways for you. If you own the patent to the process, you stand not only to make an enormous fortune, but you cut John's underpinning. It would be worth the purchase of the patent to you if only to keep John from withdrawing his interest in the plant. In that case the best investment for his capital would be right here, and he's business man enough to know it."

David moistened his lips. "Two hundred thousand," said he.

Paul felt the room reeling about him. Half an hour before, he had been at the end of his resources, the little profit to accrue to him from his invention so far in the remote perspective as scarcely to be visible at all. And now through skillfully playing on the passions of hatred and avarice and revenge, and the secret respect which David Force held for his brother's business intelligence, Paul found himself refusing (*Continued on page 151*)

Problems of temperaments rather than of crime occupy the famous London psychologist Smith. Here is recorded one of the most fascinating of his cases.

THE HUSBAND OF MRS. WALTON

By W. L. GEORGE

Illustrated by FRANK SNAPP

HERE!" said Mr. Smith's assistant as she slammed the door behind her. "I wish you'd hurry up and see this—this—thing outside."

"Don't interrupt me," said Mr. Smith, massaging his bald head, as was his habit when angry. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"I can't have this woman crying outside."

"Hold your tongue, Meg. Don't you know that I'm at work on the most difficult case of the week? That I am depriving the eldest son of G. 279 of his taste for racing, and replacing it by a desire to go into his father's monumental-urn factory? Tush! How can one do psychology under these conditions?"

"Well, I can't do card-indexing under the conditions of a woman howling in my room. Come on, Mr. Smith, see her. Give her some of your soft soap, and let me get on with my work."

"Soft soap—soft soap! All right, show her in. I'm bullied, that's what I am. Bullied!"

"Well, you might be married," said the assistant acidly. "Think of your mercies."

A moment later a rather pretty, plump, fair, rosy woman aged apparently between thirty and thirty-two, slightly disheveled by emotion, her pleasant pink cheeks tear-streaked, sat before him. "How silly you'll think me, Mr. Smith!" she mumbled.

"Not at all. You have a very good reason to be disturbed." Then, even to Mr. Smith's surprise, the lady burst into renewed tears, and at last managed to say: "I haven't, Mr. Smith. I haven't any reason to be disturbed. That's my trouble."

"Oh!" said Mr. Smith. "If I were not a psychological expert, I should say that what you need is a little misfortune. Of course, I can easily arrange that. But, you know, what troubles you is something far deeper."

"Ah," said the lady, fixing entranced bright eyes upon him, "how you understand!"

"That is my profession. Well, now, let us go into details, shall we? One ought not to be unhappy when one's a young married woman."

"How did you know that?"

"I know everything," said Mr. Smith, glancing, however, at the thin kid glove under which the wedding ring was outlined. "But never mind that. Let us go on a little. You enjoy excellent



"So Mr. Garrabost took you over the works

health." Indeed, as the lady had rubbed her wide eyes, Mr. Smith had been able to see that there was no anemic whiteness about the underlids.

"Oh, it's not my health—no. I come of a very healthy family, and my children give me no trouble at all."

"I suppose you're both very fond of them?"

"Oh, yes, of course. Very! And my husband's people are quite old; so they're very pleased, and give us lots of presents."

"I see. So there's no trouble with your in-laws? Even though Mrs. Agnes Herbert says that our in-laws are our strained relations."

"No! Oh, no! Indeed, I'm very fond of them. Old Mr. Walton—There, now I've told you my name. Well, it can't be helped." She smiled. "You have a way of worming things out of one."

"Precisely," said Mr. Smith. "You were saying that you were

getting on with your relations. From which I conclude that you are fairly well off?"

"I wont ask you how you know that, since you know everything. We're not very rich, but there's no trouble there. We've a little house in the country, and an automobile. And I've got my marriage settlement. Mr. Smith, it's not that."

"Hum!" said Mr. Smith, consulting his register. "My experience says that married people can suffer only from one hundred and seventy-two varieties of unhappiness, of which one hundred and forty-three arise from one central cause. I don't think I will recite them to you. Besides, I already understand your case. Now, don't interrupt. Just answer my questions. You are—thirty-two? Good! Married nine years. A boy of eight, a girl of five? Your husband—thirty-eight? Company director? Now, Mrs. Walton, tell me a little about your husband."

"Oh, Jim's a dear. We have an awfully good time. He takes me to the theater twice a week, and often, on week-ends, we have large house-parties. And—oh, I'm all over his presents—look!" She indicated her furs, her gold bag and some trinkets.

"EXCELLENT," said Mr. Smith. "Now tell me a little more. How much time does he spend with you a day?"

"You don't suggest?"

"I suggest nothing at present. I am merely finding out why you are unhappy."

"Oh, well, Jim's not really got much to do. There's a board meeting every week, and he spends three mornings or so a week at the office. So I suppose I get the rest of his time."

"I suppose so too. But let us work it out a little. Has he got any hobbies?"

"Hardly. When we married, he was very keen on chess, and he took to golf a little later, but he's given it up in the last year or so. He says he doesn't care to play unless I play with him, and I'm not keen. Jim's a darling."

"No doubt. Now, tell me, has anything replaced golf?"

"No, not exactly. Well, he's very keen on pictures nowadays."

"Does he buy any?"

"No. He says we've got too much on our walls already, but he goes to see the shows, private views, you know."

"You say this started a year ago? What artists come to the house?"

"Very few. Only Mr. Feevens, the Academician. Jim says they're too long-haired for him."

"Right," said Mr. Smith. "I'm getting on. Now, tell me, have you noticed any change in the attentions he pays you?"

Mrs. Walton rose from her chair, dignified, though five foot three. "Mr. Smith," she said loftily, "if you're suggesting that my husband's—"

"Please sit down. I never suggest until I know. Then I state."

As Mrs. Walton, completely dominated, sat down again, Mr. Smith drew his hands over his polished bald head, before repeating: "Now, Mrs. Walton, what about his attentions?"

The lady blushed: "Well, you know, he's very nice to me, and he's fond of me, but it's not like when we were first married."

"You couldn't expect that. I don't mean that. But if you don't mind my asking you, has the slight reduction of his attentions followed what one might call a steady progress downward since you married, or have you at any time noticed a sudden change?"

"No. I can't say that. We went to the Riviera last year for two months, and it was rather dull. Just a year ago."

"Oh," said Mr. Smith, attacking her with bewildering swiftness, "just about the time when Mr. Walton began to take an interest in pictures."

"I don't understand you."

"Never mind. You have a busy social life, have you not? Many people come to the house?"

"We know a lot of people."

"Good! Well, Mrs. Walton, your husband is or is about to be wayward. You know it, and you don't know you know it."

"HOW dare you talk to me like that!" cried the lady, striking the table with her fist. "I don't come here to be insulted—" She stopped, and once more began to cry. When she recovered, Mr. Smith said: "Now, Mrs. Walton, pull yourself together. I'm going to put it right."

"Can you?" said Mrs. Walton miserably, as if acknowledging that Mr. Smith had dragged her suspicions within sight.

"Of course I can. Tell me something of the ladies who come to your house." He listened to the catalogue of descriptions. "Well, most of this tells me nothing. But what about Miss Mary Stackpole? You say she's twenty-three, very pretty?"

"Very. She's athletic. Golf, especially. She spends whole days on the links."

"No good! What about Mrs. Colbren? A pretty widow is always worth considering."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Walton with sudden cattishness, "I said 'pretty,' because one says 'pretty.' But after all, Mrs. Colbren told him she was thirty-one. But—you know, when a woman says she's thirty-one—"

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Smith wearily. "So she's thirty-six, and your husband's thirty-eight. No, I don't think so. If your husband were twenty, perhaps. What was the name of the other lady? Oh, yes, Miss Janet Alford."

"She's very attractive, twenty-eight, rather tall, dark, languishing. But Jim says she's slow."

"I don't bother about what Mr. Walton says. Go on with this lady."

"I hardly like to say— You see, there was a little scandal two years ago. Miss Alford—I don't suppose there was anything in it, but she got into a divorce case."

"Oh!" said Mr. Smith. "It might become a habit; but on the other hand, Miss Alford is now moving in decent society. She probably wishes to marry, and as quickly as possible. I don't think she would risk a second scandal, at least not yet—not unless she were a duchess. Does she paint?"

"Paint," cried Mrs. Walton suddenly, "paint! Paula Garrabost paints! That's the woman who's stealing my husband from me. I knew it, I knew it. Oh, if I had her here—"

"One moment, one moment. We may be wrong. Tell me a little about Mrs. Garrabost."

"Well, I suppose she's good-looking, the cat. A great, big, red-headed woman, with green eyes and a skin like a white glove. I hate her."

"Surely not yet, Mrs. Walton. You liked her quite well five minutes ago."

"Oh, I did, I did. We see a lot of them. Mr. Garrabost is on the same board of directors as Jim. Oh, I could kill her."

"Not yet," said Mr. Smith. "Now, this is what you must do. You must go home and behave just as usual to your husband, and especially just as usual to Mrs. Garrabost. If you do anything else, you'll spoil everything. You will then use any methods you may think prudent to discover whether there is anything between your husband and Mrs. Garrabost. When you have found that out, you will come back to me, and within a month or two there will be nothing between your husband and Mrs. Garrabost."

"WELL?" said Mr. Smith.

"You were quite right," said Mrs. Walton excitedly. "There was something."

"You did not observe familiarities?"

"Oh, no! Only they came to dinner, and when Jim talks to Paula—well, it's not exactly the things he says to her; it's the way they sound—his voice. You know what I mean?"

"Very well," said Mr. Smith. "But is that all?"

"Oh, no! You see, Paula happened to say that she was making a copy of a Rembrandt picture at the National Gallery. So I just dropped in next students' day." She smiled. "I found myself a place inside a doorway on the basement stairs."

"Yes? They went away to tea a little later, didn't they?"

"Yes. They were rather a long time; you see, she went on painting for three-quarters of an hour, and Jim stood by her."

Mr. Smith smiled: "Then it's not a very serious case if for three-quarters of an hour she preferred painting to your husband. Nothing serious can have happened."

"You're not going to tell me to let it alone. I wont! I wont!"

"Of course not. These things grow. We must do something. Now, there are various methods. One of them is to have it out with your husband, make a scene, say you'll leave him."

"Oh, that would never do. Jim's a dear, was a dear, I mean; but when one annoys him, he gets more set than ever. I'd only drive him into her arms. The cat!"

"Well, then, what about tears? Abundant tears at every meal."

"I can't do that. Jim says my nose swells when I cry. And I did that once after quarreling with him, and he went to dine at the club."

"You might arouse the suspicions of Mr. Garrabost, and leave him to settle with his wife."

Mrs. Walton shook her head. "That might do, if only all our money and that of the Garrabosts weren't in the company. There'd be such an awful fuss between Mr. Garrabost and Jim. One of them would have to go off the board. Oh, don't say I have to do that."

"I don't say so. But could you see Mrs. Garrabost about it?"



"It's not a very serious case if for three-quarters of an hour she preferred painting to your husband."

"Talk to Paula about *that*? For her to crow over me? To feel she was getting the best of me? If that's all you've got to suggest, I may as well go home."

"Go home, by all means, Mrs. Walton. You can have your money back if you're not satisfied."

Mrs. Walton put up a remorseful hand: "I beg your pardon—only I'm so upset."

"All right," said Mr. Smith, "since you don't want to withdraw your case. I see that the ordinary methods are useless. We shall have to use psychology. Take the following instructions down, stick to them absolutely. And please report the result to me in a month. I think it will be all right in a month."

AS Mrs. Walton settled in the armchair, Mr. Smith re-turned the smile which lay upon the rosy lips; an answering gleam came from his hard eyes to her blue ones. "Well," he said, "I see everything's all right."

"Yes, but how can you tell that?"

"You are wearing your old frock, the one you first called in. If you were entirely miserable, you would have a new rig-out. It's a woman's first instinct."

She laughed: "You notice even frocks! I never knew a man who did that."

"Well, at least for a time, you won't have to bother any more about interesting Mr. Walton through your frocks. You've got him back. And if you like, instead of putting you through a cross-examination, I'll tell you what happened in the last month. Following my instructions, you slightly raised the temperature of

your friendly feeling with Mrs. Garrabost. You asked her for the address of her needlewoman, which flattered her, as she was able loftily to reply: 'None! I go to the big shops.' You told her that Mr. Walton was not very kind to you, which excited in her mind a pleasant contrast with her own fate, adored by her husband and also by yours."

"The cat!"

"You made her purr. So it is not wonderful that she decided that you were not such a bad little thing, after all. Now, now, don't get angry. That's exactly what you would have thought if you'd been in her shoes."

"Sevens!"

"Who's being a cat now, Mrs. Walton? Still, I confess you were not the first to scratch. But to return to our cats,—I mean buttons,—the result of this procedure was a closer linking-up of the two households. A dinner-party took place. You wore a frock which I took the liberty to design for you, which set off, together with the charms which you make public, a few which you maintain in comparative secrecy. You invited a sufficient number of guests to crowd the table somewhat, so as to place yourself close enough to Mr. Garrabost to enable him to convince himself that, seen close by, you were still more attractive than seen from afar. He was attentive?"

"Oh, very!"

"Indeed, it was quite awkward, wasn't it? He would have made you blush all through that dinner had you not with icy calm been watching the behavior of Mrs. Garrabost, whom, according to plan, you had placed by your husband's side. It was after

dinner, was it not—in the drawing-room, when the men were warmed with wine, that Mr. Garrabost asked you whether you were fond of Shakespeare matinées, or whether you would like to visit a flat-iron factory?"

"No, it wasn't a flat-iron factory. He asked me if I'd ever visited the company's works. When I said no, he was shocked by my husband's negligence."

"Well, I couldn't tell the company didn't make flat-irons. There are limits even to psychology, but works are convenient places, Mrs. Walton. Far from the workshops, where industrial activity causes men and women to teem like ants, are storerooms and shanties where human beings can bill like doves. I think your impression of Mr. Garrabost did not recall the dove."

Mrs. Walton blushed: "Well, he was rather in the puppy stage that day."

"A dove in the puppy stage—nothing could be more terrifying! So Mr. Garrabost took you over the works, showed you the furnaces and the men furnacing hard, showed you the cleaning and the burnishing shops, the packers packing, the typists typing. Now and then he came to steps. He helped you up. When you reached the corridors, he still seemed to think that your delicate feet needed assistance."

"How do you know? Were you there?"

"Only in the spirit." A melancholy tone came into Mr. Smith's voice. "I was also there in memory. But never mind my memories. I will continue to describe yours. At a certain moment Mr. Garrabost implored your attention to something—something placed rather low, a plan, a design, a case of specimens. As you bent down—well, you just had time to draw away from a kiss on your abashed neck. Then you found your hand held, and you were asked how you could be so cruel. With charming confusion and a shocked air you said: 'Oh, Mr. Garrabost, how can you!'

"He probably said something about temptation. And you read him a little lecture. Mr. Garrabost, realizing that he was going a little too fast, then resumed the tour of the works. And though you were extremely offended with him, it did not occur to you to leave the place where you had been held so cheap. You gave another half-hour to Mr. Garrabost. At the end he was so intoxicated with your charms that he said, rather bluffly: 'I say, we can't talk here. Too much noise. Suppose you come and have tea with me tomorrow at the Eternal Triangle. Nice little place—nice and quiet, you know.' To which you replied: 'Well, for my part I like a band. I sometimes go to the Piccadilly.'"

"You're putting it rather mildly," said Mrs. Walton. "He did ask me, but it was to lunch."

"Well, I wasn't eavesdropping. Anyhow, you went, and to the Piccadilly. And all through the meal Mr. Garrabost handed you spoons and forks and sugar and milk and anything else he could find. . . . Well, that party was a handholding party—but he handed you nothing more after you put on your gloves."

"Yes," said Mrs. Walton. "And I was wearing gray suede shoes."

"That was rash. It's my fault. I ought to have told you to wear sensible boots; the advances of Mr. Garrabost would then

have proved less ruinous. Still, the love of a husband is, I suppose, worth a pair of suede shoes. Anyhow, the affair was a great success. It was followed, two days later, by tea at the Eternal Triangle. Screens and silence sum up that afternoon. Mr. Garrabost was inflamed; Mr. Garrabost was witty; Mr. Garrabost was youthful. At last you said: 'Don't. Don't do that—you'll ruffle my hair.' Ultimately you said: 'It'd be dreadful if somebody came in.' But nobody came in. They don't at the Eternal Triangle. At least, the attendant always has a fit of coughing before she pulls away the screen."

"Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Walton archly, "it seems to me that your education in these things is fairly complete."

"Of course it is! How did you think I learned psychology? But your career, not mine, is in question this afternoon. After that memorable occasion, which I regret to say was not very pleasant—"

"Oh, no."

"Anyhow, I won't presume to suggest that it was anything but unpleasant. After that scene, then, there was something else—a walk in the Park, perhaps, when it was foggy. Then,

very shyly, your head slightly averted, you agreed with Mr. Garrabost that the beautiful, spiritual friendship which had grown up between you suffered from all this publicity. But what could you do? The world was so cruel. And lots more of that sort of thing. Mr. Garrabost became enthusiastic. You said you'd see what you could do. Then you did it."

"I did exactly what you told me," said Mrs. Walton. "I couldn't have thought of it myself."

"Of course not. The innocence of woman is notorious. But in this case you replaced female innocence by masculine psychology. Both are effective. You selected a play beginning at eight o'clock, a play booked up ten days ahead. You easily induced your husband to book a couple of stalls, and then you laid with Mr. Garrabost a deep plan. He realized that your husband was jealous, and obviously that you could not come out to dinner, and so he fell in quite easily

with your, I mean our, arrangement.

"On the afternoon of the selected day, Mr. and Mrs. Garrabost came to tea. You had a headache. You looked quite pale. At half-past five, just when the Garrabosts were preparing to go, you informed your husband in their presence that your headache was getting worse and that you were very sorry, but you thought he'd have to go to the theater by himself. Everybody was very kind. Some said cold water for your head, and others hot water. You merely looked worn and forlorn, and said you must go and lie down. As soon as you had gone upstairs, as they were standing in the drawing-room, Mr. Garrabost said: 'I say, Walton, I'm awfully sorry your wife's got such a bad head. I hope it'll soon be over.' Your husband gloomily shook his head and said: 'No, Maisie's headaches unfortunately always last twenty-four hours.' Thereupon Paula said: 'Then, Mr. Walton, you'll have to go to the theater by yourself; what a shame!' Then Mr. Garrabost developed profound guile, by arrangement with you, and remarked: 'I say, Walton, it's an awful shame, your having to sit in that empty stall or waste the seats.' To which your husband replied: 'I sha'n't. You have 'em.' Mr. Garrabost replied: 'No, I'm sorry I can't do that. I've got some urgent stuff to look into tonight. But I've got an idea. Here am I, unable to give Paula the companionship she should have tonight, as I'm so busy; and here are you, sentenced to a lonely evening. If the company of my wife is any use to you, why don't you take



her?" Of course Mr. Walton said he'd be charmed, and Mrs. Garrabost said nice things to her husband, hardly liking to let him have his dinner alone. And was he quite sure he'd be busy that evening? Finally she went out quickly to dress."

"You must have been there."

"Well, you weren't. So you can't say I'm wrong—especially as they did go. At seven o'clock Mr. Walton came into your room wearing a white waistcoat, the one he was keeping for the Corporation dinner next week, gave you a rapid, conjugal kiss, hoped you'd soon be better, and went out to get a snack at the club. After the front door slammed, you leaped off your sickbed, rang for your maid to tell her you felt too ill to eat anything and that you were going out to get some air. As directed, you did not put on an evening frock, but you wore a lace blouse that might have been mistaken for one—you know, the sort of blouse that makes a man tremble and a woman shiver."

Mrs. Walton smiled. "Yes," she said meditatively, "it's a pretty blouse, but there isn't enough of it."

"You had an excellent appetite for your dinner. Mr. Garrabost did things well at a little Italian restaurant known to him, well away from everybody. You had, let us say, grilled trout with cayenne, stuffed quails, saddle of English lamb, pistachio ice served with hot chocolate sauce, champagne. You drank moderately. Mr. Garrabost less moderately. He was rather troublesome, wasn't he?"

"Oh, very. Still, I managed to make him talk about Shakespeare from time to time, and to save the situation at twenty past ten."

"Then, very reluctantly, Mr. Garrabost accepted that, owing to the jealousy of your husband, you must be home at half-past ten, and with a fervent embrace—yes, you had to submit to that in the taxi—he took you home. When (Continued on page 126)



"Mr. Garrabost was rather troublesome. . . . Still, I managed to make him talk about Shakespeare, and to save the situation at twenty past ten."

BULLS AND BUCKERS

By PETER CLARK
MACFARLANE

LONNIE WILLIAMS was shy—everybody said so—and modest; but he certainly could ride. Everybody said that too. And he loved Susie Connors; but there again his shyness and his modesty—

"Shucks! I just haven't got a chance with her. Her paw's too rich. Got too many cattle a-rallying round the water-holes," Lonnie declared.

"But you got a nice little ranch yourself, tucked away down in that Paris Valley country, and a bunch of cattle that's getting bigger every year," argued his friend Adrian. "Besides, Susie's strong for you. The way she smiled at you at the Legion dance!"

"Say, Ade," accused Lonnie, "you give me a pain. I asked her—that same night of the dance."

"She? What did she say?" demanded Ade eagerly.

"She joshed me. 'Have you asked Papa?' she says, and flirted that bobby head of hers and give me a sassy look that made me know that I didn't stand deuce high to a grasshopper with her."

"You boob!" reproached Ade. "She was just feeling you out. Everybody says you're a scarecat far as petticoats and pa's go, and she was just sampling your pulse."

"But Brown Jack Connors has an awful nasty lip. He'd show me up."

"Say," bristled Ade, "seems to me you're the same guy that brought home some kind of a piece of French hardware for holding up a machine-gun crew single-handed and bringing 'em in walking Spanish."

"Easiest thing I ever did," flushed Lonnie, shifting uneasily.

"And now you're afraid to look Brown Jack in the eye and ask him for his daughter."

"'Fraid!" blustered Lonnie. "Who said I was 'fraid?"

"You said so yourself—just as much as."

"Well, I didn't mean it that-away. This papa-talk was just her way of giving me the raspberry. I know 'em, doggone 'em. These women like to dally with a man and then throw him flat." With this gloomy reflection out of his system, Lonnie muttered articulately, slapped the air with his hand, and fell upon silence. Adrian Anitz leisurely assembled the makings of a cigarette, and

Illustrated by
FRANK STICK

while he licked the wrapper contemplated the handsome tanned young face before him benignly. This mere glance of loving friendship seemed to have electric qualities.

"Say, Ade!" Lonnie brightened hopefully. "Supposing I won the sweepstakes prize for best all-round performer? That would sort of give me a leg to stand on with Brown Jack, wouldn't it?"

"The sweepstakes prize?" inquired Adrian with real or feigned astonishment writ large on his amiable Basque features. "Holy Murphy, but you are hopeful—about some things. Do you recognize that me and Jay, and Clyde Taylor and Paul Parker, and Julian Tresconi and Harold Lynch and George and Chet Dudley and Bill and George Brinan, and by golly, all the best riders in the valley, are going to be in there trying to take that sweepstakes prize away from the bunch of professionals that follows round?" This was rather a long speech for Adrian, but it required a long speech to deliver his rebuke at such presumption on the part of a traditionally modest man.

Lonnie's face gloomed. "I recognize it—yeh," he admitted. "You fellows are all better'n what I am, of course. But—but Ade, I'm a-getting desperate. That sorrel Susie's got me hog-tied till I ask her pa. I don't even know if she's going to tell me yes if he does let me ask her. Anyway, I got to brace him to find out, and so I was just figuring if I was to have a lot of luck





"What you got, Man-killer, what you got?" he taunted. Man-killer promptly did the thing most feared in a bucking horse in the arena.

with the bulls and buckers next week, and some of you real good riders was to have a mess of bad luck, why, maybe I'd be jazzed up so as I could sort of go to Brown Jack and—"

"You with a French cross and afraid of Brown Jack!" exploded Ade in disgust; and yet it was disgust mingled with perfect love. "Lonnie," he confessed, "I always did say you was hopeless. But for all that, I got to stand by you. 'At's just about the reason you got so many doggoned friends, Lonnie. They figure 'at you're plumb simple and childlike, and they got to stand by you like you was one. You can cheer up, too, about the sweepstakes, and learn to take a josh once in a while without breaking your feeble heart. There's none of us can hold a candle to you, riding, and you know it. You make up your mind to win that sweepstakes prize, and you'll win it, I'll tell the world—unless some of these here professionals—"

Lonnie's face had lighted like a sun, but once more it passed into total eclipse.

"Yeh—professionals," he iterated dejectedly.

Adrian, immune so far to Cupid's darts, could be dryly mischievous upon the theme.

"Dick Trent, for instance!" he suggested, and noted how the name of the man barbed the soul of his friend, for Richard Trent was a bright and shining figure and known to be soft on Susie

Connors himself. "That bird certainly can ride, and they say he's been cleaning up all round the circuit this year. Well-fixed Dick is, too, and handsome, and a nifty hand with calico. You couldn't blame any girl for being kind of prejudiced in his favor, just to look at him. Reckon he'll be in evidence round Susie a lot next week."

Lonnie turned his face away.

This conversation took place in comparative privacy over a table in the back room of Pop Griffin's well-known soft-drink parlor. One week later—thud of horses' hoofs, bellowing of bulls, crack of pistol-shots, wild ki-yi of cowboys! The annual *rodeo* was on in the bright little city of Salinas. Half-professional, half-amateur, a thrilling institution of the romantic past revived in the vital present! The town was ablaze with green and red and yellow pennants; Main Street

was one mass of billowing color, the spirit that of carnival. The grandstand at the fair-grounds was packed by a crowd that overflowed and blackened the rails along the course. To get here, people had come hundreds of miles, ridden on trains, driven in automobiles—even walked. For months every room in every hotel and every box seat in the stand had been engaged.

The exhibition paddock across the home stretch from the grandstand had been transformed into an arena, elliptical in form and three hundred feet wide by perhaps six hundred long. Round it, on the far sides, curved two ranks of spectators on horseback, riders of both sexes and all ages, picturesque in carnival colorings. In the arena a group of men galloped or pranced importantly to and fro on the showiest of native-bred horses—blacks, dappled bays, buckskins, sorrels, pintos and calicoes, arching necks, curving tails, putting feet down proudly, every animal a steed of distinction—and wearing the trappings of distinction, braided-hair reins with frequent tufts of tassels in contrasting black and white, with elaborate tracings on the huge silver bits, with saddles ornately bossed, and the leather richly tooled and stamped.

The riders were judges of contest and officials of the *rodeo*, solid ranchers of the valley, worth their quarter-million, some of them, others more—but each an *ex-vaquero*. Each in his younger days had performed all the feats that any of the contestants would attempt today; and each could still have made a very fair stab at doing the thing himself now—judges not easily to be deceived.

THE hour is two in the afternoon of the fourth day, and the finals are at hand. The atmosphere is sun-clear and, tempered by the light breeze from an ocean only twelve miles distant to a tonic quality that stimulates like wine, putting man and beast alike into fettle for supreme effort. A hum of excitement and expectancy pervades the stands. To this is added a certain morbid tenseness because the sport to be witnessed is exceedingly dangerous to the contestants. At any instant the kick of a horse, the thrust of a horn and—tragedy may stalk into the arena.

The steer-riding was now about to begin. At each end of the arena mighty planks and solid posts which form two box-stalls called mounting-chutes, bent and creaked and cracked under the ponderous attack of monster steers temporarily interned in each. In one of these, roped about the horns and snubbed none too shortly to a post, was a titanic animal with white face and a wicked eye, fighting with all his resentful savage ignorance the attempt of the young man who had been nominated by lot to ride him, to adjust his "bull-rigging," as the surcingle was called which is the sole apparatus allowed the rider.

This particular young man was slender, wiry, shifty, business-like—with worn boots, a hickory shirt, a cowboy's kerchief, a Texan hat, high-peaked and black with straight brim, and wearing the dirty-white fleeced chaps that had been the companions of his daily life upon the range. He worked warily for several minutes, most of the time alone in the stall with the bull, risking a dozen times a thrust from a horn, a smash from the mighty body, as it lashed from side to side in an endeavor to crush him to the wall, while the circle of men safe upon the platform that ran round the chute outside shouted advice, lent timid assistance by an outstretched hand or indulged in laughter or sarcastic comment.

At length the bull-rigging seemed to be adjusted, and the rider cautiously eased himself astride the animal's back. By this action he placed his long legs in jeopardy of being jellied against the walls of the chute before the horns could be unleashed or the gates opened; but jeopardy was the essence of the game.

Shots of a starter's pistol! The sudden flying back of heavy double doors! The steer came bounding out with high-floating tail, a vicious rocking-chair motion of his spine and a churning of the massive shoulder muscles. The cowboy clung to the surcingle while his blunt spurs harrowed the animal's shoulders as the rules demanded. The steer bellowed wrathfully, churned his withers and humped his huge barrel-like back in a succession of stiff-legged leaps.

Spectacularly the chaps of the cowboy rose and fell like the sweep of an ostrich's wings; daylight appeared between him and the steer; but still he clung on, and still his blunt spurs raked the shoulders, challenging El Toro to his worst. El Toro accepted the challenge—accepted it with a peculiar side-winding contortion which swayed the rider to the right. He recovered himself successfully, but the next movement lunched him to the left, and this time there was no righting, no recovering of poise. The bull leaped forward twice with a helplessly unbalanced man upon his back, and then by a sudden lowering of his head hurled the rider forward. The maddened animal swiped with vicious horns at the loosely collapsing figure but missed, leaped over the prostrate form, hesitated in his rage, abandoned the half-formed intention to return and horn his victim, charged instead a busily turning picture machine, knocked it out, chased its daring operator over the high fence, and with head up in triumph, circled the arena.

For an instant the grandstand had been breathless. In one of the front tier of boxes was a radiant patch of pink color. Analyzed, this resolved itself into a girl in a pink dress and a lace hat under the wide and drooping sides of which attractive masses of bobbed hair framed a face whose beauty was temporarily spoiled by the expression of strain it wore. Eyes blue as the sky over the peaks that formed a back drop for this vast open-air stage-picture were fixed in burning anxiety. A white upper tooth made a pearly dent in a red lower lip, and small white hands grasped the rail in front painfully—to relax quickly, with a gasp of relief as the limp thing upon the ground out there began slowly to rise.

Beside the pink girl a young man laughed—not the jovial laughter of the crowd over the discomfiture of the bull-rider, mixed with relief that he had escaped unhurt, but the low titter of an inward satisfaction. This young man was Richard Trent, and he owned a long, interesting face with dark eyes and high-bridged nose. He owned also a ranch back in the hills, and there a certain prosperity attended him, but—virile and athletic, born almost on the back of a horse, each summer the fascination of these old cattlemen's games got into his blood, and he followed the *rodeo*-circuit from Calgary and Winnipeg to Pendleton, Cheyenne and the south. So he had done again this year until at last it had brought him to Salinas again, and to a seat beside Susie Connors; for Trent, between events—and alone among the contestants in this respect—made himself conspicuous by swaggering about the stands.

HE made a colorful figure as he stretched himself in the chair beside Susie. His boots, by Blathewate of Amarillo, Texas, had cost him one hundred and fifty dollars and were adorned with elaborate silver spurs. His hat was a "special"—made to order by a Philadelphia maker from four-X beaver after the dashing Montana model. The long fleece of his chaps was dyed a conspicuous henna, and around his middle, over a green silk shirt, he sported a band of shiny black leather six inches wide and studded with engraved silver bosses. This item of apparel was known as a bucking-belt and was supposed to be of assistance in keeping one's internal plumbing in *statu quo* so to speak, during the violent up-and-down and hither-and-yon plungings incident to the riding of a rebellious horse.

To this description of his habiliments, it need only be added that when Richard Trent rode, it was on a saddle by Garcia of Elko, and one gets the picture of a man as fastidious in sartorial detail as he was expert in equestrian performance. The slight smile of complaisance which was habitual with him had broadened perceptibly as the week advanced, for things had gone well with him. For each of the three days past he had stuck upon the back of a bellowing, billowing steer, conquered a bucking horse, bull-dogged other steers, contended successfully in the roping and won twice a "place" and once a "first" in the wild-

horse race which always brings to a dramatic close each day's program. Thus was he now high contender for the sweepstakes prize—not that the money mattered, but the glory! Ah, the glory! And under Susie Connor's saucy eyes, at that!

TRENT'S titter was due to the fact that it was his most threatening rival for this sweepstakes' glistering glory who was just getting up and dusting himself, out there in the arena, staring a moment hesitantly after the careening bovine steed, as Napoleon looked back at Waterloo, and then turning, with the awkward, bow-legged walk of the high-heeled cowboy and the dejected air of one who has just been publicly humiliated, toward the groups of contestants and their helpers surrounding the mounting chutes. Gibes had already begun to assail the ears of the humbled rider.

"Whatta matter, Lonnie?" voices sang out playfully.

Lonnie Williams grinned sheepishly. "Who picked 'at bull for me?" he retorted with accusing irony.

"Had I knew you was a-going to fall off there, I wouldn't 'a' let 'em pack 'at ground so hard," sympathized some one.

"You got a alibi, I suppose?" inquired another.

"Just four legs and a couple horns," chanted Lonnie.

"You plumb forgot your gyroscope, is all," suggested an ex-gob.

Lonnie continued to grin good-naturedly, although with reddening cheeks, as the fringe of men opened to receive him. Yet once the antics of the next steer drew eyes from him, the sun-tanned young face lost its expression of chagrin, and the boy turned to where Adrian Anitz squatted beside his saddle, waiting for the roping to begin. Ade lifted grave eyes to Lonnie, and in a low, serious voice inquired: "How come?"

"Something funny," confessed Lonnie under his breath. "My bull-riggin' was tight as tar when I cinched it, and loose as a pup's hide when I got out there. How all could that be, you reckon?"

For a moment Ade was thoughtful, then the gray eyes narrowed and burned like beads of fire. "I savvy!" he exclaimed excitedly, and started from his crouch. "You remember this Slat Jensen being so darned accommodating, risking his ribs down there to help saddle for you? Well, supposing he stuck his fist under the cinch on his side when you was tying on yours, and then pulled it out after you'd got her knotted flat. That'd do it, wouldn't it?"

"Shucks!" deprecates Lonnie, his honest face a mixture of amazement and regret that a hypothesis had been devised which fitted the fact so closely, yet reflected so gravely upon the character of any human being. "Probably did it just for a josh, don't you think?" he inquired wistfully.

"Might of—yeh!" admitted Ade; "and then again he might of done it just so's you wouldn't win that sweepstakes 'at you been eating your heart and gizzard out about."

"What interest-would he have?" objected Lonnie. Kneeling now beside his own saddle, he slanted a peering eye through the arena fence and diagonally across the race-course to where the pink patch in the box was clearly discernible. "Who's that bunch of local color a-setting beside her now? Do you make out," he demanded morosely.

"You know darned well who 'tis!" retorted Ade. "Say, 'bo, whether he wins the sweepstakes or not, Dick Trent's liable to win little Susie just while you're getting up your nerve to ask her dad if you can ask her. Know what I'd do if this fellow beat me?" Adrian was on his knees now. "I'd just naturally ride up to that box, throw an arm round this bay-headed girl and carry her off behind me! 'At's what I'd do."

"Zat so?" inquired Lonnie admiringly. "Reckon I could get away with any cave-man stuff like that?"

"Or else, supposing you just galloped by casual-like and sailed your rope round the neck of this here Trent bird. You could just accidentally drag him to death right out there on the track before you discovered what was hanging onto you. That'd give 'em a new thrill, I guess. Or if your horse couldn't run fast enough to suit you, you could throw the rope over the tail of this airplane that's a-zooming back and forth round here and let this here aerial ace dally your rival for a while 'bout six hundred feet up, and then drop him."

"Those are good ideas, Ade," agreed Lonnie gravely, "but I'm not the man to work 'em. I'm desperate, but I'm a man of peace. Nope, I got to win this here sweepstakes, fair and square."

"Fair and square?" inquired Ade ironically. "It occur to you that it might not be so fair and square after all? Look at the buckers Trent's drew: Wild-Man the first day, Monkey-wrench the second, Airplane the third, Shimmie-Sue today—worst horses in the round-up. Give him a wonderful chance to make a showing. And look what you've been getting—Screw-bolt and Bay Devil



"I asked her, that same night of the dance. 'Have you asked Papa?' she says, and give me a sassy look."

and Bolshevik, a bunch of skates with hard-boiled names and poached-egg dispositions that would behave in the family phaeton—every one of 'em."

"You don't mean there's anything wrong with the drawings," asked Lonnie, breathless for a moment. "Butch is honest as daylight."

"And they couldn't fool him, either," Ade had to admit; "he's too smart. And of course he wants a local boy to win; but it's blamed mysterious, all the same. Look what you find in your mail-box today. Whoever heard of a horse called A-nonymous?"

"Shucks! That just means that he hasn't got any name at all."

"Yes, but he has." Ade lowered his voice to an important whisper. "That's something I picked up while puttin' round the chutes a spell ago. That horse is a ringer. His name's Man-killer. He's loco, and just as liable to stand on his head and bore you into the ground with the saddle-horn as he is to run under the judge's stand and scrape your remains off in plain rolls of hide and hair. He wont do nothing that a sane horse ought to do; that's sure as shootin'!"

Lonnie Williams might have started slightly at the name of Man-killer, or been made uneasy by this grisly recital of the horse's characteristics, but if so he smothered his feelings under a jest. "Say, Ade," he protested, "you tryin' to shatter my morale, or what?"

"Or what," groused Ade. "That horse has got

a reputation of bumpin' off two men already. Nobody's been able to ride him all season, far as I hear.

They just carry him round from rodeo to rodeo to shoo off the local riders that threaten to cop the big money. And today you draw Man-killer. On top of that they make you fall off your steer so's to unnerve you for the worst ride any man ever had to take. The drawings straight, of course—got to be, with Butch watching; but somehow they're jobbing you."

Lonnie's face beamed incredulously. "Jobbing me? Why, Ade, old boy, what's the matter with your eye? Don't you see that I'm just plain dog-fat lucky? I caught a bunch of hacks all week, but now I've got this Man-killer to even up with. If he performs real bad, I can make up all I lost by the tame ones and by getting rolled off the steer."

"If he performs real bad, you're liable to get croaked is what you're liable to get," declared Ade. "Looks to me like somebody was framing to bump you off—considering the steer-rigging and all."

"Don't believe nothing in it," declared Lonnie. "Don't believe it was Slat Jensen's doings—must 'a' been my mistake."

"And by the way," interrupted Ade, "I just seem to recall that this here Slat Jensen is top hand up on Trent's ranch. Guess that'll hold you, won't it?"

"Top hand on Trent's ranch!" Lonnie was startled for the moment, but his guilelessness promptly reasserted itself.

"No," he decided quickly. "No. Just a coincidence is all it is. Slat was just trying to help me. Me getting this Man-killer proves there's nothing crooked. I'm lucky. Gee, Ade, but I'm lucky!" Lonnie squeezed his friend's arm enthusiastically.

But Ade could not enthuse. "You're mighty jazzed up, buddy, about getting a chance to break your neck," he argued, and heaved a sigh. "You certainly got me squeezed in the branding chute. Afraid of a look in a girl's eyes, afraid of Brown Jack's lip, and not afraid of the worst horse that ever wore leather!"

ADRIAN in his perplexity had recourse to silence and roisteringly forward to its close. The steer-roping came on. Ade got his steer in fifty-four seconds, and Lonnie got his in forty-eight from pistol-shot to pistol-shot; but Dick Trent was out of luck, consuming one minute and seven seconds, after which he climbed back into the box again, somewhat chagrined, to explain to Susie Connors: "That Williams boy sure rides with a rabbit's foot in both boots."

"Williams? Williams?" dissembled Susie shamefully. "Oh, the boy that fell off? Well, he must have left his rabbit's foot in the chute when he got on that steer."

Again Adrian and Lonnie squatted with some twenty other men, waiting by their saddles at one side of the arena for the outlaw horses to be brought in; and again they exchanged conversation.

"It would sure be awful for this Susie girl to get married to that Dick Trent just because you was too big a coward to ask her to marry you, wouldn't it?" tormented Ade.

"Shut up!" directed Lonnie. "I'm going to ask her, all right; you see if I don't."

"Dead men ask no questions," soliloquized Ade. "It's going to be awfuller if Man-killer does his duty and that poor little bereaved girl is widowed by a accident. Talk about the child widows of India! This here little nineteen-year-old love-widow of Salinas is sure a-goin' to wring my heart."

"Cheese it, Ade!" groaned Lonnie, his misery not abated by the fact that one of these judges who galloped to and fro so busily in the arena was Brown Jack himself, riding his famous Pinto Prince. Every time Brown Jack galloped near, Lonnie Williams dropped his eye. At length he reined up Pinto Prince, beckoned Adrian Anitz to his side and whispered a few words.

"Know what Brown Jack said to me?" demanded Ade importantly as he came back and squatted again beside Lonnie. "He says for you

to pass up Man-killer. Says they don't want to wind up Frontier Week with a tragedy, but they've got to go through on the basis of the drawings to keep these professionals from hollerin' that the deal aint square. Says you can alibi with a sore foot or say you got a sprain or something when you fell off the steer."

The pallor of surprise in Lonnie Williams' face was succeeded by an angry flush. "You see that?" he accused. "He don't want me to make a showing. I told you he was against me."

"Against you Lonnie, you nut! He's for you. He don't want you to get hurt."

Beside the pink girl a young man laughed over the discomfiture of the bull-rider.

Lonnie Williams smiled—a sarcastic, suspicious smile. "If I don't ride Man-killer, Dick Trent wins," he argued. "That gives Dick a big edge with Susie. Dick and Brown Jack are jobbing me. They're mighty close. I saw 'em (Continued on page 152)



FAIR TO MIDDLING

By NALBRO BARTLEY

Illustrated by
EDWARD
RYAN

The story so far:

MARTIN REID and his orphaned cousin Dare Willoughby were brought up by his patrician mother after her own aristocratic ideas. And both of them failed her. Martin (who had made money with his pickle-factory), married pretty Fanny Doyle, a girl very much of the people, and took her to Europe so that she might "get culture," screened by distance from their friends.

Dare Willoughby must needs find her fate in Amos Larkin, a young man embittered by childhood poverty and at odds with the world. Larkin took her and her ten-thousand-dollar inheritance to the town of Brunswick and there undertook the manufacture and sale of a patent medicine. This attempt was unsuccessful. So too were the ventures that followed—in a Texas oil-town, where Dare's baby was born and died; and in a California religious "colony" as disciple of a fanatic named McNab. It was in this strange environment that Fanny and Martin, visiting California on "a second honeymoon," found them. And when Martin refused to loan Amos money to give to McNab, the charlatan's pious mask dropped, and Amos broke with him.

Larkin's next venture was to start a garage in a small Midwest town; he didn't know the business, was cheated and failed. Again Dare supplied funds, this time for a real-estate venture. Meanwhile Fanny had encountered McNab again, this time as a soapbox radical; and largely because she had nothing better to do, she became interested in him.

In real estate Amos had some success. But he soon wearied of it and turned his hand next to a chicken-raising experiment. But Dare also was wearied by now, and after a visit with the Reids, undertook to make her own way in the city as a saleswoman. In this she succeeded and in an independent career found the first real happiness she had known in years. And then—Amos wrote he was selling out and coming to Chicago. Dare was inclined to cry. It seemed to her impossible to "arrange" Amos' coming into her life again. His return meant going into an apartment and undertaking the housekeeping as well as her daily work, having Amos' career crowd close upon her own.

Before Amos arrived, however, Fanny paid her a visit, not to impress Dare but to envy her.

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Amos informed her that he had a position—"a copy-cat job."

CHAPTER XVIII

FANNY was at a loss to explain her visit. She was keen on having a room at Dare's hotel, and when by chance such a room was found, she was childishly delighted with it.

"Wont Martin be amazed!" she said. "He'll be writing everywhere, of course, but no one shall know I am here but you. I wanted something utterly different. I've been bored for so long I'm despairing of ever being otherwise. What a cosy place you have found for yourself—not half bad! And you are beginning to read again,"—glancing at the magazines and books on the table. "You look younger, too; I feel rather mummified in comparison."

All this was said breathlessly while Fanny darted from one object to another, now looking at Dare, now peeping in a mirror and finally settling herself in the easiest chair in the room.

"How are the children?" asked Dare demurely.

"Adorable dolls, and I despair of their ever being otherwise; but it suits Martin," Fanny admitted. "Tell me about yourself—that will be ever so much more interesting; how did you manage to do it?"

"You mean find work? It was simple. I simply had to give myself a breathing spell between Amos' disastrous adventures."

Fanny clapped her hands. "Bravo! You see the light at last!" Her voice died into a whisper as if she wished she might confess the same illumination to her own mental horizon.

Yet there was a change in Fanny. She was still, to be sure, a stunning woman who wore trailing things of daring colors,

with her hair quite as Titian and her eyes just as dangerous as ever. But at the same time she seemed exhausted, almost desperate. There was envy in everything she said of Dare's "emancipation," as she chose to term it. She spoke as one who had come to the end of her endurance of present conditions and knew not which way to turn for relief.

"I don't call it seeing the light," corrected Dare; "it is being sensible and keeping in tune with the day. You always were like Amos in choosing superlatives to express everything and rushing to extremes. We plodders use simpler terms."

"How did you do it?" insisted Fanny.

DARE smiled. "I told Amos I'd work for myself while he worked for himself, and which ever made good the first, would win. Then would be time enough to see what was to be done—ultimately. Poor Amos," she added, for now he had fallen into a secondary place, "of course he has failed."

"He never will succeed. I sometimes wonder if he is quite right," Fanny said. "Be sensible, Dare—buck up and get your legal freedom. You have made such a bully start. I would not renounce freedom for anything." She leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes.

Dare wondered just how things were going with Fanny.

Opening her eyes, Fanny continued: "You are your own mistress; you may look frumpy or frilly in the morning, whichever you like; you can come and go as you wish, make whatsoever friends you choose—even improper ones who are always the most interesting, to my mind. You can improve yourself and win your own reward—you lucky woman!"

Dare wondered if she had heard aright. "There are drawbacks," she murmured.

"Stuff o' nonsense—what drawbacks? Remnants of sentimental longings, languishments of softness—no drawbacks at all. The last two years of my life have been hideous—I have rebelled because I am not the mistress of my fate; I have wanted to do things which would make Martin hold up his hands in horror."

"As if Martin did not love you more than anything else in the world!" Dare exclaimed.

"No, he loves a well-trained wife. He is so used to one that I could substitute an equally well-trained stranger and hardly be missed. He wants his daughters to be trained the same way. I tell you, I can't stand it!" Fanny rose suddenly, towering over Dare. "I want to think!" she exclaimed. "Other women think, and men encourage them. I've used my brains for more years than is pleasant to remember in trying not to think, never letting Martin suspect it was any effort whatsoever. I want to *do* things, even destroy things, make my personality felt."

"Yet you wanted Martin," Dare could not help reminding her.

"So I did," she said grimly, "—because I felt I must have things, more things and still more things; and things were all I let matter to me, and therefore things were all that mattered to Martin. He was an apt pupil. We've existed on that basis from the beginning, and now the children are taking a leaf from our book. But there must be an end; I'm near the precipice, Dare."

"You should tell Martin," Dare suggested. "If he loves you, he will understand—talk it over as comrades. It is possible."

Fanny shook her head. "I could leave Martin's house—I am merely supposing, understand. I could leave Martin's house, and carve out a career as you are doing. Apparently I would be leaving husband and children and love, while you have risen above an unworthy man, poverty and hardship. But really, Dare, we would be on equal ground, both seeking self-expression and recognition. Isn't that so?"

"What have you been reading?" demanded Dare.

"Every radical periodical published, and I've gone to meetings whenever I could. I am heart and soul in sympathy with the reformers. Don't shake your head, for you are too, only you won't acknowledge it. I simply refuse to live the social butterfly existence any longer."

"Tell this to Martin," Dare insisted.

"It will mean but one thing—I must go," Fanny replied.

"You are certain you haven't ruined his perceptions?"

Fanny flushed. "What do you mean?"

"You deliberately thwarted any spiritual development because you feared it might deprive you of those same boomerang *things*," Dare told her. "You would not allow Martin to take spiritual root, and a wife has it more in her hands to bring that about than the woman who bore him. Now you must share the result. In spite of Martin you feel stirrings that bid you think. He will not let you—yet you are to blame. You have trained him so well that he can't unlearn his tricks. Nor can you blame

Martin for expecting his daughters to reflect your shallow ideal of womanhood."

"What good works have you brought to pass?" Fanny retorted.

"I have earned my husband's respect," was Dare's steady answer, "—which is more than sentimental, 'self-sacrificing' wives ever do. And upon this new basis, I am prepared to demand many things. I have not finished my job—but you must admit that you can't finish yours. I am prepared to try to see mine through, and you want to escape yours. Is that not a telling difference? After all, the 'sheltered' woman is pitifully powerless when called into action. I know I've lost the marks of the person my aunt intended me to be. I understand the cheap and vicious parts of life, and that very understanding has taken from me a certain quality which every woman would prefer to retain. But it has also given me strength and courage to strike out alone, to discover that the basis of most trouble between men and women is a mutual lack of respect. Once the woman forces the man to respect her, she has the just and true position she long imagined romantic love would bring to pass."

"What will you do when this respectful husband comes to Chicago?"

"Keep him respecting me."

"And you love him?" Fanny asked curiously.

There was an instant's hesitation before Dare answered, as if she resented Fanny's curiosity. "Yes," was all she said.

She took Fanny downstairs and introduced her to some of her friends. Later they went to a suffrage meeting and later had a chafing-dish supper with Dare's special trio of friends. Fanny wisely held her tongue. The women regarded her as an idle onlooker in search of amusement. They did not believe she was in earnest any more than Dare believed it. Fanny herself wondered! Was it all the mere indulgence of a new and tantalizing whim, or was she really to sweep aside the old traditions and establish a new order of things for her restive self? She did not know. That was why she had descended upon Dare—to see wherein Dare had succeeded. She chose, however, to write sugary notes to Martin and continued to buy clothes and plan her social entertainments even while she was engaged in envying Dare's mode of life. She haunted Dare at the store, insisted on going to every meeting with her, ate at the same cafés and attended the motion-picture performances, even did her laundry work in her room, and she enjoyed the novelty of it. In short, Fanny had a delightful time playing at being "emancipated"—but she still wore silk underwear and preferred her breakfast served in her room.

Two days before she left for home, they met McNab. He had called at the hotel to see if a protégée of his,—a woman radical,—would be permitted to speak at a hotel meeting.

For an instant hatred of Dare, and fascination and evil intent for Fanny, shadowed his faunlike eyes. Then what was left to him of poise masked the emotion.

Might he speak to them a few moments? Did Mrs. Larkin object? She did not realize how keenly he was interested in her own and her husband's welfare. Would she not give him news concerning Amos? There were many things he would like to explain, perhaps apologize for. As for Mrs. Reid, had she not been his rescuer in a time of stress?

As he spoke, Dare realized that Fanny was in danger. A repressed motherliness roused itself to protect her, but at the same time her sense of humor warned her Fanny was well able to care for herself.

THE conversation between Dare and McNab was monosyllabic on Dare's part; she had no wish for a renewal of associations. She told him Amos was out of town, which she considered quite enough. He admitted the downfall of the colony, the realization, on his part, of mistaken views. It was not that he undervalued the ideals of the colony, but the time was not ripe for presenting them to a turbulent universe,—that was all. He was bending his energies now upon radical lecturing, with a highly original side-line consisting of four plays picturing the personal life and weaknesses of the great ethical teachers, Confucius, Mohammed, Buddha and Jesus. These plays he read before drawing-room assemblages—"with no police inspectors or newspaper representatives in the audience." He smiled meaningly as he said this last.

He had exhausted Dare's interest, as was evident; so he turned his attention to Fanny. Presently Dare was called to the telephone. When she returned, McNab and Fanny were sitting in a secluded nook, deep in conversation. She waited until McNab should take his leave.



"If you go to that fool meeting, I'll telephone the police to arrest you." She smiled. "That is likely to happen whether you telephone or not."

She did not know he was saying to Fanny: "Lovely ogress, I have found you again—tell me you are not angry! You cannot forbid me to think of you, even if I may not see you. A strange world—the husband has me put out of town; I rejoice because I can dream of the husband's wife. Do you know how I have often pictured you? In white moonlight, a sunken garden, a lily pool near by, and a rose hedge the only chaperon. Do you follow the fancy? My lovely ogress wears a gown suggestive of a huge green bubble, a wild fringe of peacock feathers at the edge, a moonmaid—"

The light in Fanny's eyes deepened. She chided him, as one does when the chiding is meant to act as a further impetus. Then he caught sight of Dare.

"The wary, law-abiding one is near at hand," he warned, shrugging his shoulders. "Oh, if we could rid this world of these lawful criminals! Tell me, may we lunch together tomorrow? Let me whisper more hopeless fancies and confessions? Let me make you unmask your mind—help you to find yourself?"

WHEN Dare came up to say a formal good-by to McNab, she was amazed at the change in Fanny. The latter seemed electrified. She could hardly keep to herself the things McNab had purred to her. Upon his departure she told Dare she was certain this man was a master mind, sadly undervalued; and she showed Dare a copy of one of his drawing-room dramas that he had loaned her for reading.

"When will you return it?" Dare asked shrewdly.

"At luncheon tomorrow—scold all you wish! Tell Martin, and I'll call down the curse of the crows on you."

"Not really—with that man?" Dare protested.

"Really!" In her excitement Fanny kissed her. "Why so shocked? I thought you understood Life."

"That is why I protest." Dare opened the play, shaking her head as she began reading. Then she gave it back with a scorning gesture. "The same impossible, anarchistic, slightly mad McNab! Instead of playing the *Pied Piper* to neurotics and extracting money from them, he congregates fat-headed women in drawing-rooms and reads his rubbish to them at five dollars per head!"

"You cannot understand," Fanny protested. "He is too far ahead, in his ideas, for the present age."

Dare went to work with a disturbed mind the following morning. A bargain sale was on which required all her wits to check off stock and satisfy the various customers who wanted "Mrs. Larkin, if you please—no one else will do." It was an excellent ballast, this disposal of frocks to bromidic mothers. She rejoiced that she had to work and to become conscious of aching feet and close air, of complaints of the lack of blue frocks and the oversupply of pink ones, to listen to the salesgirls' gossiping about tooth-aches or losing silver mesh-bags, even to the floorwalker's recital of his political convictions. It was relieving to eat her cafeteria luncheon and rush back to a fresh avalanche of sales, emerging finally at five-thirty quite content to kiss Fanny good-by and say nothing more of what she had confided.

Fanny had no such ballast, but she did not realize the lack. She had stayed in bed while she read and reread the play, rising to preen herself for her luncheon with McNab, throughout which she listened to his purring flattery and drastic opinions, all of which she accepted as gospel. She told herself she had at last found a new zest in living, a matured romance in all its dangerous glory—and then she set about packing her bags preparatory to returning to Martin and carrying on a clandestine correspondence with McNab.

A WEEK after Fanny's departure Amos came to Chicago, quite disgusted with himself but determined not to admit the fact. He was bent on making Dare listen to reason and planned on their going into a suburb to live. But he found that Dare had become convinced one can overdo sacrifice quite as much as one can indulge neglect. She took the attitude that there was nothing to argue about or readjust. She treated him politely, without any "nagging" on his recent failure, and without hinting "I told you so" or asking how he proposed to take care of her.

Dare was taking care of herself. Moreover she was enjoying it. She was working out her own definition of life—that life was an adjustment of values. Amos winced at the cordiality she displayed, which was only equaled by her indifference!

"I have hopes of being made a buyer before long," she confided. "It would give me a chance to travel and test my own judgment. I am not at all afraid, either."

"But—were you considering housekeeping?" he managed to ask.

"How can I? I do miss not having my own things, but it takes all my time and strength for the store work. If you find something to do that is to your liking, I suppose we could take a small apartment and go out for luncheons and dinners; that would leave very little to be done."

"It would be jolly," he said wistfully, "to have you at home again."

"I'd like to be," she agreed, more tenderly, "but you must make it possible."

"You make me cheap by comparison." He was determined to make a full confession. "I have always come to such croppers—"

Dare shrugged. "That is your affair—not mine. I am not the one to judge. The point is, we are both trying to plan the wisest things to do and not to do; and one is—not to give up my position. The other is—for you to hurry up and get one!"

"You love me," was the bland suggestion, "—or has that vanished?"

"Of course!" Dare was annoyed at the question and her weakness in admitting that she did. She loved Amos, as countless wives love their husbands, no matter what happens. But Amos was no longer the center of her life. She regarded him as men frequently regard wives after the honeymoon—to be sure, they love them and always will, but that cannot decide the working out of their worldly destinies; they are, in a sense, a side-issue. So was Amos.

"But it is not the same," he persisted.

"Nothing can be, these days," she replied. "We are on the eve of a great—a great *flop* over to something or other; I don't know what." Dare thereupon began an interesting account of what people predicted and urged and argued for. There were neither tears nor pleadings in her conversation, none of the usual narrowing discussion about "you and me, Amos" with the rest of the universe subordinated to the size of a grain of mustard-seed. Instead, Dare catalogued Amos and herself in the mustard-seed class at once, and admitted they were trying to comprehend the rest of the world. Earning her own money, and aloofness from personal relationships, had given her this viewpoint. And Amos' interpretation was that she did not care for him but was "afraid to say so"—as most men would have been under like conditions.

"Would you rather I'd go away?" he asked. "I don't want to be in your way."

Dare looked at him for a long moment. Then she answered: "I don't want you to go if you want to stay, but I'm afraid you will have to do the woman's work if you do stay—you're the one who has the time."

She did not intend the remark to sting. Yet she felt that loving Amos was a handicap—and she declined to foster it. He must win her for the second time, and she was no longer an illusional gentle girl, but rather, a clear-visioned woman.

"Very well," he said slowly. "I'll prove whether or not I can succeed—I'll compete with you."

Dare realized then that Amos' ambition was kindled. Was it to be her lack of interest that would bring him into his own? Had the early years of lost youth and happiness gone for naught? Was material competition to be the rousing influence? If so, Dare was forever done with dreams.

The upshot of it was they took two rooms and a kitchenette, sufficiently furnished for their needs. Amos did most of the settling and the purchasing of supplies. Dare's words had been prophetic when she said he would have to do the woman's work.

But shortly after they were established, he informed her he had a position. "A copy-cat job," he admitted nonchalantly. "I'm just selling stuff too!"

CHAPTER XIX

LABOR opportunities due to the World War, with America uncertain of her position in the matter, aided Amos. It seemed spectacular to Dare, his headway in such a short space of time. It reminded her of the conclusion she had long ago reached regarding Amos' temper—that when no one else was at hand to witness his wrath, he vented it upon Dare; but let a disinterested stranger appear, and the temper vanished, and Amos became the debonair man of affairs. Now that Dare no longer was his buffer for mistakes, Amos played his hand with the world as witness, and therefore he played it well and brilliantly.

Amos was readily acquiring presence, for want of a better word. His ability to sell things made him an excellent representative for a manufacturing concern. His experience with mankind, and most of all with his own many-sided (Continued on page 128)



So Dare in rosy lavender . . . and all of it paid for with her own money, and Amos in the best suit of clothes he had ever worn . . . went to a new hotel for their dinner.

THE PLUCKED ONE

She wasn't at all the kind of woman to come to the Caspian Road—unless one would say that she represented the music of it.



Illustrated by
WM. C. McNULTY

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

ONE morning floating down the little yellow Jenivari, during the Indian rains, as I looked overside with absent eyes, a mugger came up from the mud. He leisurely disappeared as they shot at him, but I had seen that crooked mouth. They said he was very ancient and a man-eater, but I always remember the crooked mouth. That's all about the mugger, only I saw him often in the dusk afterward when I shut my eyes and when I wasn't well. . . .

The first time I saw Forncrook was on a north Pacific liner on the way to Manila. There was a rush of gamblers and brewery folk to the Islands with the first outfit of soldiers. I myself was nothing but a kid at the time. Forncrook wasn't a kid even then—black beard and pale brow. I often wondered what his mouth was like. You could see long lines of thin lips occasionally, but never all at once, or what they indicated. Forncrook was the only American on the ship who didn't tell what he was going to do in Asia and the Islands. He took to me on account of a dark high-cut vest I affected in those fair young times. He thought I was a missionary. I wasn't telling my business much—but I wasn't that. I heard him talk with a real missionary that same voyage—fragments of serious converse about establishing a school in a certain pagan isle. Pale brown and black beard, and no one knew what was going on around the covered mouth. Never an oath from him, nor an obscenity.

Afterward I found him in Manila, established in Caspian Road—a little low place that had been a Chinese tea- and pancake-shop. Various trade-minds tried to bring America to the homesick soldiers, but none that I saw so effectively as Forncrook, with his big free-lunch, a roast served daily. The bearded one, back of the bar himself, welcomed me with a frosty twinkle in his eye—not the faintest look of triumph in the midst of that smoky roar of trade—boys standing five deep for rice beer on tap, and the bottled stuff. This sort of thing was old and easy to Forncrook. He never drank himself when I was near, except a little gin and bitters, "for Mrs. Forncrook's health," he would say.

He made an excellent cup of coffee for himself in the early part of the day and appreciated being complimented on it. I went to him for breakfast several mornings later—coldly, creepishly drawn, somehow. Days of drift, they were to me. In the interval before the next pay-day he opened up length and breadth in his little shop—tearing out partitions and leasing a little back lot. There was to be a palm-garden.

Never was he troubled by detail, nor by language or customs of the Orient. He drove through, took what he wanted and dickered while he was using it. One afternoon when the roast was just served, I beckoned the Chinese to slice me off a shaving as I held out a bit of bread in the accepted way. Forncrook glanced at me with a peculiar toss-back of his head.

"I'm having a bit of supper later—alone," he said.

That was the first time I grasped that the roast wasn't beef but condemned cavalry-horse.

He talked about women at supper, asking if I'd been up and down the world ways at all.

"I've had 'em," he said, "but they don't stay. They die, or they get frightened away."

I glanced up and across so quickly that he must have seen

me jump. I could understand a woman's dying or running away. She couldn't help finding out what was under that beard. A lot of men you see make one wonder about the woman who lives with them.

Curiously enough, about this time a woman came to Forncrook in the Caspian Road. She was back of the bar when I saw her first, and waited on me quickly. A pale and slender thing, with dark fire-lit eyes—one shoulder held just a little higher than the other. One remembered the look of her eyes—at least, I did. They were not large, but dark and burning. There was dilemma in them, and suffering, and a certain firmness like the firmness of a purpose. She wasn't at all the kind of woman to come to the Caspian Road—unless one would say that she represented the music of it. Sometimes with their voices and their reeds and strings, those women would tear the heart out of a passer-by—but none of this on pay-days.

THREE or four months later Forncrook's establishment was the biggest thing in that sunken section of Manila—everything to gamble with, wheels, layouts, tables and seventy feet of bar. He had put all this over with a sort of stunning quiet, but his place was getting an ugly name. Soldiers began to be hurt in and around the premises, or after leaving. You might win a hundred dollars at one of the faro-layouts, but you wouldn't get back to your quarters. An artillery sergeant I knew fell asleep at the table and lost two months' pay. His pal said he was knocked out, having had only two drinks. No doubt, presently to me, about the knockout drops used in the back room. Finally one soldier died from a blow received on his way down to the Escolta, after leaving Forncrook's. A saying became current that the only way you could ever hope to win at Forncrook's, was to let your checks pile up with the U. S. pay-chief.

The woman was everywhere, but paler. She helped in all the works of the bearded one, and he seemed to expect it of her. I never could understand. Sometimes they looked to me as if they hated each other. I saw him shove her aside once as he came up to where I stood. By this time I was beginning to wonder if Forncrook wasn't too confident, if he wasn't reckless in staying on—because



"I'm called, all right, but not of God," the stranger continued abruptly, "because I'm not leaving you to Him—at least, not your body."

they were talking about "getting" him at Headquarters. Early one morning a servant awoke me in my room in San Sebastian Plaza, saying a white woman wanted to see me below. It was the woman from Forncrook's. She hurried close to me, saying in a low tone:

"He's gone. Do you know where?"

"Forncrook—slipped out—not telling you!"

"Yes, it all came quick. The Chinese bought everything last night. Tell me—so I can get to him!"

It was only a little after daylight. Her dress wasn't for the street. She seemed poorer and paler than in the midst of her tasks in Caspian Road.

"And he didn't leave you anything!" I muttered.

"Maybe he did not mean to go so soon!"

It was said so strangely! I never could tell if there was a devil or an angel in her voice or eyes. Curiously I remembered how he had shoved her aside that time. It crept over me that I'd hate to have her kind following me around the world. Her voice shook me up:

"And you cannot tell me—anything!"

"I'm sorry—no."

MORE than two years afterward, I was back in the States—at least back and forth each day across the Mexican border to the races at San Joachim—when I saw Forncrook again. He had a ten-foot counter-space at the Pavilion, a chuck-a-luck outfit and a couple of crap-boxes. He had been in San Joachim some time, and I heard even that first day, that his position was getting dangerous. I'll never forget the whine of one of his gamblers.

"Craps, sure craps—that's the name of the game, Mister."

Forncrook's beard was just as black as before, but there was only a basket of crackers now in lieu of that round roast beef. His white hand came out across the wet board, and he pulled forth the same white cruet of gin.

"I'll just join you," he said, "—just a drop or two for Mrs. Forncrook's feelings. Stick around, and we'll have a bite to eat later."

At dinner, in his little shack behind, he said:

"Yes, I'm working alone. It always ends that way—alone. I've had a lot of women, but they all quit or die or run away."

He had made a thin butterless sandwich and munched it delicately.

"All but one," he added.

I held still. Suddenly his head jerked to me, and his eyes, which had been dreaming, fixed intently upon my face.

"But you knew her—of course, you were about then! That was the Manila one, the dark-eyed one. I called her Lib for Elizabeth. You must remember—"

"Did she die or get frightened and run away?" I asked.

Right then I saw Forncrook's mouth for the first time.

"I had so many things to do—in my last forty-five minutes in Manila," he mused a moment afterward.

I had only half heard him, thinking about the mouth.

"I forgot all about little Lib in the rush," he added. "I thought of her on the ship; I thought of her days and nights—and wondered. I used to catch myself reaching over to find her. . . . Queer, isn't it? I didn't know she wasn't like the others, until she was gone."

Not the least sentiment—only there was something now that he knew he couldn't buy, something in the world that he couldn't force his way.

"But why didn't you send for her?"

"Where would I send? She wouldn't stay in Caspian Road after I left."

"How do you know?"

"How does a man know anything? I lived with her, man and wife. I'm an old and a cold one. I knew her—"

"But it was after she went that you knew her," I said.

"She wouldn't stay there and work in the Road after knowing me," he repeated.

I liked him less than ever. I recalled now how I had seen her that early morning in Manila, and how she looked when she said: "I must get to him!" The crap-artist's voice trailed out to me from the Pavilion:

"Craps, sure, why that's the name of the game, Mister!"

A queer minute, all through.

RIIGHT then a big, Newfoundland-dog sort of gent limped across the area from the back-door of the gambling-house. He entered our shack, removing his hat. His blondish hair was parted in the middle. He looked to have lost his sense of humor, but there was a dynamo in him somewhere, because I didn't feel like resistance when he pulled me up out of my chair and sat down in it, opposite Forncrook.

"Don't go away," he said to me. "You'll find it entertaining. I don't care to stand just now. I've got a lame knee."

He turned to Forncrook and said quietly:

"This is your last day at large."

The bearded one regarded him with a frosty glitter. "I suppose you're a humorist," he said. "Hurry up and get your little pun over, because I want your chair."

"You've been at large a long time," the big soft stranger said. His face wrinkled as if the pain in his knee was severe.

"And to think I'll be out of a job in a few minutes," he went on. "For more than two years I've been doing one thing—limping along in your trail. I talked to a minister of the gospel once, told him why I wanted to come up with you, Forncrook, and he got alarmed for his women and children. Once I tried to forget you, but I got sick—sick all over when I turned my back on your trail. You've heard of people called of God? I'm called, all right!"

Forncrook looked troubled. He couldn't get any whiter, but his deep scorn for the stranger, which was like his

scorn for all who came to eat and drink at his house—at least, that was broken.

"But not called of God," the stranger continued abruptly, "because I'm not leaving you to Him—at least, not your body. That's what I'm called for—to get that. You don't look as if you believed or quite understood. You will right now. Davy Coleman was my buddy—don't know the name? Better remember it, because you'll—

'Meet him later on
In the place where 'e is gone,
Where's it's always double-drill
And no canteen—'

"Yes, you'd better familiarize," he went on, "because you murdered Davy Coleman, down in the Manila tenderloin, and Davy was a buddy of mine—same town and all that rot."

Now I realized that Forncrook had never been brought face to face with these things before. It was as if he had ordered all his black jobs done impersonally, as if murder had never occurred to him, only getting the money. I had a horrible kind of satisfaction. This stranger was telling Forncrook things that I had wanted to tell him; also he was making the character of Forncrook clear to me—matters I had long wanted to understand. Now I saw the bearded one look queerly and covertly around as if to call.

"Nothing like that," the buddy of Davy Coleman said gently. "And I'll thank you to keep your hands above the table as they were. That's good. Do you know what I'd do with you if you called?"

Forncrook slowly shook his head.

"I'd kill you with a knife, you cold monster—before they got here."

That was the instant I knew what Forncrook's mouth was like—the mugger of the Jenivari River. He had turned to me, kind of hoping and groping.

"Just a second more," the stranger went on. "I believe I ought to tell you that there's another on your trail—a little black-eyed, pale-faced woman—just living to get to you. Perhaps it's lucky for you I'm here first. I met her in Manila. I met her in Tasmania. I met her in Frisco—"

He laughed.

Forncrook cleared his throat. "Dark-

eyed woman," he whispered. "Of course—it's Lib!"

"Dark-eyed, all right," the other repeated. "Yes sir, we studied your tracks down there in Tasmania together. And that's about all I've got to say—the rest is to pluck you, Forncrook."

He looked up into my face, his eyes tired but laughing. "You keep off this, you understand?"

It was like orders from Headquarters. I must have nodded like a fool. The stranger seemed to stretch out; his hand didn't flash. It was quicker than that, and he had Forncrook by the beard. All I knew after that was the bearded one crashing over backward in his chair, the stranger on top—awful cries from underneath.

I'm not going to tell you anything more about that. I had a part in it, but a tardy, slow and ineffectual part. The stranger was at him nearly a minute. Forncrook lived.

IT would have been merciful if he hadn't, but he lived—changed. San Joachim fell on him—when he was down. He was about due, as I said, to slip his tether there, when the stranger pinned him to the place. San Joachim landed on him hard, but they let the stranger go. Because no one else did, I used to go to see him in the hospital—the plucked one, the wasted distortion of Get-the-money Forncrook. At his bedside one sunny afternoon down there on the border, I heard a new voice out in the hall, a woman's voice, and saw his bare, bluish-white shoulders hunch up around his chin. Then I heard her running feet and saw her coming in.

"Merciful God," I muttered, "have I got to see the rest of this murder!"

She ran between us, pushing me aside, and bent her lips to that plucked and punished face, making dove-sounds and mother-sounds and lifting him to her breast. . . .

I was entirely different after that and—the world changed for me. A man has to be changed, or sick, to get the thing I got. I had a hope after that, as if there were a house and a heart for me somewhere—and for every lonely maverick up and down the world-roads—a lighted candle in the window, something decent ahead for all of us, if Forncrook could have and hold a love like that.

"THE FORGOTTEN GODDESS"

THIS magazine has never printed a story of deeper significance or greater import than the remarkable tale thus entitled, which will appear in the next issue. Written of our immediate day, it presents a picture of what might have happened that will be a revelation to every reader. A story of modern industry and the tendency it is today taking in relation to the body of employees, it is at the same time a masterpiece or fictional writing that is not likely soon to be surpassed. Its author is

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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

GIVE MATRIMONY A CHANCE

(Continued from page 68)

faces of her seated guests half encircled her, like a row of footlights.

She broke off in the midst of a sentence, and said without taking a step forward, but her rich loud voice going before her:

"How do you do, Mrs. Hazlett! Nice of you to come on that informal invitation of Ray's. Ray, here's your guest. I've been hearing a lot about you, Mrs. Hazlett. Ray's letter said something about you and your kindness to him every day."

SYLVIA'S entrance had not disturbed the semicircle, and a voice from it said: "Ida, does the devoted creature write to you every day?"

"Of course he does."

"Yes," said Crane, "and she writes to me about once a year."

Miss Leonard threw back her head and laughed. "I'm afraid it is about like that," she said. "I'm the worst correspondent in the world. When I want to express myself, I think of color and form, not of little black letters on a white page." She made the gesture of writing, a wonderful flowing gesture. She turned back to Sylvia. "You must forgive Ray for not wanting to dine with you tonight. He likes an occasional evening at home with me—just as if he hadn't married an artist."

"Nothing could be more natural," said Sylvia, feeling that her phrase was rather conventional even for her old hidebound circle.

"Honestly, Ida," said one of the footlights, with that tone of exasperation which often is the most flattering of all, "how often do you dine with poor old Ray?"

She tilted her square, bright-colored head. "Well, I breakfast with him a lot," she said. "He brings it in to me himself—on the cunningest little tray you ever saw. I'm always very gay in the morning—not the way most artistic people are. Ray says it's the best meal of the day."

"Of course he does, if it's the only one you eat with him."

"The truth is," said Miss Leonard more seriously, "I never should have married at all. I always told Ray so, but—" She raised her shoulders indicating how far he had been from being able to listen to reason. "I simply can't do the domestic."

"You'd think to hear her talk that I wanted her to be domestic," said Ray.

"No, fortunately, he always finds plenty of lovely ladies to do the domestic for me," said Ida; and she smiled and opened her eyes wide and nodded at Sylvia, to show that her intention was friendly. She did not deceive Sylvia as to her intention; nor was Sylvia a woman without weapons. But she had come this evening to learn, not to teach. Besides, she was more interested in watching Crane than in thinking about herself.

Once he approached her, but as he drew forward his chair, his wife's voice rang out: "Don't sit down, Ray. Go and

make the cocktails. Remember, this is partly your party."

He dropped the chair and went and made the cocktails.

At dinner Sylvia sat between two juvenile admirers of her hostess. They spoke with reverent voices of her art, her technique, her beauty, her adorers, her virtue and her husband's devotion. Across the table Ray was talking earnestly to a fat white-haired woman, described to Sylvia by one of the youths as "dear old Marty, who really makes Ida's life possible." And all through dinner Miss Leonard's voice would come ringing down the table: "Ray, you haven't let poor Marty say a word since you sat down. . . . Ray, do remember that Mrs. Peters is on your other side. . . . Ray, Charley finds a lot of quotations from me in your book." Sylvia could have borne it better if she had seen in him any sign of irritation, or even of self-control, but he seemed rather grateful for the notice.

She kept saying to herself: "What can I say to him when he comes to talk to me after dinner? Will he expect praise of this hideous evening—or that bright-colored egotist? He is so honest—can I be honest with him?" But the moment she feared never arrived. As soon as they came back to the fireplace, Miss Leonard was at her side with a pale, bearded man—a celebrated art critic.

If he were critical in general, he had long ceased to be so far as Miss Leonard was concerned. "Have you seen her last exhibition?" he said, closing his eyes and raising pale eyebrows. "Nothing like it in this country."

While she listened, she watched Crane, who was doing the informal service of the studio, fetching cigars and cigarettes and matches and ash-trays. And then later when the conversation had settled down solidly upon the subject of Miss Leonard's works, he was kept busy getting out canvases and turning lights on and off.

As soon as the hands of the studio clock pointed to ten-fifteen,—the hour at which she had ordered the car back,—Sylvia got up. She had at least the comfort of knowing that her going would not break up the party. She felt stiff all over; the muscles of her face felt stiff, and the motions of her eyes felt spasmodic, like the eyes of a china doll.

She approached Miss Leonard, who was the center of a group about the portrait of a steel-magnate. Sylvia could not quite bring herself to say she had had a delightful evening, but she felt something besides the words "good night" were needed; so she said:

"I hope you will dine with me soon."

It seemed to her that Miss Leonard's face softened. "We shall be delighted," she answered; and the "we" fell trippingly from her lips. "Any time. We don't make evening engagements, because I am so apt to be tired in the evening. But we'd come to you, of course." For the first time the great booming voice sounded cordial.

"Shall we say next Thursday?" asked Sylvia.

"Yes, Thursday is all right for us."

Sylvia glanced at the remote corner where, behind a lean-to of canvases, Crane was searching for the first sketch of the portrait under discussion. She noticed he had not even been consulted about the date. It seemed to her so strange that her half-formed intention to inquire about Miss Leonard's own views on these questions of marital etiquette was suddenly crystallized.

"I've been meaning to ask you all the evening, Miss Leonard," she said, "how you feel about your husband's last book—about the theory, you know?"

"How she feels about it! She practically wrote it," said one of the footlights.

Miss Leonard smiled subtly: "Oh, not that," she said, "not quite that; but of course he talked it all over with me. I'm in thorough accord, as you can see."

"You mean," Sylvia pursued relentlessly, "that if I asked you to dine without him, you wouldn't be angry?"

"Oh, no."

"If you only knew," echoed the same voice, "how many people already did it."

"I see," said Sylvia. "And then it would be all right, too, if I asked Mr. Crane without you?"

"Of course," replied Miss Leonard, but the bright friendliness departed from her face. "It would be absolutely all right, only—"

"Only what?" asked Sylvia, still patiently pursuing truth.

"Only you mustn't be disappointed if he doesn't come very often. You see, I'm so little at home—that when I am—well, I'm afraid Ray is stupid enough to prefer my society to—to—the casual dinner-party."

"I see," said Sylvia. "Then I shall expect you both on Thursday. Thank you so much for a most enlightening evening." She moved toward the door.

"Oh, Ray," called his wife. "Never mind that sketch now. Put Mrs. Hazlett in her motor. It would never cross Ray's mind, if I didn't tell him," she added to the group about her, "that a lady needs to be put into her motor."

"I don't absolutely need it," said Sylvia.

"It's good training for Ray," replied Miss Leonard.

WITH this benediction the two friends left the apartment together, one of them, at least, embarrassed for an opening sentence; but the need for one never arose, for as they reached the staircase, the well-known voice rang out:

"Ray."

He moved on.

"Ray."

He paused.

"Ra-ray!"

"Wait for me a moment," he said, and went back to the studio.

Sylvia waited for a few minutes, and then ran down the one flight, got into her motor and was driven home.



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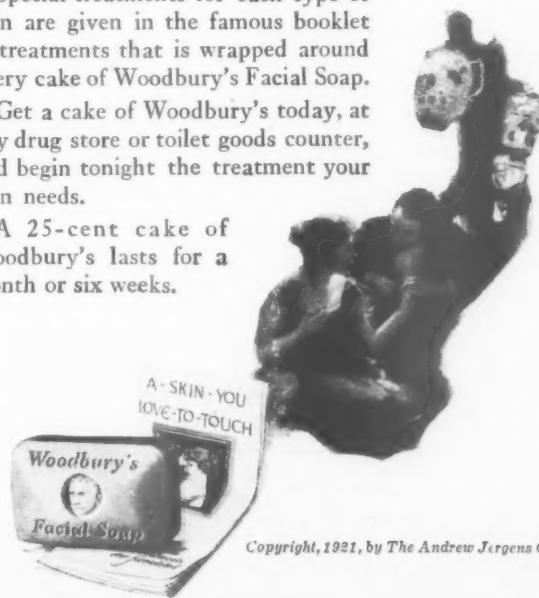
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It is not surprising that huddled in the corner of her car she felt some anger—not because she had had a dull evening, but because she felt she had been deceived, as much deceived as a young girl offered marriage by a bigamist. "He, free!" she said to herself. "The slave—the abject slave! How did he ever come to write such a book?" She wondered; and then speculating on this,—the strangest aspect of all,—it seemed to her that she understood. She remembered how the *Star of Hope* and other publications of prisoners were always full of green fields and snowy mountains and open spaces. Crane's book had been a wish—a dream of liberty.

She got home an hour before Lee did, and when he entered her room, she said, before he had time to ask any questions:

"Lee, I've discovered a great truth. It isn't the law or the church, nor even social custom that makes some marriages so terrible. It's just the two people who are married. If they're independent, it's free; if they are slaves,—if one of them is,—then it's servile."

Lee did not seem greatly impressed by this discovery. "Servile," he said. "That's a funny word to use in these days."

She thought he wouldn't think so after next Thursday. But she said nothing more about it for that night.

THE RECALCITRANT MR. CRAY

(Continued from page 58)

fifty six," was the prompt rejoinder. "Sorry," Mr. Cray replied, "five hundred and twelve."

"Fifty pounds," Thomson almost shouted.

Mr. Cray shrugged his shoulders.

"Fifty pounds," he declared, "is a great deal of money at this little game. I shall call you."

He laid down his four aces. Thomson, with trembling fingers, spread out the two, three, four, five, six of spades. Mr. Cray, after a moment's amazed silence, laughed good-naturedly and produced his pocketbook.

"I congratulate you, young man," he said. "You were in luck to find me with such a big hand."

He paid out the notes and the game proceeded. For three or four rounds nothing in particular occurred. Then, when again it was Esholt's deal, and the first of a round of jack-pots, Mr. Cray found himself with a pair of kings.

"I open for four shillings," he announced.

"Make it eight," Esholt declared, looking at his cards.

Every one came in. Thomson took three cards, glanced at them and threw in his hand. Mr. Cray took three, and found himself with another king and a pair of aces. Graham on his left, took three; Leach one; Esholt hesitated, picked up his cards again, fingered the pack uncertainly, and then took one. Mr. Cray sat for a moment quite still. He seemed to forget that he was playing. "You to bet, sir," Thomson reminded him.

Mr. Cray glanced at the chips in front of him.

"Twenty-four shillings," he said mechanically.

"Forty-eight," from Graham.

"Ninety-six!"—from Leach.

"A hundred and ninety-two," Esholt declared, glancing at his cards and laying them down again.

"I'm away," Thomson grumbled. "Just my luck with a big pot."

Mr. Cray sat quite still for another few moments. Again he seemed to be suffering from a sort of mental paralysis. He roused himself with an effort.

"Three hundred and eighty-four," he said at last.

Graham hesitated and threw in reluctantly. Leach did the same.

"Double!" Esholt declared.

They all looked at Mr. Cray. He was steadily watching Esholt.

"Twice three hundred and eighty-four is a great deal of money," he said. "However, I must see you, Captain Esholt."

He laid down upon the table his "full house." Esholt turned over his cards one by one. He was deathly pale.

"I have your four aces, sir," he announced. "I kept three and a kicker."

Mr. Cray looked at the cards for a moment and nodded slowly.

"Twice three hundred and eighty-four are seven hundred and sixty-eight," he calculated,—"that is thirty-eight pounds, eight shillings."

He counted out forty pounds from his pocketbook, received the change and replaced the book in his pocket. Then he rose to his feet.

"If you boys will excuse me," he said, "I guess I'll just take a turn on deck. The atmosphere in here is a trifle thick. I'll be with you again presently. You can leave me out for a deal or two."

A MIDST a nervous and portentous silence, Mr. Cray left the room. He walked slowly along the deck, heedless of the drizzling rain and the wind. He was depressed and miserable, yet at that moment it seemed to him that only one course was possible. He was within a few yards of the door of the Captain's room when he heard light footsteps behind him and felt his arm grabbed. He turned around to find Blanche Esholt by his side, her hair streaming in the wind, her lips parted, her eyes filled with half-terrified curiosity.

"Have you finished playing, Mr. Cray?" she asked.

"For the present," he answered lifelessly.

"Where are you going now?"

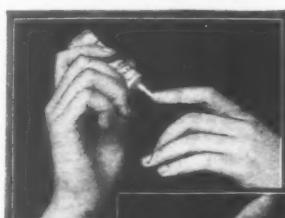
"I was just stepping in to say good evening to the Captain."

Her fingers were still gripping his arm. She drew him to the rail of the ship. Mr. Cray found himself welcoming these few moments' respite.

"Tell me about the game," she begged. "I would rather not," he replied.



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depend largely on just three things—the result of the shampoo, the effect of the waving and the protection of the net.



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Provide these three requisites to a pleasing and perfect coiffure.

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The Shampoo Exquisite

A thorough cleanser and beautifier; imparts a wonderful lustre and leaves the hair soft, fragrant and easy to manage.

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are unsurpassed in producing any curly and wavy effect and insure a lasting appearance and resemblance rivaling Nature's own.

Wave your hair in fifteen minutes by this simple little device, without heat.



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The last touch to the coiffure which insures absolute confidence in the lasting effect of the careful hair dress.

Made by hand from the finest, strongest human hair, doubly sterilized. Free from knots.

All shades including gray and white.

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"Did they win?" she faltered. "Those boys, I mean—Dick and the others?"

"Yes, they won," he admitted.

"Much?"

"Getting on for a hundred pounds. I was just going to see the Captain about it."

"Why?" she almost screamed.

Mr. Cray glanced around to be sure that they were not overheard.

"Because they cheated," he answered gravely.

She commenced to sob then. She was incoherent, but somehow or other she managed to tell her story.

"I knew they'd be found out," she declared. "It was the stupidest, most idiotic thing. Mr. Cray, will you believe me when I tell you something?"

"I guess so," he promised.

"There isn't one of those boys," she continued passionately, "has ever before done a dishonorable action. Jack Graham, Sidney Leach and Phil Thomson are all just in the same boat as Dick and I. They gave up their work for the war and they can't pick it up again. Not one of them has been able to find a reasonable job since. Dick and I haven't got fifty pounds between us, and not a soul in the world to look to, and the others are in the same box. They were talking it over the other night, and Phil Thomson said suddenly that he was tired of being honest, he meant to get the money to live on, somehow or other. Then the others joined in, and Dick explained how easy it was to cheat at cards. And then some one said you were a millionaire, and they've been practising this poker game in their staterooms every minute of the day since."

Somehow, Mr. Cray's heart began to grow lighter. He patted the girl on the back, then he began to laugh.

"Miss Esholt," he said, "I believe every word of what you have said. I never in all my life—and I've had some experience—saw such a darned poor, bungling attempt at cheating! Why, your brother don't know enough about palming cards to deceive the kids at a children's party, and that other young man, Thomson—why, he trembled like a baby when he showed his hands!"

"You won't go to the Captain?" she begged piteously.

"I will not," he promised, "that is if my talk with the young men themselves is satisfactory."

A DARK form loomed up through the shadows. A hand fell upon Mr. Cray's shoulder.

"I heard you were on deck, looking

for me, Mr. Cray," a familiar voice observed. "I just went down for a moment to put on my goloshes."

Mr. Cray was speechless. Blanche Esholt, conscious of her red eyes, stole away, a proceeding which Mrs. Green watched with satisfaction.

"A forward child, that," she said. "Mr. Cray, I am sure you will be glad to know that I have decided to join your game of poker."

"To do what?" Mr. Cray faltered.

"We will promenade for a moment," she continued, propelling him along. "I feel that you do not altogether understand me, Mr. Cray. I am an independent woman—my life and training have made me so—but I am not averse to harmless recreations. I have played draw poker with the king of a dusky tribe of West Africans, and won from him two elephant tusks. I may even say that I am fond of the game. Some day I will teach you poker-solitaire."

A tremendous idea commenced to dawn upon Mr. Cray. It developed slowly, however.

"You may lose your money, Mrs. Green," he warned her. "These boys play very well."

"On the other hand," she replied, "I may win some. I am not afraid of my skill in any undertaking in which I may engage. At auction bridge I won four hundred rupees in Burmah. I was considered by everybody there a wonderful player."

"I guess we'll start tomorrow night," Mr. Cray suggested. "It's a trifle late—"

"We will start in ten minutes," Mrs. Green pronounced. "I shall now go down to my stateroom and fetch some money. Kindly prepare the young gentlemen for my coming."

Mrs. Green disappeared down the companionway, and Mr. Cray made his way back to the smoking-room. The four young men, in attitudes of profound dejection, were seated pretty well as he had left them, except that Blanche Esholt was on the settee by her brother's side. Added to the pile of chips which Mr. Cray had left, was the little roll of notes with which he had parted. Esholt rose to his feet as Mr. Cray approached.

"We couldn't have gone through with it, sir," he confessed, "even if you hadn't found us out. There's your money. I can only say that we are sorry. We are entirely at your mercy."

Mr. Cray stood by his chair. The steward had gone into the inner bar. It chanced that there was no one else in the room.

"THE SADDEST MAN ON EARTH"

He is the most extraordinary character that the fiction of our day has disclosed. He is revealed by

DON MARQUIS

whose humor is known to every metropolitan newspaper reader in America. And he was certainly sad, that man whose story the author tells in the next—the August—issue of this magazine.

Rockford, Ill.
March 5, 1921

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that will do as it says.
and you "milkweed".
Cream is one of them.

A few months ago I
heard a very unkind
remark about my

Complexion. I purchased
three large jars of milk
weed cream. Eggers' milk
weed, while attending
club one of the
members remarked
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on and tell us the
secret of that Complexion".
And from the improved
complexions in that
club some one must
have had a jar of
milkweed cream.

Yours for success

"I heard a very unkind remark about my complexion"

Is it really true that women comment upon — actually discuss — the complexion of another?

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Havana.



"Will you give me your word of honor, all of you," he said, "never to attempt this sort of thing again?"

The reply was unanimous and convincing. Mr. Cray resumed his seat.

"Boys," he proposed, "I guess we'd better call these chips in and start the game again. Mrs. Richard Green is coming to join us. Don't look so astonished, all of you. Give me the chips. I'm banker for the rest of this trip. Do your best to win, and we'll settle up on the last evening, and whatever you see that you don't understand—well, just put it, so to speak, in your forgettery. To pass the time until the lady arrives, I will now show you a few card tricks. I guess, when I've finished, you'll think it wise to forget the little you know about dealing."

Mr. Cray kept his word, and when Mrs. Green, carrying a large reticule and wearing a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, entered the room with an air of determination and a smile meant to be ingratiating, he had reduced his little circle of watchers to a state of amazed stupefaction. He gathered up the cards at the lady's entrance.

"If you'll take this seat opposite me, ma'am," he invited, "we'll make a start. I'm banker, and, if agreeable, I'll keep an account against you all till the end of the trip."

Mrs. Green took the seat indicated, hung her reticule across the back of her chair, settled her spectacles firmly upon her nose, and counted the chips handed out to her, with the utmost care.

"The idea is excellent," she said. "Let the game proceed."

IT was the last evening of the voyage —the great steamship was, indeed, being slowly convoyed up the Thames in charge of a pilot. Mr. Cray and his young friends were seated in the corner of the smoking-room which they had occupied every evening. They were awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Green.

"Has any one seen the dear lady today?" Esholt asked.

"She came in to lunch an hour late and had dinner in her stateroom," Mr. Cray announced with a grin. "I passed her on deck this morning but she seems to have become a trifle shortsighted."

There was a little ripple of suppressed laughter.

"I notice that she's changed her place at table, too," Thomson remarked.

Mr. Cray smiled beatifically.

"She gave the deck steward a shilling to put our chairs at the opposite end

of the deck yesterday morning," he confided.

"Poor Mr. Cray!" Blanche Esholt murmured.

The door was opened with a firm hand, and deliberately closed again. Mrs. Richard Green approached the table. Determination was engraved in every line of her forcible countenance. Gone were the magenta blouse, the barbaric beads, the earrings, those slight concessions to her sex designed to allure the recalcitrant Mr. Cray. She was dressed in the severe garb in which she proposed to land on the following morning—a plain suit of iron grey, a hard felt hat and square-toed shoes. She had the air of one confronted with an unpleasant duty, to the performance of which she was braced only from a high sense of principle and ethical resolve.

"Will you sit here, Mrs. Green?" Mr. Cray invited, rising and pointing to one of the swivel chairs.

"I will not sit down," was the uncompromising reply. "I came here to say a few words and I speak better standing."

Mr. Cray glanced at a list of figures which he held in his hand.

"Eighty-four pounds, seventeen, ma'am, you seem to owe," he announced, with a slightly injured air. "The others have all paid up."

"I, on the contrary," Mrs. Green declared, "shall not pay."

Mr. Cray's benevolent face assumed a remarkable change of expression. He looked at the speaker in pained surprise.

"Madam," he protested, "this is a debt of honor."

"A debt of dishonor I call it," was the spirited retort. "I have consulted authorities upon the subject. I find that poker is an illegal game. I am surprised at you, sir," she went on, directly addressing Mr. Cray, "a man of your age and with your experience of life, taking advantage of these young people here and stripping them ruthlessly of their—their pocket-money."

"We don't complain," Esholt intervened, with the air of a martyr.

"It was a fair game," Thomson sighed.

"I've paid my bit, anyhow," Leach murmured.

"The more fool you!" Mrs. Green declared, standing squarely upon her feet. "What the law of libel may be on board ship, I don't know and I don't care, but this much I'm here to say and I'll say it, and you can—any of you—treat the matter in any way you think fit. The whole of my money was lost whenever Mr. Cray dealt."

"Do you insinuate, Madam—" Mr. Cray began.

"Shut up!" the lady interrupted. "You can speak when I've finished. That is the bald fact. Every time you dealt, I had a good hand and you had a better. You may be what you seem. I don't know. You handle the cards too slickly for my liking, and if you want to know my opinion of you, you can have it."

"My dear Mrs. Green!" Mr. Cray faltered.

"Don't 'my dear' me!" that lady thundered, striking the table with her fist. "I've formed my opinion of you, Mr. Cray. I believe you to be a professional gambler, and not one penny of my money do I part with."

A sudden wave of emotion seemed to pass over the little company. Blanche Esholt's face was hidden in her handkerchief, Thomson's was buried in his arms. Mr. Cray himself was pained and humiliated.

"That is my decision," Mrs. Green proclaimed, her tone gaining vigor and her manner becoming more triumphant as she noted the effect of her words. "Not one penny of my money shall I part with, and if I were you young people I would go to the Captain and force this person to disgorge. That is all I have to say. Except this," she concluded, turning to Mr. Cray. "Take my advice and turn over a new leaf. It is all very well to plunder children, but there are other men and women about with brains besides myself. Some day or other you will be in trouble, and if ever a witness is needed to testify against you, they can call up Mrs. Richard Green!"

HE made a dignified and triumphant exit, but it was some minutes before Mr. Cray, wiping the tears from his eyes, could obtain a hearing.

"Now I've just a word to say to you young people," he began seriously. "I want you to understand that though I'm a professional gambler when it suits me. I am also what Mrs. Green believed me to be when I came on board—a pretty wealthy man. I like you boys, and you've helped me through with this little stunt of eliminating Mrs. Green, gamely. Now I'm going to do something for you."

There was a dead silence.

"I've been making a few inquiries and this is what I propose," Mr. Cray continued. "We want help badly out at my works in Seattle, and if you, Graham and Thomson, care about taking it on, there are jobs for both of you waiting out there, with your passages paid and an advance on account of your salaries. You, Leach, I understand, were employed by the bank in London with whom I have pretty considerable dealings. You don't want to worry any more about your job there, for I guess you get it and you get it quick—within a day or so of our landing. And as for Esholt here, well, I've been away from London a pretty good spell, and I guess there'll be correspondence and business enough waiting sufficient for a couple of secretaries. So there we all are, and as I can't see that we've any of us got any particular worry on just now . . . Steward, before you close the bar, please, a bottle of that Number Seventy-four."

"THE STREET OF BAD CHILDREN"

That is the title of the great
"kid" story by

BOOTH TARKINGTON

that will appear in the next issue of this magazine. After you've read it, despite the deviltry of the juvenile dwellers along that street, you'll wish you lived there too.

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Soap, Compacts and Creams—temporarily blended here with pure Djer-Kiss
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A. H. S. Co.
1921

KING-DOG

(Continued from page 73)

King gave them scant attention but plunged across the inclosure and leaping a low iron fence, took to cover in the woods on the lake shore. Here in some shrubbery he crouched low, and lay motionless for a few seconds while he surveyed his back-track. Then, satisfied that he was not closely followed, he turned and trotted toward the water's edge.

Here he reverted to a trick of his wild ancestors and waded several hundred yards in the water, until he came to a narrow arm of the lake. Instead of going around this, he plunged in and swam directly across it, climbing drippingly ashore on the other side.

Here were more woods, and King slipped out of sight with a vague feeling of elation at his own shrewdness. But an instant later all this elation vanished. King heard the rustle of leaves, and from the other side of a boulder just ahead of him stepped a man with a rifle. King leaped sidewise, and flashed through the woods like a shadow, but not before two shots crashed out, and bullets sang their death-song all too close to his ears.

It was then that King realized how thoroughly he was being hunted down. Enemies seemed to be at every turn; the woods were literally full of them. The shots called the attention of others, and as King sped swiftly but silently among the trees, he saw at a distance another armed man hurrying in the direction from which the reports had sounded. King stopped and froze in the underbrush, and the man passed by not twenty feet from him. After that it became a desperate game of hide and seek on the part of the tawny outlaw, in which he slipped through the woods like a phantom wolf, or crouched hiding while men thrashed about in every direction.

Twice he found himself caught in a converging circle of searchers that slowly but surely was closing on him. Once, crouching and slipping along on his stomach, and wolflike taking advantage of every bush, he broke through the cordon. Men passed so close on either side of him that the quiver of a muscle, it seemed, would have betrayed him. Another time the situation became so desperate that there was nothing for King to do but to burst out upon the searchers with a roar and dash through their line. Leaping suddenly from his cover, he plunged, fangs bared, straight at one man, and with a vicious snarl leaped at his throat. So sudden was the attack that the man staggered back and fell. King went clear over him and raced out of the woods, and down the center of a broad driveway. King expected a hail of bullets to follow him. He was surprised when only two shots rang out. This was a tame war. He did not understand that a rifle fusilade down the main thoroughfare of the park was dangerous to the public.

Down the driveway he plunged, to be brought to a halt suddenly by the appearance of a traffic policeman. King sped away at a tangent through a browned and frost-laid flower-garden, over a low

iron fence, across another thoroughfare and into another patch of woods, where the skulking began all over again.

Meanwhile the afternoon was passing. Out of the east came the purple twilight. Night would soon be gathering. King was watching and waiting for it.

SOON the half-light of evening began to gather in the woods, and King slipped about with less difficulty. It was harder now for the searchers, and the dog knew that before long he would be able to glide by them and quit the park for the city streets. Confidence was growing within him, and he became less cautious, when suddenly the situation changed again and he found himself in greater peril than before. Through the woods he heard new footsteps—not the heavy, blundering steps of the men who were now well scattered, but the soft, yet sure-footed patter of animals. King knew in an instant that the searchers, determined to find him before night closed down, had brought dogs to their assistance. There were two of them, and with sureness of nose and eyes they were silently unweaving the puzzling trail he had left in the woods. King stopped and listened and scented the air. Then a growl rumbled in his throat, and the hair on his back and his shoulders bristled. In the scent of one of them King recognized his arch enemy Robin Hood, and wrath flamed up within him.

Slowly the patterning of feet drew closer. King stood statue-like in the gloaming listening to them come on, and as he stood there, a plan took form, a plan that did credit to his wolf forebears. Deliberately he betrayed himself with a loud growl. In an instant the two police dogs raised a cry of discovery and plunged toward him. King could hear the men stumble about in the darkened woods as they strove to follow up the dogs. Calmly he watched the animals come on. Then when they were almost within leaping distance, and when King had by sound located most of the searchers, he chose a direction in which the men seemed farthest apart, and turning tail, he leaped away. Robin Hood and the other dog in full cry and close behind.

With the speed of a gray wolf King slipped through the trees. Past one searcher he swept so close that the man was almost bowled over. A shot ripped out, and King with a feeling of satisfaction heard a frightened, pain-betraying yelp behind him, and knew that one of the police dogs had been hit. He glanced backward and saw only one black figure clinging to his trail; but despite the gathering darkness he knew that it was Robin Hood.

King dashed on through the woods until he plunged down a bank and over a five-foot iron picket fence. When he touched the pavement, he knew that he had quit the park. On came Robin Hood, taking the fence with the same ease as his tawny quarry. He ran in silence now, as did King. Their way lay

not toward the city, but through the broad, park-like but silent streets of Flatbush. Block after block they sped, until more than a mile had been covered and King felt certain that he had taken the police dog so far from the park that the searchers could not hope to overtake them. Then suddenly King whirled about, and with a roar of rage, hurled himself upon the oncoming Robin Hood.

It was a vicious fight while it lasted, a clash of brute strength and cunning, and the viciousness of the primordial. Robin Hood hated King with the hate of the dog for the wolf, the hate of the citizen for the outlaw; in King burned resentment and contempt, and a grudge that he had nursed these months past. Their shaggy bodies met in the first jarring contact with such force that both were hurled off their feet and went rolling into the gutter, fangs buried in each other's flesh, while ravenous snarls and growls broke the quiet of the night.

A veritable demon in his rage and the pain of a score of wounds, King seemed to grow more vicious with each passing second. With cruel fangs cutting deep, and jowls dripping blood, he threw himself upon the police dog again and again, and with the blind strength of his fury strove to bear him under. Even the champion of the police-dog kennels could not stand up under the terrible punishment. Slowly, but fighting with every bit of strength and courage he possessed, Robin Hood gave ground. Then suddenly King, in an onslaught of uncontrollable wrath, crashed down upon him and hurled him off his feet. With a vicious snarl he plunged in and buried his teeth deep in the police dog's already badly lacerated throat. Once, twice, he bit deep with slashing strokes, each ending with an ugly wrenching tear. A third slash he delivered, and growling, backed off to watch the choking form as it struggled silently against death. Then as its writhings gradually grew weaker, King swayed uncertainly and fell limply to the pavement. He was all but done for too.

TORN and weak from loss of blood as he was, however, King knew that to be found lying there beside the body of his victim would be certain death. With an effort that cost him nearly all of his remaining vitality, he began dragging himself toward a hiding-place. Staggering drunkenly, he made his way across a broad lawn and through several yards until, unable to go farther, he collapsed in a clump of shrubbery and evergreens at the rear of a dwelling. Vaguely he knew that even here he was in danger of being discovered; yet he had not the stamina to go on.

For hours, barely conscious at times, he lay there feebly licking his wounds. He heard police whistles shrilling back and forth through the night, and twice he heard men beating about through the shrubbery. He knew that they were



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looking for him, and he knew too that if they found him, death would be his punishment. But after a time the searching died down, and King, tired out, slept.

FOOTSTEPS, soft and cautious, coming toward him, awakened him. With a growl and with roach bristling, he staggered to his feet, determined, weak as he was, to fight to the end. The footsteps stopped, and close at hand in the darkness some one muttered a curse. At the sound of the voice King stopped growling, and for the first time in months wagged his tail. A finger of light stabbed the darkness for a moment, and roving through the shrubbery found him, and as he stood there in the spotlight gashed and torn on hips, shoulder and flank, and with the old blue welt of the bullet-crease along his jowl and shoulder, he looked for all the world like the battle-scarred leader of a wolf-pack.

With an exclamation of amazement Private Rowan stepped through the shrubbery and knelt over him.

"It's King—must be King. There's the scar of that old bullet-crease. No police dog could have a scar so near like it. It's King, all right, and the devil knows me. Don't you, King?"

Rowan snapped off the flash-lamp and bent closer.

"Say, but you're chewed up. How did you get here, and what the devil have you been doing? You—you—I know; you're the cuss that's stirred up all the rumpus around here tonight. Been fightin' with a police dog and got the cops all out. Lord, they're thicker 'an fleas. You sure busted up a job of mine, all right, an' now I'm havin' a hot time gettin' out of here without gettin' pinched. Can you stagger about a block or so? Guy with a taxi's goin' to meet me. Come on. I gotta dig."

Rowan began to make his way swiftly but cautiously through the shrubbery of various suburban lawns to the end of the block; and King, despite his wounds, limped after him.

FOLLOWED then a strange existence for the tawny outlaw, the first few weeks of which were spent in the dirty, grease-pervaded confines of a back room above a quick lunch restaurant in the Red Hook district of Brooklyn, which was all that Rowan boasted of by way of domicile. For days King was seriously ill with his wounds, spending most of his time lying on a bed of musty carpet in one corner of the room, refusing food and drinking sparingly. Rowan exercised all of his army first-aid training in doctoring him, and it is to his credit that he worked hard and faithfully to keep the dog alive, for he had more than a passing interest in the animal.

"It aint every mut I'd do this for," Rowan told him one day as he applied new bandages. "It's for the Captain. He thought a lot o' you, King. He was a white man, I'll tell the world. Treated me right. He's the only officer I ever seen that I wouldn't steal from. But believe me, I stole for him, many's the time, on'y he didn't know it. Hang it, King, why does a man like him have to die when there're a lot of other bums around come through without a scratch?"

King may not have understood Rowan, but he showed with a weak effort of his tail that he approved of the ex-soldier's sentiments. King had always liked Rowan, because he knew that the striker had been devoted to the Captain.

King could not know, of course, that Rowan, "the toughest guy in the army," had, previous to his enlistment, been a burglar—a "climber," in the parlance of the police and the underworld. Neither could King know that Rowan had come back to his precarious profession, and that he was pursuing it in the face of obstacles, since his "skipping" to France had left two members of the Red Hook Gopher gang in the lurch, and caused them to make a sojourn in the place of seclusion shunned by him.

The gang was sore at Rowan and was out to do him. . . . King soon learned that the former soldier had enemies. Rowan came in at three one morning, which was about the usual hour of his home-coming, and kicking off shoes and trousers, tumbled into a creaking iron bed and was presently snoring. An hour later, King was aroused by the knowledge that someone who meant no good to Rowan was lurking close at hand. The dog did not understand fire-escapes, but he did know that his enemy was creeping cautiously up the side of the house toward the window that looked in onto Rowan's bed. Presently an ugly face appeared over the sill. King gave voice to a roaring challenge, and despite his wounds leaped toward the window. Rowan, awakened by the alarm and always on the alert, rolled off the bed onto the floor just a fraction of a second before four bullets ripped into the mattress at the exact place where he had been lying.

King collapsed in a heap under the window, and Rowan found him there twenty minutes later when he felt that he dared light the dim gas. Carefully the burglar carried him back to his carpet in the corner and worked over him. Then when King was normal once more, Rowan sat on the edge of the bed, facing the window, and thought things over.

"That was a close call, King. You saved me. I sure wish I had ears like yours—yeh, and a nose too. Wouldn't a man be a wonder with nose and ears like a—" Rowan stopped, speechless with the dawning of a new idea.

"What a bird of a pal you'd make if I could train you! Just me and you! We could razz that Gopher Gang to a finish, I'll tell the world. I was going to quit and beat it and let the gang have the field; but with you, I can trim 'em to a finish. It could be done, too. Didn't they train dogs to listen and smell for 'em in the trenches? An' you got as much brains as any of 'em. More."

BEGAN then the strangest alliance the underworld has ever known. True wolves both, their lot was cast together; and from then on, they haunted the hours of darkness, grim in their determination to live at the expense of others. To be sure, King did not understand all that this alliance meant. It was in his nature to be useful, and since Rowan could be served, he served him to the utmost of his ability, and asked no questions.



Noted makers of sport silks and sport skirts urge you to launder them this safe way

BELDING BROTHERS were already distinguished for their fine silks in the days of flowered taffetas and stiff brocades.

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DAVID CRYSTAL of New York makes many of the good looking sports skirts of crêpe de Chine, Baronette Satins and Sport Crêpes which you find in exclusive shops in almost every city. Read Mr. Crystal's letter. In it he tells why he urges women to wash their sport skirts in Lux.

These two great manufacturers, like other makers of washable fabrics, were compelled to find out the best and safest way of laundering. To give you the benefit of their experience, we have issued a free booklet, "How to Launder Fine Fabrics." It is crammed with helpful suggestions. Send for your copy today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Launder your silk things this safe, gentle way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

For colored silks the water should be almost cool. Wash colors quickly to keep them from running. Don't wash two different colors at the same time. Use fresh suds for each color.

Wringing or twisting makes the smooth silk threads slip over one another. This gives the fabric a wavy appearance which is permanent. Water should be squeezed or shaken out.

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Won't injure anything
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We are extremely glad to report to you that we have found Lux satisfactory in the washing of our finest silks. It is a pure neutral soap and there is nothing in it that could injure the most delicate silk fibre.

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Analysis shows Lux to be absolutely pure and harmless. Washing a garment in the safe gentle way you recommend in the Lux directions actually lengthens its life.





New importance for a familiar food

*Many physicians are recommending yeast—
the richest available source
of the mysterious vitamine*

ONE vital element in food without which we cannot keep fit! This new discovery of science is startling thousands of men and women today.

Are we getting enough of this single element—this vitamine—in our everyday meals? Without it, scientists are agreed, we fall off in health.

A number of foods, notably spinach, contain this vitamine. But from many of our everyday foods it has been removed by the process of manufacture or preparation.

The richest known source of this vitamine is yeast. That is why thousands of men and women are adding the familiar little cake of Fleischmann's Yeast to their diet—to build up increased resistance to disease and to maintain vigorous health and energy.

So great has been the scientific interest in this new importance of yeast, that its value has been tested in leading

medical institutions. Besides its food value, Fleischmann's Yeast was found to be successful in correcting ailments that often accompany a lowered state of health, especially those which are indicated by impurities of the skin.

Yeast is a food, highly digestible, entirely wholesome. It is assimilated in the body just like any other food. Only one precaution: if you are troubled with gas dissolve yeast in boiling water before taking it.

Eat from 1 to 3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast. Have it on your table so that everyone can eat it with their meals. Eat it before or between meals if you prefer. You will quickly learn to like its taste. Try it on bread or buttered toast; in milk, water or fruit juices; or just plain.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast, and get it fresh daily.

Send 4c in stamps for the interesting booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many inquiries are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address The Fleischmann Company at Dept. T-30, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

A food, not a laxative

Yeast helps all the digestive processes. A New York physician writes: "Vitamines are readily supplied to the body in yeast, and we sometimes advise patients to eat one half cake of yeast three times a day, the yeast being stimulant in its nature to intestinal motility."

Thus Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food. Taken regularly over a period of time, from two to four weeks, it helps restore normal body functions and gradually replaces laxatives. From 1 to 3 cakes a day is the usual amount.

As part of King's training Rowan taught him to remain lurking in the shadows outside the house in which he was working, alert and on the watch for danger. He taught him to enter houses too, for often the burglar forced his way into dwellings the general layout of which he was not familiar with. Then King slipped softly from floor to floor, locating occupied bedrooms, and waiting and watching for trouble while Rowan went about his work in perfect safety.

Three times in the first few months that they were together King proved his worth. When the occupants of the house became aroused, they found that they had a far more vicious antagonist to deal with than a mere burglar. King leaped at them from darkness and kept them busy until Rowan with a whistle told him that he had made good his escape. King followed then, sometimes with bullets rippling after him.

They were indeed a formidable pair, and the crooks of the Gopher gang learned to their consternation that Rowan was faring far better with his canine pal than he ever had with a member of the gang as a "stall." He was beating them at their own game too, for time and again they found him doing particularly desirable jobs that they had marked as their own. It was Rowan and King who pulled off the Park Slope robbery and got away with the twenty-eight-hundred-dollar emerald ring that Dicky Byrd and the Chicago Kid had been after. And the worst part of it was that Byrd and the Kid got the blame and were almost arrested for the job because they got there about three hours after, when the cops were thick around the neighborhood.

Indeed, some of the gang were so disturbed about it that they began to make overtures and suggest terms on which Rowan could come back into the fold once more and work with them as he had done before he had gone to France. But Rowan, gloating over his success, was determined to show them that he was the master and that he would arrange his own terms.

"We're makin' 'em look like a bunch of pikers," he told King, "and believe me, we'll have 'em crawlin' on their belly to us soon. We're goin' to make a bum out of that wise guy, Fatty Lacy, and his stall, Lippold, tonight. They got a job marked out in Flatbush that they're goin' to crack pretty soon. Don't know much about the place, though, so we got to go easy. This might be a frame-up, at that. They might have let it slip and then have a flat-foot or a dick planted there. Sometime they are going to try to pull somethin' like that on us, so we gotta watch our step."

ALL of this may or may not have meant something to King. At any rate he was ready when shortly before midnight Rowan slipped a few necessary tools into his pockets, buttoned up his coat and calling him, started downstairs. The usual taxicab was waiting in the darkness of the side-street, and presently they were being whisked by a devious route out into the district where King had settled his score with Robin Hood six months before.

A block from their destination, in the

Why You Must Have Beautiful, Well-Kept Hair to be Attractive

Illustrated by WILL GREFÉ

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EVERWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides, and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps

soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating people use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm, water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly, all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonsfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.

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Your Hair Should be Dressed So as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a pug nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, fat face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

"Keep Our Trained Men"



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Be conservative in buying
Carry small stocks
Redouble sales effort
Don't discharge valuable employees

American Employers Tell Editor How They Are Improving Their Organization

1921 putting men to the test

The editor of the *FACTORY* magazine recently asked a group of managers at the head of large industries to tell what they do when it becomes necessary to run business more efficiently.

The information they gave is full of meaning to the young men of America. The above chart shows five of the answers made most frequently. Of these answers two relate to employees. The thing that is most in the minds of employers is that of *weeding out inefficient men and keeping their valuable men*.

Think what this means to you. How do you stand today in the eyes of your employer? How will you stand next year?

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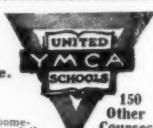
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Name and
Occupation.....

Address.....

deepest shadow to be found, the taxicab dropped them and went on its way, to cruise about the section until they should need it again. Then, threading lawns and keeping out of the glare of the street-lights, King and Rowan, two wolves at their hunting, slipped silently toward a big mansion well back from the street at the far end of the block.

To all appearances the house was deserted, for most of the shades were completely down, and not even the usual faint glow of a night-light was evident.

"It looks on the level," whispered Rowan to King while he examined the structure for the easiest possible point of entry.

Night was blackest and heaviest on the broad porch, and Rowan knew that he could work there with less likelihood of being discovered from a distance.

"Come on, King; you go in on this job. I'm takin' no chances. It looks too soft," he whispered to the dog; and screening themselves behind clumps of shrubbery, they made their way wolflike onto the porch. With educated fingers Rowan explored the door and the lock.

"Easy—too easy," he breathed suspiciously to himself as he discovered that the lock was an old-fashioned affair easily tumbled with nothing more formidable than a master key that was part of his collection of tools.

Once inside the door, King became strangely uneasy. Intuition, more sensitive even than nose or ears, told him that this was different than any other undertaking he and Rowan had ever attempted. Had he been able to analyze his feeling, he would have realized that from some strange cause he was undergoing a peculiar mental transformation. A wolf with the lust to outwit or destroy his enemies, he had come in; but as he stood there in the darkened hallway beside the watching and listening Rowan, he was for some unaccountable reason becoming dog again, with the dog hatred for all things suggestive of the marauder.

Rowan brushed against him. With a low growl King stepped away. He turned and faced Rowan in the darkness, and the burglar saw the two green-glinting spots of his eyes as King backed from him.

King brushed against a coat-rack in the hall. A garment hanging from it came in contact with his nose. He stopped and sniffed it audibly, eagerly. He began to tremble as he sniffed and sniffed again; and welling up within him was that affection and devotion that his kind can give to one man and to one man only. It was so strong, so mastering and overpowering, that he began to whine with excitement.

"Stop that, you fool," commanded Rowan in a whisper. A finger of white light stabbed the darkness as he switched on his flash-lamp.

The sound of Rowan's voice was all that was needed to complete the change in King. On the instant, Rowan was revealed to him in his true light as the wolf, the outlaw, the invader who had come there in the night to steal. His presence meant harm to the one he loved; King knew it was his duty to stop him, to leap at him, crush him down, kill him. The growl of hate rumbled in his throat.

Rowan turned the white shaft of light full on the dog and stared at him in startled surprise. King, lips drawn back in a wicked snarl, ears flat, and eyes glowing with a sinister light, crouched beside the coat-rack ready to spring at his throat.

"King," hissed the burglar hoarsely, "what's the matter? You gone mad? Down, curse you! Quit!"

There was real fear in Rowan's voice as he flattened himself against the wall and felt for his automatic.

King saw the direction in which his hand traveled, and growling savagely, crouched lower and gathered his muscles for the leap.

Rowan whipped out the pistol with an oath.

"Turn on me, will you—damn you, take that!"

Simultaneous with King's leap and Rowan's shot, the hall was flooded with light, and another shot ripped out. Rowan with a cry clutched his shoulder, spun halfway around, leaned drunkenly against the wall for a moment while he stared gapingly at the man with smoking automatic on the stairs—and at the army overcoat that hung on the rack above the writhing body of King. Then with a groan he collapsed in a heap on the floor.

DAWN was paling the light from the electric chandelier in the high-ceilinged bedroom before Captain Crawford finished working over King and Rowan. The burglar, pale and wan but eagerly puffing a cigarette, lay propped up in bed; while King, another scar added to his many, lay with shoulder bandaged at the feet of the officer, watching him eagerly. The cloak of the wolf had dropped from him completely, and he was all dog now.

"They say they are one-man dogs, Rowan, and they are right," said the Captain, bending down and scratching King's ear affectionately. "He's never forgotten me, has he?"

"I'll say he never did," said Rowan with a grim smile. "All he needed was the scent of your overcoat to make him turn on me. If a man had the ears and nose of a dog, he'd be a wonder at my game."

"That's a game you'd do well to quit, Rowan," said the Captain tersely.

"Guess I have, Captain," answered Rowan with a wry grin. "I figure I ain't going to have much use of this arm for a long time to come, and with his pal gone back on him, I can't see where a one-armed burglar has a chance, can you?"

"That being the case, Rowan, come along with me where the air is good for sick lungs. I was discharged from the sanitarium yesterday, after a year and a half of living death. Came back here to pack up and sell the place. I'm off for the high country and a sheep-ranch, and I think I'll need a striker and a sheep-dog too."

"THE VANISHING SQUADRON," a captivating animal story by Hal G. Evarts, will be a feature of our next issue. Watch for it.



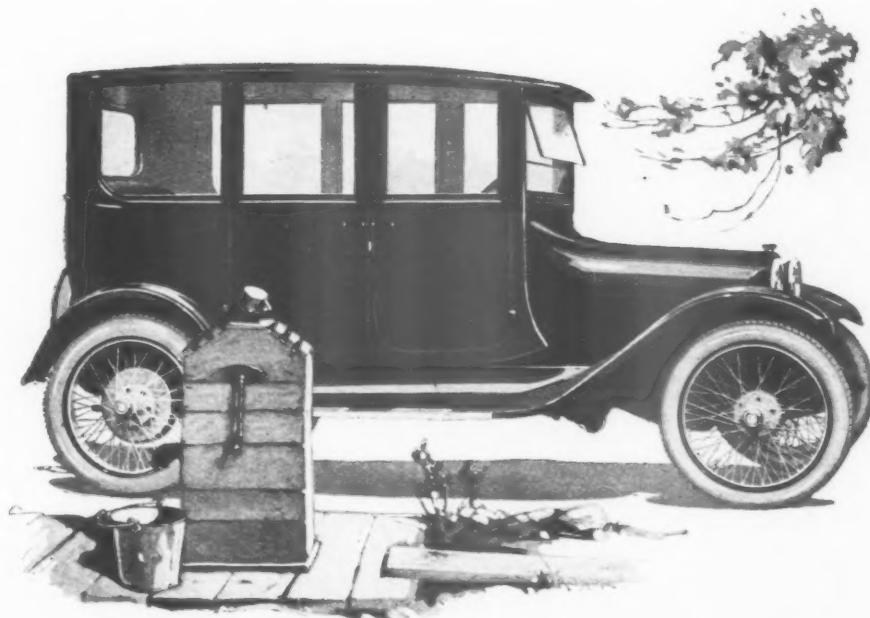
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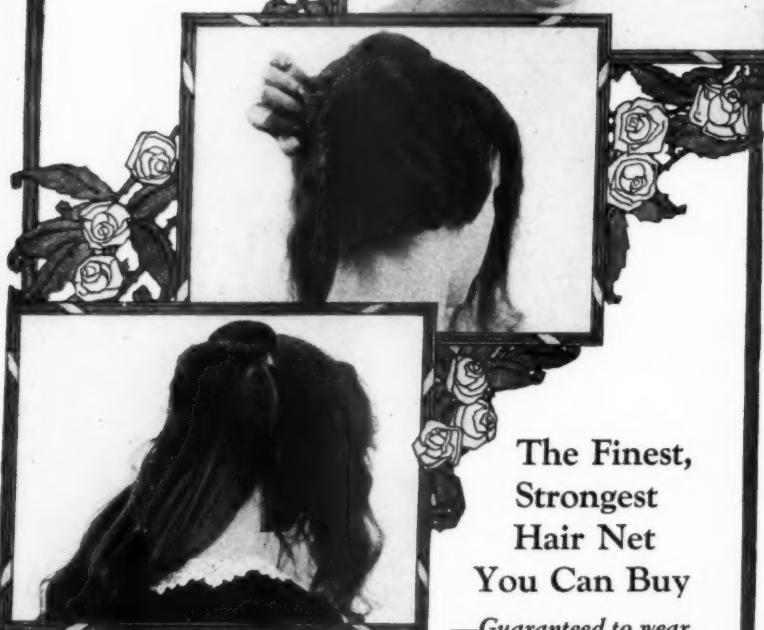
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HIS THREE

(Continued)

shipmates were lost or scattered, and the men who came to take their places from outside were strange to him. They inquired who was this man looking for a crew for the new Duncan vessel; and it was then he learned what it is to bear an evil name. Was it of any brave deed of his they were told then? No, no. No real gossip prefers to roll his tongue around tales of brave deeds. Who was this Bergin—who but the man who had been tried and found guilty before a fair court and served fourteen years in jail for killing the husband of a woman that he had once himself been fond of.

The murderer! The black murderer! What luck could come to a vessel with that kind of a master? No luck, no, no. And back up the wharf they would go with their bags.

The old glow had come back to Danny's eyes, but now it left them again, and the new color faded from his cheeks. His step grew stiffer and slower. He came to Mr. Duncan's office, saying:

"It was a hard life I lived for fourteen years. We would be shut in between the high stone walls of the prison yard by day, and between the low steel walls of a prison cell by night. To see the sky by day we would have to throw our heads back onto our shoulders almost; while for the stars—the big and little stars that men walking the deck in the night watches do grow so fond of out to sea—all ever I saw of them would be at the close of a winter's day when the dark would come early, and then it would be but a quick side-look at a lone one or two of them shining through the barred windows, as past them we marched on our way to be locked in our cells for the night.

"Sea and sky—they are almost like food and drink to a man who has been born to live between them; but for fourteen years such was all I saw of any sky. And of the sea—never a sight at all. Hard it was, and yet no more than a man might expect in such quarters, and so to be guarded against. But to return to the port where I was born and out of which for all my free days I sailed—to come back to there and find fishermen—fishermen, I say, who believe me guilty of killing a poor man that never harmed me—God in heaven, but how is a man to guard against that!"

WE could find no words to say to him. After a time he went on to say:

"Three fair wishes I once made, but fair wishes are no more for me than high shining stars for prison cells. My first fair wish flew from me long ago—as you, Captain John, well know. My second dropped from me this day like a deep-sea lead in shoal water. For my third fair wish—well, I am going from here to some place where no stranger will know whence I came, and no friend quick to find me, and there I will live out my poor life and there will I die and be buried."

FAIR WISHES

from page 39)

No words of ours could change him; whereupon my uncle said to him: "Danny, here is Mr. Duncan, and here is myself, two old true friends of yours, and here is young Johnny that has now his own wife and his own home, and his own vessel to go master of. Will you, before you go, tell us three what brought you into that house that night?"

"True friends ye three are," said Danny after a silence, "with heartening words and doings for me always. But a woman alone in the world is a creature for all men to guard. Say to me now that no harm will come to the poor woman who suffered beyond all others for that night's work, and I will tell you how I came to be in that room with that dead man."

We passed our word, and he told us; and went then on his own lonesome way.

TWO days after he had gone, I was taking stores aboard my vessel, my uncle standing beside me, when we heard a woman's voice inquiring for Captain John Larkin.

It was Mrs. Meers. It was my first good look at her in fourteen years, but I knew her. Her free ways were gone from her, and much of the wild-woman look, but not so great a change in her as I thought to find. She still looked like one who might disturb the quiet of honest men if she so cared.

She came to where we stood, and to my uncle she said:

"Captain John Larkin? I am Mrs. Meers."

"I know—I know."

"Where has Danny Bergin gone?"

"Why should I tell you where? How do you know he is gone?"

She was no woman to be easily upset. She studied him for several seconds before she said: "Captain Larkin, all Gloucester says you are a just man. If you are just to me in your manner, then you must think me a wicked, wicked woman. However, every morning since coming back, Danny passed my house on his way to the wharf here. And every noon, coming and going to his lunch, he passed twice again. And every evening, returning to his lodging, he passed once again. And he never once passed that he did not look up at my windows."

"Kept a close watch, didn't you?"

"I did, yes. From behind my window-curtains I watched him, if you want to know. But I did not come here to match my temper against yours. For two days now Danny has not passed, and by that I knew he must be gone away. Tell me, Captain John, where has he gone?"

"Tell you where? Tell me, you, where is Henry Carson all these years?"

"I was not talking of Henry Carson!"

"No, but I am. Was it you or Carson wrote that note to Danny that night?"

My uncle had shaggy brows and deep-set eyes; his eyes when he got angry were like twin lights blazing out from under a bushy cliff. They were blazing

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out now. But she never looked away from them.

"Note? What note? And what night? What note?" she said again; and he could not, for all his fierce eyes, look her down.

"Perhaps I've been wronging you, Mrs. Meers. Let us go to Mr. Duncan's office."

Mr. Duncan was in his office, and with him to attest its accuracy my uncle began to retell Danny Bergin's story.

"Mrs. Meers, on the night your husband was murdered, Danny Bergin was in his room making ready to turn in for the night when he heard a sound as of a pebble thrown against his window. He raised the shade and looked out through the glass, but it was a black night, if you will remember, with a heavy rain falling, and an easterly gale blowing, and he could see nothing. 'That's queer,' he thought, and was about to lower the shade again, when crashing through the glass and onto the floor came an envelope wrapped around a piece of iron. And inside the envelope was a note which read: 'My life is threatened. Come to my house at once. The back door will be left open. Hurry—hurry!' It was signed 'Bess.'"

My uncle paused.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Meers.

"You know the rest, Mrs. Meers."

"I know that we found him in my house, and no more than that. What became of the note, Captain John?"

"It is a good question. As Danny ran out of the door of his house, he felt the note still between his fingers. He was about to put it into his pocket, but the thought came to him that such a note, signed familiarly by a young married woman to a young man who had once courted her, would do her no good if it was ever found. And so—to use his own words, Mrs. Meers—he tore it into a hundred little pieces, that the black wings of the night might bear them to where no evil eye would ever see them. And that was Danny Bergin, ma'am, thinking always of some one else."

"And I wondering all the time what brought him to do it!"

"If you were so wondering," snapped my uncle at her, "then why in God's name didn't you go and ask him that?"

"I was going to see him, but Henry Carson met me. 'Are you losing your wits,' he said, 'going to visit a man who killed your husband?'

"But I want to see him, to hear from his own lips that he killed him before I will believe it," I said.

"If he did not kill him, why of course he will say so before the court and so clear himself," Carson said. "But you go to see him now,—you that he once courted,—and what will people make of it? They will say that there was an understanding between you and him—what else? And that now the two of you are talking over the defense. And once they get thinking that, he is ruined."

"And so I did not go to see him. A cunning man, I see now, to talk to me so at that time."

"Did Carson come to see you before the murder, Mrs. Meers?" asked Mr. Duncan.

"He telephoned me often, and once

when my husband was away, he came to see me. He could never get it out of his head that I was wild for him, and this day he was in one of his rages, wanting me to run off with him.

"Why should I run away with you?" I said.

"Why should you waste your youth with that poor sickly man, your husband?" was his answer.

"Knowing me for what I was," I said, "he took me and gave me a good home, and it will take more than your fine opinion of yourself to make me forget that."

"No woman forgets the love of her youth—you will come to me yet," he said in leaving me that day. And after he left Gloucester, which he did the day after the trial, he took to writing me letters. Even within a few weeks I had a letter from him. Here is what he writes:

"I am a man who can wait a lifetime," she read. "It is only your pride which holds you from coming to me. And you will come to me yet."

She stood up. "And I am going to him. He is a cunning man, and I only a dull woman in many ways. But some things I know as no man can know them. And I will go to him now."

"The world will talk of you!" said Mr. Duncan.

"Let the world talk. I went one day to Boston and bared all the shame of my young woman's life to the governor of the State; to get Danny Bergin out of prison I did that. The years and years I had been thinking of him! And what I told a strange man I will tell the talking world if need be—for the happiness of Danny Bergin. I will find Henry Carson and—but I am talking, not doing."

She went, and for a month, two months, three months, six months, a year, we waited. But no word came from her.

"She went a lone woman into a big world," said Mr. Duncan, "a woman still young and handsome enough to be tempting to men, and more tempting to Henry Carson than to most, and he is a shrewd, hard man."

"But she is no longer a wanton girl; and a woman honest and loving a man like Danny—We'll give her yet more time," said my uncle.

IT was two years since Mrs. Meers had gone from us. I was in from sea, in my own home. My wife was upstairs putting the baby to sleep. My uncle, who had given up the fishing, was playing with the older children when the bell rang. It was Mrs. Meers who walked in.

I placed a chair for her, and my uncle said: "You have sailed a long course, Mrs. Meers, since we saw you."

"Yes, Captain John, a long course I have sailed, with more head winds than fair, more tacking and filling than running free, since last I saw you. And many cities and more than one strange country did the wake of Henry Carson take me to. But at last we moored together; and it was as if by chance we met.

"And meeting you so, Bess, in this strange place, begets a new and powerful intimacy." Such were his first words,

and he by this time a most important person. We talked for hours together. And we met again—and again. And there were times in those earlier meetings when I believe I could have had the truth out of him; but I had to take care always that he did not speak too soon. When he revealed his evil soul to me, I did not wish his words to be wasted.

"However, last night we met in Boston. 'It is a long time, Bess, but you've come to me at last. Own up to it now, you came to me at last.' Such was the turn his talk took last night.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I have come to you at last.'

"We talked on, and again he wished me to go off with him.

"'Have you no shame for me?' I said. 'You are a well-known man. Even in this hotel may be people who might be curious to know who I am. And then out would come the old story, and away would go all good opinion of me.'

HE pleaded and pleaded, and at last I said: 'Come tomorrow and lunch with me where we can speak our fill of other days with no curious eyes or ears that I would fear to hear and see. There will be something to eat and drink, and I will send the maid away.'

"And he came to my apartment; and there was plenty to eat and drink; and I sent the maid away. And he was for carrying me by storm; but matters had not been planned by me to go all his way; and by and by he said: 'Bess, there is something solemn about you today.'

"What woman would not be solemn as she crowds her pride under foot?" I said by way of answer. But it was a warning to me; the man's senses had not left him altogether, and from then on, there was no forgetting, by me, of the ways that it was once my pastime to practice with foolish men. And lying there,—a poor, weak woman in the hollow of his arm as doubtless he thought,—he said: 'What is it brings a woman at last to the man she loves?'

"'What woman knows,' I said, 'and what woman cares, so that it is to the one of her liking she comes?'

"'You married Meers to spite me, didn't you? Don't deny it—didn't you?' he says again. And listening to him, to myself I said: 'The foolish woman, including yourself, who thinks such a man could love you! For every ounce of passion for you, there is a pound of vanity of himself. Vanity, vanity—it is the core of his heart!'

"To myself that was. To him I said: 'How foolish to deny what you know so well. And how foolish, too, to deny to you who know it so well the wildness that runs sometimes in woman's blood for the love of some man. It would make her commit murder, almost.'

"'And a man commit murder too,' he said.

"'Only one man ever I knew would go that far for me,' I said.

"'Dan Bergin?'

"'Who else?'

"'Bergin never had the spunk to kill a man!' he shouted in a passion.

"'A great passion and a great loyalty were his,' I said to that. 'He spent four



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teen years in jail for the love of me.'

"You talk big, but how do you know he killed him?"

"How do I know? How did the police know? Didn't they find him standing over the dead body?"

"I know where they found him. But how do you know he killed Meers?"

"You will never let anyone else be right, will you? If he didn't kill him, what brought him there?"

"I brought him there!" It was like a blast of triumph, of pride, consuming vanity—the voice of Henry Carson when he said it.

"You brought him there! You!" I laughed as loud as I knew how at him, though to have the strength that one time was Danny Bergin's and take him by the throat and choke the whole story in one breath would suit me better. 'You're boasting now, Henry,' I said. 'What power had you over Danny Bergin that you could make him kill a man?'

"He kill him? I killed him!"

"It was Henry Carson killed him, Henry Carson killed him!" I could hear the words singing in my head, and the voice of a strange woman laughing, and myself having to hold my fingers gripped-like to my side, so they wouldn't be leaping to his throat. But it was Danny Bergin I had brought him there to clear, and coldly enough I said then: 'I've known men before you, Henry, to confess to things they never did for no greater reason than to have some girl think them more than ordinary.'

"I tell you I killed Meers," he cried out. "I stole in that night hoping to find you alone, but instead of finding you, I stumbled onto your husband. We had words, and I choked him to death before I was through. Now what do you say?"

"A fine story," I said. "But how was it Danny Bergin was there and not you when the police came?"

"I will tell you how," he said. "Meers was dead. I had to throw suspicion from myself, and onto some one else. I knew the foolish side of Dan Bergin for you, and the sure way to close his foolish mouth."

"But how, how, how?" I said.

"How? I wrote a note to him, signing your name, knowing he had never a line of writing from you—no more than I had then—in all his life; and I hove it through his window; and when I saw Bergin on his way, I telephoned the police. It was a great thought, Bess, to drag Bergin into it, and so kill the two birds with one stone," he said proudly. "But one time I thought you did like him. But you never forgot me, did you, Bess?"

"And I said: 'No, I never forgot you; and it will be a long day before I will forget you. Only one thing will I remember longer than you.'

"What is that?" he said.

"Danny Bergin," I said. "I may forget that you were all that was evil, but never Danny, who was all bravery and goodness."

"His fingers by then were at my throat, but I was no weak, half-sickly creature taken by surprise. I threw him from me, and the three men in hiding



"You're too hard on Freddy, Ted. The boy has more brains than you'd think."

"How so, old lad?"

"Why, haven't you noticed that he's changed to Kelly-Springfields?"



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came from out of the closet, and took him off to jail.”

She stood up. “Twas but two hours ago I left him. The papers will be having the full story of it, and no doubt all who read it will have some free thoughts of me after it. But let people say what they will—it is done. And now Captain John, where is Danny?”

“Johnny,” said my uncle then, “it is you who now must take up the quest.” To her he said: “I promise you, ma’am, that the word will be passed to Danny and no waste of time in passing it.”

“Thank you, Captain John, and I will go now to my old home, for a weary woman this day’s work has left me.”

HERE was a word between my uncle and Mr. Duncan, and the next day I sailed in the new vessel which lay to Duncan’s wharf, a vessel so sweet of line and powerfully sparred that crowds of fishermen had been coming down for days to see and talk about her.

The *Messenger* was her name, and out past Eastern Point and all the way to a rough north coast, and across a big bay on that north coast, I drove her. And into the northerly arm of that bay for as far as the draft of the vessel would allow, I guided her.

It was my uncle’s old friend Ben Morton of the Bay who then took me up the North Arm in his little jack, the *Sister Sue*, to where strangers seldom found the way—to where was no post or telegraph, to where children were born and reared and had children born to them again without ever knowing a doctor, to where men had to spend a full day to go to and from the little mission church when they went to worship God.

“But a well man you will not find him,” said Ben. “For four days an’ four nights, with not sleep enough to take the smallest measure of, he was haulin’ the herrin’ from the nets, an’ freezin’ them on the scaffolds, an’ loadin’ them into the *Sister Sue* to bring them into the big bay. An’ so it was always with him—a lovely, fine nature, but a man to take no care o’ self.

“He will be in there,” said Ben, pointing by and by to a wind-blown little shack; and there he was, in a low-set bunk in the wind-blown shack. His hair was gray, his face graved deep, and the hand that lay on the coverlet was very thin.

He looked up at me, as I bent over him. “Captain John—no, young John, it is! What brings you here, Johnny boy?”

“Judgment has fallen on the wicked. The man who killed Meers awaits his punishment. And now you may come home, Danny, and stand with head no longer bowed before doubting man,” I said.

“It is a great word you bring me, Johnny, a great word after all the hard years, and like the great heart that is in all your people to come all this rough way to bring it.”

BACK through the holes and shoals of the North Arm we went in Ben Morton’s *Sister Sue*, and so aboard the *Messenger*. And at the mouth of the North Arm I took fifteen hundred barrels of frozen herring aboard; and as all

men know, frozen herring makes fine, lively ballast.

Then I brought up the big cabin chair and lashed it to the weather-bitt aft, and lashed Danny into the chair; and Danny studied her sweet lines and her powerful spars, and said:

"A wonderful vessel to look at. Does she behave as well as she looks, Johnny?"

"Ask Ben Morton how she crossed the Bay this day, and as he tells you, so will I tell you she came all the long course from Gloucester, making no more of the drive of the winter's gale than if it was a summer breeze sighing through some noble lady's garden."

"It is almost like the voice of your uncle talking, Johnny. A wonderful feeling it must be, Johnny, to be master of the like of her!"

"Master of her I am not, Danny. Proud would I be to sail her—the finest vessel that ever I or any other man stood to the wheel of—back to Gloucester; but master of her I am not."

"And who is, Johnny?"

"Who but one that never went master of a vessel before? Who but your own self, Danny? And many a time when I have heard my uncle tell of you lashed to the wheel of the old *Crusader*, all loose water to her windward-rail amidship, and all solid water to above her wheel-box aft, and no more sign of fear in you than a pleased little smile or a little low song to the roaring waters sliding past you! So many a time was it his dear wish to see you some day with a vessel of your own and see what you would make of her!"

"Master of this great, able new one! It is wonderful beyond belief, Johnny. But if master I am, then we will break cut her anchor and make sail, and put that whole great mainsail to her, and we will see what she will make of it across the big Bay."

WE broke out the anchor and the *Messenger* began to clear away.

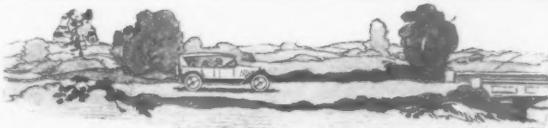
From the deck and sails of the moving vessel Danny's eyes moved to the waters and hills around them. "Cold and blowy, but clear enough it is, Johnny, and a man needing no long glass to see the hills lying blue as blue water beyond the South Arm."

"But in the Bay itself is no blue water, Danny."

"No. All white water there, Johnny. But see her now, the loose water already to her wind'ard combings when deeper down into it she drives her buried rail. And red and bright she will be, showing her garboard planking to the watchers on the shore when about she comes, and down she rolls for the beat to Spit End—wont so it be, Johnny boy?"

And almost to her keel the bright sun lit up her red painted planking; and it lit up her white, high-cut sails, and the water running off her long, flat, new-varnished rails when leaping up from the white-crests they came, and the loose sea swashed up to Danny's feet as he sat and watched from his chair to the windward-bitt, aft.

"From Herring Cove to Spit End within the hour against this hard gale! All men of this Bay know well the meaning of that!" he cried out. "And now



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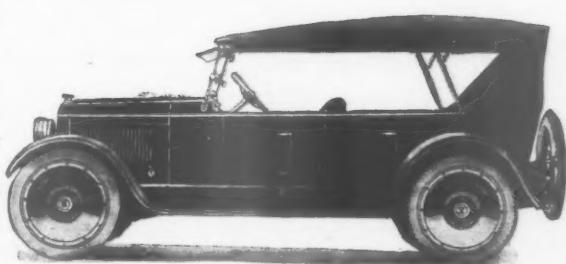
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AT she took it, and quartering she ran past old Blow-me-Down; and her long boom went into the slings when down into it she drove, and her high peak skying to the clouds when up from the white smother she lifted; and he almost lifted from his chair to see her, and I had to give him the time by the cabin clock.

"From Spit End to South Cape in fifty minutes! Oh, the wonderful, fine vessel! For many a long winter's night to come, the men of this Bay will be talking of her."

And so she cleared the Bay, and with tightened sheets held the rough coast to the Straits; a reach then across the Straits, and a looser sheet to Cape Sable, and breasting the Cape a yet looser sheet for the last leg home.

But by then he had to take to his bunk, and all that morning he lay with no word, and no move except for a little pressure of his right hand from time to time to his heart.

"You have a pain there, Danny?"

"No great pain, Johnny, but when I go, it will be by that way, I think—and *whsst!* like that—quick as ever we could tack this vessel in a fresh breeze. What is she making?"

"Sixteen knots strong for the last ten hours."

"Oh, the noble vessel! and the high wind over her quarter—the way all great sailing vessels do like it when the road lies long before them. And I am master of her!"

"You are master, Danny, and a great pity she did not come to you sooner!"

"A pity—maybe so. And yet, Johnny, a lucky man I should be saying I am, for not to every man does it come to be cleared of the charge of terrible evil and all men to know it this side of the grave."

"It is to no grave, Danny, but home-bound we are."

"Home, of course, Johnny. And it being so, and more wind should come,—she being the vessel she is,—will you drive her to the last, Johnny, on her brave, swift way to Gloucester?"

"I will drive her, Danny, as your own self would drive her if on her quarter you were standing."

And I drove her as Danny or my uncle himself would have driven her. A solid, white lather for a deck's width to leeward of her it was; and a white roaring torrent rushing over her house; and her lee shrouds were flying like loose tassels in the high wind, and her windward stays were like iron bars against the strain of her tall spars. And the tall spars themselves!

"Buckling like rolling hoops they are in the press of wind and canvas!" So did I bring the word to Danny in his bunk—this as the brown rocks of Cape Ann lifted out of the leaping surf ahead.

"The noble vessel! A pity to make her suffer so, but it won't be long now, will it, Johnny? This day, as I lay here, I had a dream—or it maybe was no dream—of a fog lying heavy on the sea. But the fog lifted, and I was in a noble vessel, with strong tides and strong winds bearing her swiftly on to a bright horizon. And above that horizon was a tall peak, and above the peak a golden steeple, shining. And Johnny?"

"Yes, Danny."

"Once I made three fair wishes, and two of them you know. The third one, Johnny, was that I be not lost at sea, but in safety to come home and to be buried at the last in the little graveyard where such of my people as were not lost at sea do lie buried before me. You and Captain John and Mr. Duncan, maybe, will see to that, Johnny."

"We will see to it, Danny."

"Tis like your good heart, and it won't be long now, Johnny."

IT was not long. The flying *Messenger* was barely to anchor in Gloucester harbor when my uncle was aboard; and he sent for Bess; and to her when she came, he said:

"A great soul is about to leave the earthly body that men call Danny Bergin. Fear no more to show him the real heart of you for him."

She went below, and when he came to himself again she was leaning in from the locker beside his bunk, and both her hands were around one of his.

"Bess! Oh, Bess! Not you, Bess?"

"Yes, Danny."

"Oh, Bess! After all these years I have it to tell you. It was the sin of my life, Bess—my thought that you killed your husband. 'No knowing what great cause she had,' such was my weak excusing thought of you, when it should have been deep in my heart that you could do no such monstrous deed. And I suffered for it, as I should. It was my own mother who warned me long ago. 'To sin in thought is as much as sinning in deed, Danny. Take care however you doubt good men and women!' And I doubted you, Bess."

"To doubt me for that—and the greater thing you never doubted me for—it is a small matter, and it is long past, Danny."

"Is it so long, Bess? Why, it is like yesterday that I saw you standing tall and beautiful in the sun of that bright morning, Bess. And the rosy color flooded to your kindling eyes as I looked at you. And your hair! One day to sea I saw the moon lift up over the edge of the eastern sea even as in the western quarter a golden sun was setting—a wonderful golden moon and golden sun—all the crew of the vessel, even Captain John himself so said. But more wonderful to me was the golden glory of your shining hair that first day I saw you. Tall and beautiful you were, but oh, above all your beauty was such a look from your eyes that to myself I said: 'There is one who could love a man beyond the power to understand.' But not a second look you gave me."

"Oh, Danny, Danny! A thousand looks did my heart have for you! For straight as the tall spar of a great vessel

you stood before me that morning. And all the strength of the heaving sea was in your noble body. And all the wonder that ever men had told me of the deep, dark sea was in your eyes. And more than all of these was the courage, and the gentleness which flowed out from you. The leap of my heart was like a blow inside my bosom when you looked fair at me! 'There is a man who could die a thousand deaths to save one he loved from a moment's pain!' So I said to myself that day."

"You thought that, and yet you turned away, Bess?"

"The pure deep sea was in your eyes, not mine. I was not worthy, Danny."

"Not worthy? Hush, Bess! It is the glory of good women, as Captain John could tell you in grander words than ever I knew, that they can never measure the height of their own goodness, nor the sinfulness of the poor creatures of men they do sometimes love. My own mother would say: 'God forgive me, sinner that I am!' and she herself like one straight from God. And so you bore me in mind that day, Bess?"

"I loved you that day, and will love you all the days till I die, Danny."

"Oh, Bess! And the weak creature I was, that was never so near the fulfillment of every wish as when I thought no wish was left! Bess?"

"Yes, Danny."

"My watch is all but over, and my strength is going from me. Hold me, Bess."

"I will hold you, Danny, till God Himself comes to take you from me."

And she held him, crooning as over a child, till God did come to take him.

THE prayers were said; the grave was sodded; the mourners were leaving. Said my uncle then:

"I will not say that Danny's soul is looking proudly down on us, for pride could never be part of Danny; but proud are we who knew him, that from far and wide strange men should come this day to do him reverence. And it is that quality of reverence for true men which bids the meanest of us to hope that while there is need on earth for it, goodness and bravery shall ever spring from the hearts and souls of honest men."

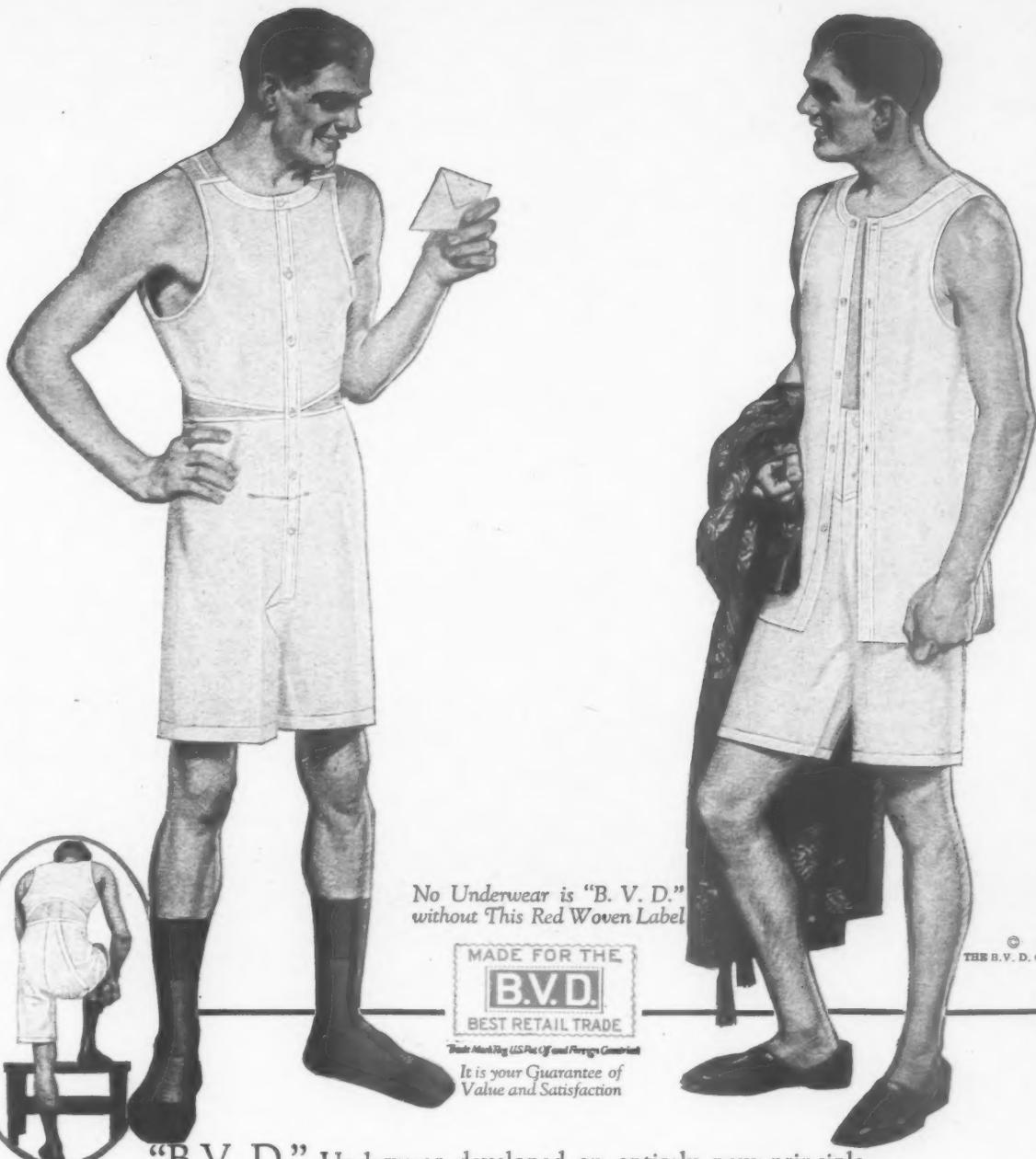
He turned to Mr. Duncan: "I read somewhere once that a man doing a great deed, even if swollen with the pride of it, should have all the honor due that deed."

"And true enough, Captain John," said Mr. Duncan.

"True enough, yes; but should we not honor, even more highly, that man who does a great deed, but who from the humility of his soul knows not that it is a great deed? Such men by making little or nothing of their great deed, do impress on all men's minds that here is something for all men to attempt on all days, thereby advancing not the mere glory of a single man, but raising the standard of an entire community, or even of a whole race; and yes, of all men for all time, it may be. Such a one is gone from us. God keep his soul."

"—his soul, amen," said Mr. Duncan.

"—his dear soul forever, amen," said Bess.



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THE PARTY

(Continued from page 49)

actively occupied in that capacity to be even aware of her. She and Aunt Ella could only murmur laments and begin to teach the little girls and two or three of the older and nobler boys to play the purchased games, while troops of gangsters in aristocratic attire swept out of the room, then through it and out again, through other rooms, through halls, and then were heard whooping and thumping on the front stairway.

ONE little girl was not with the rather insulted players of the cardboard games in the living-room. She accompanied the gangsters, rioting with the best, her little muslin skirt fluttering with the speed of her going as she ran; while ever was heard, with but slight intermission, her piercing battle-cry: "Hay, there, Mister! *I'll* show you!" But the male chorus had a new libretto to work from, evidently: all through the house, upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber, their merciless gayeties resounded:

"Ya-a-ay, Laur-runc! Wait for your girl! Your girl wants you, Laurunce!"

"What a curious child that Daisy Mears is!" Aunt Ella said to Laurence's mother. "I'd always thought she was such a quiet little girl."

"Quiet!" Mrs. Coy exclaimed. And then as a series of shocks overhead noticeably jarred the ceiling, she started. "Good heavens! They're upstairs—they'll have the roof on us!"

She hurried into the hall, but the outlaws were already descending. They came down the stairs with unbearable clatter; and just ahead of them plunged Laurence with a frenzied face, fleeing like some rabid driven thing. Behind him, in a ruck of boys, Daisy Mears seemed to reach for him at the full length of her extended arms; and so the rout went on and out through the open front doors to the yard, where still was heard above all other cries, "Hay, there, Mister! *I'll* show you!"

Mrs. Coy returned helplessly to the guests of sweater behavior, and did what she could to amuse them, but presently she was drawn to a window by language without.

It was the voice of her son in wrath. He stood on the lawn, swinging a rake about him circularly. "Let her try it!" he said dangerously. "Let her try it just once more, an' *I'll* show her!"

For audience, out of reach of the rake, he had Daisy Mears and all his male guests save the two or three spiritless well-mannered at feeble play in the living-room; and this entire audience, including Miss Mears, replied in chanting chorus: "Daisy Mears an' Laurunce Coy! She's your girl!" Such people are hard to convince.

Laurence swung the rake, repeating:

"Just let her try it; that's all I ast! Just let her try to come near me again!"

He referred to the only lady present.

"Laurence!" said his mother from the window.

He looked up, and there was the sin-

cerest bitterness in his tone as he said: "Well, I stood *enough* around here this afternoon!"

"Put down the rake," she said. "The idea of shaking a rake at a little girl!"

The idea she mentioned seemed reasonable to Laurence, in his present state of mind, and in view of what he had endured. "I bet *you'd* shake it at her," he said, "if she'd been doin' to you what she's been doin' to me!"

Now, from Mrs. Coy's standpoint, that was nothing short of grotesque; yet actually there was something in what he said. Mrs. Coy was in love with Mr. Coy; and if another man—one whom she disliked and thought homely and unattractive—had bumped into her at a party, upsetting her frequently, sitting on her, pushing her over repeatedly as she attempted to rise, then embracing her and claiming her as his own, and then following her about, and pursuing her even when she fled, insisting upon his claim to her and upon embracing her again and again, causing Mr. Coy to criticise her with outspoken superiority,—and if all this had taken place with the taunting connivance of absolutely every one of the best people she knew—why, under such parallel circumstances, Mrs. Coy might or might not have armed herself with a rake, but this would have depended, probably, on whether or not there was a rake handy, and supposing there was, upon whether or not she was too hysterical to use it.

Mrs. Coy had no realization whatever that any such parallel might be drawn; she coldly suggested that the party was being spoiled and that Laurence might well be ashamed of himself. "It's really *very* naughty of you," she said; and at a word from Aunt Ella, she added: "Now you've all had enough of this rough romping and you must come in quietly and behave yourselves like little gentlemen—and like a little lady! The pianist from the dancing-school has arrived, and dear little Elsie Threamer is going to do her fancy dance for us."

With that, under her eye, the procession filed into the house and took seats in the living-room without any renewal of undesirable demonstrations. Laurence had the brooding air of a person who has been dangerously trifled with; but he took his seat in an orderly manner, and unfortunately did not observe which of his guests just afterward came to occupy the next chair. Elsie, exquisitely dainty, a lovely sight, was standing alone in the open space in the center of the room.

The piano rippled out a tinkling run of little singing bells, and the graceful child began to undulate and pirouette. Her conscientious eyes she kept all the while downcast, with never a glance to any spectator, least of all to the lorn Laurence; but he had a miserable sense of what those veiled eyes thought about him, and he felt low and contaminated by the repulsive events connected with another of his guests. As he dumbly looked at Elsie, while she danced so prettily,

beautiful things seemed to be floating about him in a blue summer sky: angels like pigeons with lovely faces, large glass globes in rainbow colors, and round pure white icing cakes. His spiritual nature was uplifted; and almost his sufferings had left him, when his spine chilled at a sound behind him—a choked giggle and a hoarse but piercing whisper.

"Look at who Laurence is settin' by! Oh, oh!"

He turned and found Daisy in the chair next to his. Her small bright eyes were fixed upon him in an intolerable mirth; her shoulders were humped with the effect to control that same, and her right hand tensely covered her mouth. From behind him came further gurgles and the words:

"Settin' by his girl!"

At this moment Elsie was just concluding her dance with a series of charming curtseys. Laurence could not wait for them to be finished; he jumped from his chair as if it had a wasp upon it, and crossed before the lovely dancer to a seat on the other side of the room, a titter following him. More than the titter followed him, in fact. Daisy walked on tiptoe just behind him.

But when she reached the center of the room, she was suddenly inspired by the perception of a new way to increase her noticeableness. She paused before the curtseying *danseuse* and also sank in curtseys as deep, though not so adept. Then she too began to dance, and the piano having stopped, accompanied herself by singing loudly, "Ti-did-um-tum, dee-dee-dee!" She pirouetted, undulated, hopped on one leg with the other stiff and rather high before her; she pranced in a posture of outrageous convexity from one point of view, of incredible concavity from the other. Then she curtseyed again, in recognizable burlesque of the original, and flopped into the chair next to that which Laurence had taken, for he had been so shortsighted as to leave a vacancy beside him.

Elsie took the exhibition as personal to herself and burst into tears. Miss Mears was not one whit abashed, and a few moments later, when servants appeared with trays of ice-cream, went to sit by Laurence again. But this time his Aunt Ella had to take him out into the hall by force and talk to him.

THE children went home soon after that, and one of them departed with not only a new reputation, but with a character that had actually altered permanently during the brief space of a children's party. Daisy Mears skipped and hopped at intervals; she hummed happily to herself as she went along, her favors under her arm and something new in her soul. Never again was she the same commonplace child who had arrived so unobtrusively at Laurence's party that afternoon; the whole course of her life changed with her discovery that even she could be prominent if she chose.

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As for Laurence, he had been through a dog's time; and he showed it. Every night, after he said his bedside prayers, there was an additional rite his mother had arranged for him; he was to say: "I know that I have a character, and I know that I am a soul." But tonight he balked.

"Go on," his mother bade him. "Say it, Laurence."

"I do want to," he said dully.

Mrs. Coy sighed. "I don't know what's the matter with you: you behave

so queerly sometimes! Don't you know you ought to appreciate what your mamma does for you—when she went to all the trouble to give you a nice party just to make you happy? Oughtn't you to do what she wants you to, to pay her for all that happiness?"

"I guess so." The poor child somehow believed it—but as he went through his formula and muttered that he knew he had a character, it is probable that he felt a strong doubt in the matter. This may have caused his aversion to saying it.

THE HUSBAND OF MRS. WALTON

(Continued from page 83)

your husband came back, you were lying asleep, one pale hand hanging beyond the counterpane, and the other across your pain-racked forehead. No doubt he looked down for a moment upon his sick wife with a little feeling of remorse."

"I don't think so. I heard him say: 'Damn! Where are the matches?'"

"He was concealing his emotion. Anyhow, three days later, after dinner, when Mr. Walton had settled down to his cigar, you said to him: 'Jim, I met Mr. Garrabost this afternoon—at the corner of St. James Street.' Mr. Walton said 'Oh!' thinking of something else. Then you heaved a sigh and said: 'Poor Mr. Garrabost! It does seem hard. And yet I can hardly believe it. Paula's such a nice woman, really.' At the word 'Paula,' your husband woke up and said: 'What are you saying about the Garrabosts?' To which you replied: 'Oh, of course, you don't know. A man wouldn't tell another man things like that.'

"Then your husband sat up, a bit frightened. It passed through his head that Mr. Garrabost knew something about him and Paula. So he said hurriedly: 'What did Garrabost say to you?' Of course you drew back and replied: 'Oh, it's not worth mentioning—only gossip. I oughtn't to have said anything at all.' Then your husband jumped up and strode about the room, swearing."

MRS. WALTON laughed: "Yes, that's it, more or less. So, by degrees, I told him."

"You told him that Mr. Garrabost was in an awful state, and had begged you to come into Prince's with him because he needed your advice, that he apologized for inflicting this upon you on such slight acquaintance, but that he must tell somebody. Then you said that Mr. Garrabost poured out a dreadful tale of conjugal infidelity, told you that Paula had a savage temper, that she'd broken the Lowestoft bowl by throwing it at the dog, that her extravagance was ruining him, and that he was thinking of putting notices in the papers to prevent her from pledging his credit—that they hadn't got on for years, that life was impossible with her. 'What did you say?' asked Mr. Walton. You replied: 'Of course, I tried to cheer him up, but there's worse. He wants to get rid of her. You see, he wants to marry somebody else.'"

"Yes, I used almost those words," said Mrs. Walton, "and I wish you could have

seen Jim's face. He looked like a frightened rabbit."

"I'm sure he did," said Mr. Smith, "and yet you went on mercilessly. You told your husband that Mr. Garrabost was going to take the first opportunity he could of divorcing his wife, that they'd just had a frightful row, and this was the end of it. He was going to have her watched, and she'd be sure to commit some indiscretion. If she did—oh, if she did! Only give him a chance, the slightest chance of securing a correspondent, and Mrs. Garrabost would be in the courts by the next session. Your husband, I think, was silent."

"Yes, he didn't say much except that it was rot, and surely Garrabost was very unreasonable. He added that he didn't think much of Paula himself, but still! Then he shut himself up in his study for the evening. I was rather nervous. I thought it was all very well, doing what you said, but he might talk it over with Paula, and Paula would tell her husband, and then where should I have been?"

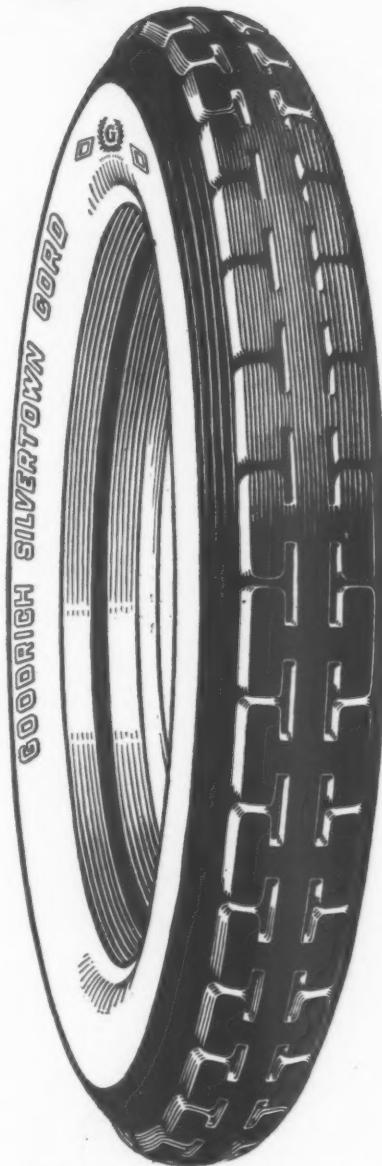
"You need not have feared, Mrs. Walton. Don't you realize that your husband had a guilty conscience that would prevent him from discussing anything of this sort, particularly with the partner in his guilt? Also he would have been afraid of putting the idea into her head, he being much younger than Mr. Garrabost, and quite as rich. No, he didn't discuss the matter with Mrs. Garrabost."

"I don't suppose he did. He began to come home earlier. Then he took me to a picture-show. Then he said that he was sick of being cooped up in England, that he wanted a little trip abroad, and what did I think of it? I said I'd be very pleased, but I couldn't help connecting this idea of going abroad with the fact that, while he and I were walking across the Park, we met Mrs. Garrabost; and I think—of course, I can't be sure—that she looked him straight in the eye and then turned away. In other words, she cut him dead."

"So you're going abroad? And all is well. Enjoy yourself, Mrs. Walton, and keep your husband amused. You must try to restore one of his hobbies."

"Picture galleries?" asked Mrs. Walton wryly. "But it's hardly necessary. I somehow think he's given up picture-galleries. The vicar is coming in tonight to give him a game of chess."

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State of Illinois, $\frac{1}{2}$ 1921.

Borne me, Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles M. Richter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Red Book Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Consolidated Magazines Corporation.....1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill., Editor, Karl Edwin Harriman.....North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill., Managing Editor, None, Business Manager, Charles M. Richter.....North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.....(This information is required from daily publications only.) CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager, Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of March, 1921. (Seal) LOUIS H. KERBEE, JR. (My commission expires Jan. 4, 1925.)

FAIR TO

(Continued from

self, gave him the cue to what angle was best in approaching prospective buyers. He apparently threw off all the past—with its condemning evidence. So did Dare, to all appearances; but there would come flash memories, unwelcome moments of the old, bewildered feeling to shadow her most successful days as saleswoman.

"You have done wonderfully well," Amos told her politely a few weeks after they had gone into the apartment. "It shows the stuff you're made of, and I call it pretty fine." His congratulations were sincere—quite as one man congratulates another during the rush of a noon-hour meeting, and promptly forgets all about it.

"You are doing quite as well," was Dare's generous answer. "Are we eating out tonight? For if you want to stay here, you'll have to go out and buy some things—cook them too. I'm dead tired. We had a bargain sale of imperfect party-frocks, and every mammoth-sized infant in town appeared to crowd into an eight-year-old size and expect it to be a perfect fit! I'd never buy such frocks, never!"—this more to herself. "I'd always follow the tendency of the day—"

"Sorry I can't exchange opinions with you," Amos regretted "but machinery has no such interesting angle. Our problem is production—not sales. It takes as much time to keep our customers good-natured over delays in delivery as it does to get orders. We can't produce up to the demand, with conditions as they are. If we could, I'd have a bonus big enough to buy a steam yacht."

This was his first mention of a bonus.

"Are you going to have one?" Dare asked.

"Of course, but nothing near the size I might have. I'm going to use it for some books—" He hesitated as if uncertain whether to admit future plans or not.

Dare expected him to say, "and to buy you something nice!"—remnant of the old régime.

"I must tell you I'm a member of the Chamber of Commerce," she flung back.

"My application is in, too. As for eating tonight, shall we go out? I've no leaning toward stale baked beans and cream cakes."

SO Dare in rosy lavender, her hat inspired by a Copley print, and all of it paid for with her own money, and Amos in the best suit of clothes he had ever worn, also paid for with his money, went to a new hotel for their dinner.

As they sat waiting for their order they compared trade notes, offered opinions on the day's events and had a lively political argument, invariably returning to the fascinating subject of buying and selling.

"What sort of books will you buy?" Dare finally surrendered to her curiosity.

Amos leaned his elbows on the table as his head inclined toward her. "I'm going to night school," he declared, "—until I see my way to something else.

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MIDDLING

(page 93)

And I want to study in earnest—in 'dead earnest' as you used to say. It is high time, if I'm to go beyond a certain point. This selling is all very well—the time happens to be favorable for it. But I'll soon reach my end—and now that I've determined to extend my limitations to the sky, commercially speaking. I'm going in for all the mail-order courses. They do turn out some worthwhile men, and I'm going to be one of them. I'm going to specialize in advertising, and I think I can win out."

"An excellent idea." Dare pretended to be absorbed in buttering a roll.

"You really think so?"

"Would it make any difference—and more than it used to make?" she could not help adding.

"No, I don't believe it would; I made up my mind rather thoroughly before telling anyone."

"Why bother with telling your wife—or asking her opinions?"

"You are only halfway grown up, aren't you?" he laughed. "I declare I thought this successful saleswoman and almost-buyer would deliver a sound commercial judgment fairly ablaze with common sense."

"I can do that, too," Dare declared, on her mettle. She gave him then her ideas on the subject, some of which he accepted. After dinner and a movie, they walked home to the apartment, the old angle of personal approval again in evidence.

"This is a great institution of ours, isn't it?" Amos said as he took off his coat. "I have come to like it." He stepped into the living-room, which bristled with divided individuality. Two distinct personalities were represented. Just as Dare had said, "This is your bookshelf and chair, Amos, and that is mine," so the room had become a divided yet harmonious affair.

"I like it too, only I don't see the end," she said.

"What end?" He was not much concerned.

"I mean in business and equal money and rights and so on. We are nothing more or less than parallel lines." Dare took refuge in her easy chair.

"Parallel lines—well, is that anything to protest about?"

"Parallel lines never meet," she murmured; he had to stoop to catch the whisper.

"Yet they seem to, if you look far enough ahead—a favorite optical illusion." Still he was not serious.

"That satisfies you, doesn't it? To seem to meet." Dare curled herself up in the chair.

"We all are forced to be satisfied with illusions, don't you think?" Amos lit a cigarette.

Dare picked up a magazine and pretended to read. It was a tangle even if parallel lines did seem to express the situation best. Amos came over and kissed her, a thing he seldom did.

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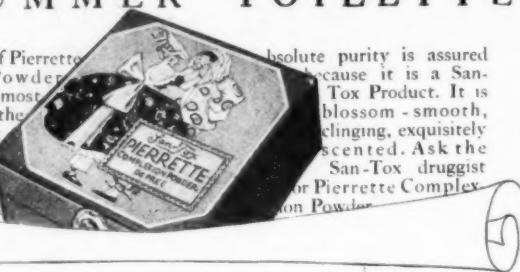
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"At any rate we are good pals, aren't we?"

"Do you forget all the rest?" she asked impulsively. "Little Ladyfingers—Hangtown—McNab—all of it?" She hated herself even as she spoke.

"No," he answered easily, from the armchair. "But were I to encourage memories, I would be as useless as I was up until a few months ago. That was one reason you broke away from me, Dare, because I would not shut the door on the past. Still, I've not forgotten."

"I don't believe I know what I do mean," she answered.

"Did you mean our dead old romance?"

"Perhaps." She thumbed the magazine pages.

"You infer that after your splendid example of forging ahead and forcing me to accept your standards, that you actually care about the pinky-winky valentine part of our partnership?" It was plain he was ridiculing her.

"Everyone has to experience an occasional touch of softening of the brain," she retorted.

"Would you want to change back to the old days?"

"Rather not!" She went to her desk then, and began figuring the stubs of her check-book.

Amos continued the argument. "Were anyone to ask what the greatest change in you and me has been, I would say it is the transformation of the narrow personal into the wider impersonal. I really think of you impersonally—as an individual named Dare and not first of all, my wife. You have taught me—and it is a wise change."

"There will be another," she warned him, laying aside the check-book. "After your years of slumping and struggling, you will emerge at last a successful man, apparently unharmed by the past and without limitations—while I, successful and impersonal, it is true, will show the battle-scars and be forced to admit my limitations! Is it not so, impersonal one? You cannot fib, remember, under this parallel-line arrangement! Men have said women are inferior; women have said they are superior—but that is not it at all. Men and women are just different."

"I don't believe I understand," Amos said.

"Of course not—I didn't expect you to. It would take a woman to understand the hurt of having to admit scars and limitations. Do you know what the store girls said of me? 'We like Mrs. Larkin—she's so common.' They mean they cannot shock or anger me—although I am not their intimate friend."

"You want me to be badgered a little now and then, don't you?" Amos teased, refusing to discuss the thing from a serious angle.

Alone, Dare pondered over her apparent inconsistency. It seemed as if men called bygones bygones and meant it—whereas women did so but were forever haunted by confusing echoes.

AMOS became absorbed in his night school and correspondence work, leaving Dare even more time for her own occupations. And she enjoyed herself rather thoroughly—her friends, her business progress and the apartment.

In January, 1916, Dare was at last given an opportunity to buy for the firm. Amos gallantly escorted her to the train, and wrote her devotedly during her absence. She returned well content with her initial trip. She had bought to her own satisfaction, she told Amos, and was not afraid to have the firm inspect her stock.

While Dare was away, Amos had run across a second cousin, he told her, one of his long-forgotten and heretofore despised relatives. This second cousin, Ned Dwyer, was in town with his wife, and they were anxious to meet Dare.

"I thought you wanted nothing to do with them," Dare commented. "For years I tried to have you write them, but you were angry every time I mentioned it."

"Perhaps I was wrong," Amos said with irritating frankness. "At any rate, I like the Dwyers, and I want you to know them. I have told them so much about you."

SO Dare wore her prettiest dress and went to dinner for the first time with her husband's people. The Dwyers were what Amos once termed "small-town stuff," the type of man who permitted his wife to engage his stenographer, and the type of orthodox woman whose good looks were taken off with her hat. They were interested in Amos and Dare. In Amos they saw only the successful, self-made business man, and in Dare a "modern woman, I'm afraid, but really charming." And they summarized them by murmuring: "Perfectly devoted to each other after all these years—refreshing, isn't it?"

Amos and Dare were a trifle upstage in the presence of the Dwyers, as many impersonal, parallel-line people are in similar circumstances. Dare had interesting things to relate, and Amos absorbing ideas to expound. They gave the Dwyers a stimulating evening and went home to smile at their naïveté.

A little later Martin Reid came to town. Martin was achieving aldermanic dimensions, and his eyes were unsteady. Before his marriage he had, upon being introduced, looked squarely into a woman's eyes, while now, under similar circumstances, his first glance was at a woman's ankle! He was under a physician's care for dyspepsia, and his greatest joy in life was to break the bonds of diet and boast that nothing happened as a result.

He was proud of his girls and brought their pictures as well as Fanny's to show Dare; he was still proud of Fanny, but rather uncertain of her. The rift had become apparent. Martin told Dare that Fanny was "gone" on socialism; hadn't Amos been at one time—if so for heaven's sake, wouldn't he write and advise her or give him the antidote. He could not abide such stuff. He would give Fanny a diamond tiara for her auburn head if she promised not to use the brains it contained. Fanny and this vagabond of a McNab corresponded! Oh, he was going to stop it fast enough, but it showed how Fanny was straying. The war and all this revolutionary talk accounted for her partiality to McNab, he thought. Besides, the Government was coming down hard on millionaires. Altogether a terri-



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"'Penrod' has passed," said Booth Tarkington in the study of his beautiful home in Indianapolis one afternoon last winter. "I shall not revive him. What engages my thought now is the childhood of this moment—quite a different childhood from yours and mine." And when Booth Tarkington thinks, he thinks true. The new series of childhood stories that sprang from that conversation, began in the last issue of this magazine, proceeds in the issue you have in your hand and will not come to an end for many months.

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No other author in America occupies a more distinguished place than Mr. Tarkington, and his newest work in the field he has made so singularly his own will continue to appear in THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE even after the conclusion of the present series.

Gerald Beaumont

One day about a year ago a manuscript came to the editor's desk from a man with an unfamiliar name. It was a baseball story. Fans in the office called it great—great for two counts—its baseball and its human sympathy. It was bought and published and an arrangement immediately entered into with its author involving first submittals of all his future work to THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE. Since the appearance of that story Beaumont has published baseball and fight stories, and now is writing the greatest group of horse-racing stories that anyone has ever written. They will begin in an early issue.

George Kibbe Turner

Probably everyone who follows the best that modern American fiction has to offer is familiar with the name of George Kibbe Turner. A few months ago, over a luncheon table, he outlined a situation between a man and a woman that was so unique, so fraught with possibilities for drama, that before the coffee was reached he was persuaded to agree to write it for THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE. The story, "Moonlight," will appear in the next—the August—issue. You must read it.

ble muddle! His liver, Fanny's socialism, and taxes were driving him to Siam in a blue funk. He looked upon Siam as an Arabian Nights' spot for retirement.

He was amazed at Amos. That this straggler should have finally settled down to earn a wage—and a good wage at that, and that instead of drinking it up before the fool country went dry or getting some sort of kick out of life, he had sat himself down to study, while Dare bought for her firm and enjoyed life as she saw fit—all this was beyond his comprehension.

When Dare said, "Things are changing, whether you or I wish them to; they may not be for the better, but changing they are, and we must readjust ourselves and make the best out of the result," it occurred to Martin that this cousin of his was no counselor for his changing wife. And he was a trifle ill at ease with her during the remainder of his visit.

The Larkins were amused with him. Dare told her husband:

"His mother was so—true-blue is the best way I can express it! Not that I approved of her ideas, but she did live up to every last one of them. She was such a genuine, icy-hearted old dear, who could have danced the minuet on her way to the guillotine, whereas Martin is a mere fat smudge. True, Fanny has done it all, but he permitted her to do so and is equally guilty."

"You think so?" Amos questioned. "They loved each other."

"Now you have said it—love is no longer the all-sufficient element for successful marriage. Mutual respect is vital."

"What will happen to Fanny?" Amos was eager to change the subject.

"She is out to prove that one person in action comprises drama, regardless of fat smudges of husbands."

"Thank you, Madam Parallel," Amos replied with mock humility.

CHAPTER XX

AT first Martin refused to take Fanny's "change of heart" seriously. He regarded it as a passing aberration. His married life had up to now been so comfortable that he was unprepared to brook any change.

Once Fanny ceased using flattery and exercising her undoubted personal charm, Martin pitied himself and condemned Fanny. He remembered his mother's comment upon seeing Fanny's picture for the first time:

"She has a great deal of taste, and all of it very bad," Madame Reid had said, sitting in judgment at the "court of red-lacquer."

Martin only knew one set of parlor tricks, the set he had taught Fanny. She was wearied of performing them over and over with gewgaws as her reward. She was out for action, right or wrong, her wakening being caused by that evasive personage named McNab. Fanny in a word was bent on becoming the short-haired, blowsy type of person, a sylph of the soviets, a bombastic iconoclast, screaming nothings, destroying without replacing—and having a tremendously fine time out of it all!

Having arrived at the decision that he must put an end to such nonsense Martin went to her room one spring afternoon following America's entrance into the war. He found her in a frock of Oriental inspiration.

This somewhat disarmed him. He could have been doubly positive had he found her frumpy. The return of elegance was the sole way to redeem oneself in his estimation. But Fanny's elegance upon this occasion was to impress a mob and not Martin.

"I'd like to talk over your—er—new viewpoint," he began, "if you have time."

"I'm afraid I haven't time," she said, smiling. "But you may as well say your mind."

"Where are you going?" Suspicion attached itself to a most unwomanly portfolio of papers.

"A meeting."

"What sort of a meeting?"

"To protest conscription."

Martin pounded on the table. "You shall not go."

"Don't be silly."

"Do you realize what such a thing means?"

"That is why I am going."

"I mean that it may reflect upon my good name as a patriot! How does it look to have you addressing wild-eyed radicals and urging rebellion while I sign checks for patriotic enterprises? Have you no consideration for my name—or your children's?" This last was intended to be the super-appeal.

"Not as much as for my fellow-creatures," was the reply. "If I believe myself to be right, I refuse to be gagged."

"What do you know of any of this?" Martin's face was purplish.

"What do you know?" she retorted.

"I know no one does this sort of thing if they intend to keep on good terms with decent people. Do you think I'll have my wife on intimate terms with traitors, using my money to support them, dragging my name into the police-courts, being sent to a Federal prison, as likely as not?" He hoped this would bring about a violent penitence.

"I am willing to be a martyr for the cause," she insisted. "As for your appeal to the mother of your children—it does not interest me. I am out to destroy the 'Madonna idol,' one of the most unfair myths women have had forced upon them. I am less their mother than I am the compatriot—"

"Then you have lost your reason."

"They always try to convince us we have." She was laughing now.

Martin took refuge in the tactics of the whipped. "What will you take to cry quits? Let's go away for a long time—"

"I want nothing."

"I'll buy you the sapphires you liked—"

"I'd sell them for the cause," she taunted.

"Do you mean that?" Rage made his voice thick.

"Shall I prove it?"

"I'll lock you in your room! You shall not go to the fool meeting. Or if you go, I'll telephone the police to arrest you."

She smiled. "That is likely to happen, whether you telephone or not."



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"Serve my time while you wheedled the police to let me off. Your check-book is your only weapon."

"You were willing it should be until lately."

"Now I see things as they are—I am prepared and eager to go my own way; you may continue in yours."

"Fanny!"

"You will start paying court to some other poor girl. That is all you know how to do."

"Whom am I to thank for it?"

"Myself, likely enough." She shrugged her shoulders. "But why let yourself be dominated? Your mother would have saved you from my clutches, do you remember?"

"I loved you," he declared.

Fanny's temper rose.

"You loved the fact of my surrendering any claim to brains in order to live in the lap of luxury. I was wrong, I admit, but you should have been big enough to punish me, make me see my mistake. Did you ever teach me to think beyond my gowns and your amusement? No. You were keen on our life being as foolish as a valentine. You can't understand Dare, and I disapprove of her; but she loved Amos, and he has come to respect her because of her independence. That is the telling difference. Oh, I know I'm likely to run amuck. It is unfortunate for your sake that my particular form of self-expression isn't some ladylike hobby indulged in a drawing-room setting. But I admit that I glory in being a rebel!"

"Then you can't continue to be my wife," he warned her. "After all, you took good care I did not think when I was falling in love with you."

Fanny's amber-colored eyes had lost all their sulky restlessness.

"Underneath this sudden madness," he continued, "is your devotion to McNab—"

Fanny began a defense of McNab; then she thought better of it.

"I warn you," he said. "If you will continue outwardly as heretofore, we will have no open break. This is solely for the sake of the children, please remember. But if you persist in playing the firebrand, I warn you I will let you be treated as if you were McNab himself. No influence nor money of mine shall save you."

"I understand." Fanny was already revelling in the prospect. She could have told Martin that she did not now possess a single jewel of value. Every jewel he had given her had been traded for an imitation, and the sum obtained from the sale of the originals was being used for "the fight," as Fanny termed it. "I am not afraid," she added now.

Martin thought of Dare in the emergency. Perhaps she might pour oil on troubled waters.

"Will you do me the courtesy of talking this over with Dare?" he suggested.

"I have," Fanny informed him, "months ago. She understands."

"You mean she has approved of you?"

"Dear, no! She disapproves as heartily as the secret service—but she understands. So we are friends. It is your not understanding that maddens me—

your sleek words about wifely duties and limelight patriotism, spoken at the same time that you are making Government contracts in your own favor. You will have the support of the public when I bolt for independence—no doubt as to that. What a fine thing that you have this war as your chief witness for defense! She was a traitor, they will say. How terrible, and he so loyal—how many thousands did he give the Red Cross?"

"Do you love McNab?" he cut in upon her.

Fanny's eyes were shining, dangerous slits. "Whenever you are ready to have me go, I am ready to go," was her answer.

"And your children?"

"Doing nicely, sweet lambs! I'm not bereft of feeling, but they are better with you—for they are like you. I serve them best by leaving them with you, for you to teach them wherein their wretched mother failed and their valiant father succeeded." She picked up the portfolio.

Martin let her pass. He wondered why he did so, why he did not telephone a detective, if only to frighten Fanny—and most of all, why he did not break down with grief! But habit being a stern master, Martin found himself opening a bottle of wine instead.

When he returned from playing billiards at the club, he found Fanny dressing for dinner. Evidently the meeting had been unmolested. They had guests for dinner, and so the evening passed in apparent harmony with Fanny assuming an overly affectionate attitude toward him. On the strength of this he bought her a bracelet the next morning and gave it to her at luncheon.

Her eyes sparkled as she tried it on. He fancied that all Fanny needed hereafter were de luxe "tips." But the new Fanny was thinking how many dollars the bracelet would net the fund, and what fools these "rotten rich," to quote McNab, really were.

JOINING the Ad Club and becoming a popular member, Amos found his time at the apartment becoming less and less, with Dare not seeming to notice it.

A certain tolerance born of indifference influenced their estimates of each other; and their sense of humor, which had been in figurative cold storage for so long, was reclaimed and allowed active play. Humor did more to keep harmony paramount than any other element.

They had not only resuscitated their sense of humor but had developed and modernized it, made it first aid to the employed, they said, and let it be the chief element in any discussion.

Amos had now outstripped Dare in the commercial race, all his force being concentrated upon definite achievement rather than upon some indefinite fantasy. All that Dare once begged him to accomplish was coming to pass, Dare's own example of independence having set the pace. Realizing this, Dare turned the new situation off with a joke, to mask deeper emotions, and redoubled her efforts to keep pace with him.

Amos would acknowledge no limitations nowadays; Dare was beginning to admit hers. She could be buyer as long as her ability to buy lasted, but she must study if she was to become anything else.

Amos spent every spare moment in study. He had recently resigned as salesman to take up advertising—and he was making good.

Their division of household expenses had been made to correspond with their salaries, and now Amos paid the greater amount. Each saved independently. Each contributed to whatever charity was felt to be deserving, but to no mutual cause. Neither went to church regularly, each choosing to wander in search of theological thrills of a Sunday or to remain home and rest or work at personal affairs. It was a delightfully liberal existence, this of parallel lines, but it led nowhere. Dare now began to believe. She used her own latchkey almost entirely, as did Amos.

She wondered what comprised Amos' goal? Had he merely set out to prove that no woman should outstrip him commercially? Must she abandon her career, take to rose-sprigged frocks and weeping on his shoulder in order to bring love back across the horizon? This, she resolved, she would not do.

DARE faded during 1917; she admitted it. Those earlier years were now taking their toll. Amos was apparently unconscious of this. By contrast, he was younger looking, handsomer in a finer sense. Always well groomed, he presented the appearance of an alert man of affairs with no hint of his erratic past.

Dare had moreover begun to feel shut away from her husband's interests. She wondered how long he would be content to live this sort of an existence. They had called it the "adventures of the cash register and the adding machine" which fitted the condition without a doubt. She, his wife, who knew his best and pardoned his worst, dreaded the future. That it would bring success to Amos she did not doubt; that her success in a measure would continue was almost a certainty. But would it always remain the adventures of the cash register and the adding machine? Hardly! Would the way of all men become the way of Amos? When success reached a triumphant peak, he would perhaps say: "Money is not everything, one must have love. You have done with love, it would seem, since you have your own work and interests. I wish you well—I thank you for all you have shown me. But I shall find some one who stands for love!"

Feeling this to be inevitable, Dare began to plan her own course of action. She must justify to herself the leaving of Amos. Previous to now, to leave Amos would have been to abandon him, turning back on the world a divided individual who would bring disaster to himself and others. But she could leave him now to pursue his unhampered pathway to more success and a new love. For Dare realized how legitimate an element of life is romance, and how many women who care for no greater career than the maintenance of it in their lives. For herself she had had the love which both punished and comforted, and she was done with conventional romance in the sense most women refuse to have done with it. She had tried to nourish it, tended it when it was dying—mourned for it and paid all of the expenses!

Amos had loved Dare when he married her, a sincere emotion which lasted many years, the embers of which might still be glowing, for all Dare knew; but she felt she had no fuel to make a steady blaze. Circumstances, in which Amos played the unworthy part, had reduced that love to embers.

As for Dare's growing to love some other man, that was impossible. She was just the average monogamous woman who had married the average polygamous man, being forced to witness the decline of romance because of the rise of "common sense!"

When she pictured herself telling all this to Amos and suggesting that the adventures of the cash register and the adding machine should cease, she felt he would say carelessly:

"Probably you are right—suppose we give it a try?"

Only recently he had said: "After all, Dare, women must battle with women if you want to bring about your feminine reforms—we men will accept the standards women accept, if women, collectively, really do accept them. It is for and against women that women must work."

She waited to broach her ideas until Amos took a day off from work. When she outlined her plan, that she change to a New York house for a year—and Amos go to a club to live, when she tried to explain the romance part, the words sounded thin and unconvincing in her own ears.

Amos was sitting at the window as she talked, and he did not take his eyes from the street below.

"I see," he finally said. "I think that is fair enough—I hadn't thought it all out as you seem to have done."

"But you do think it wise?" She was trembling, and glad that he was not watching her.

"Don't know but what I do." Still he looked down at the crowds.

"Why don't you say something more?" Dare demanded. "Why leave everything to me."

"Give me time," he begged. "I think I'll take a turn around the block." He put on a hat and departed.

AN hour later they brought Amos home. He had fallen in crossing a street, they said, and barely escaped a bad injury from a passing motor. As it was, his face was cut and he seemed dazed. Dare's first thought was that he had been drinking. Then she stood beside him, her arms folded.

"What were you trying to do?" she asked judicially.

"Sorry it happened; don't let it worry you," was his answer.

"Have you been drinking again?" As she asked the question, something within her almost hoped for an affirmative, for that would mean that Amos needed her again.

He shook his head. "For some months," he said, "I've known there was something wrong with my eyes. . . . Didn't like to bother you. . . . Getting worse, as it always does, they tell me. The jig is up for close work from now on. As soon as things get to a certain point, I'll have an operation and be lucky if I don't have to take to a white poodle



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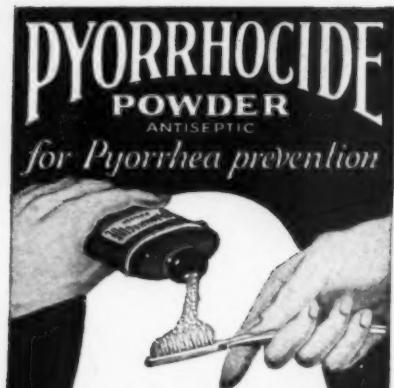
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With a sob Dare fell to her knees beside the bed.

"Your eyes!" she whispered. "Oh, my dear! Lie still—we won't decide anything just now. Let's get through this first—with flying colors."

To her amazement there was a distinct

joy in being able again to mother him. Coupled with this was the fear that all might not go well with him—and a wayward determination that no matter what burden she assumed during this physical crisis, she would lose no jot of her own independence. So the adventures of the cash register and the adding machine came to an end!

The conclusion of this remarkable novel by the author of "A Woman's Woman" and "The Gorgeous Girl" will appear in the forthcoming August issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

CONFLICT

(Continued from page 63)

and Hasdrubal time and ag'in: "That young feller's a-workin' out a scheme," says I. Time and ag'in.

"He comes here!" said Dorcas.

"Coupla times. Hope he comes ag'in. Like to talk to him. Got a way with him. Makes a feller laugh."

"You like him? Tell me, Uncle Hannibal, what do you think of him?"

"Um—" The old fellow gnawed his pipe and scratched his ear. "I haint give much to offerin' opinions about folks. Taint wise. But if I was to say my say without fear or favor, I calc'late I'd cast my vote for him."

"Would you trust him? Would you think him the kind of a man to plot underhanded schemes? Would you say he was—vile and wicked?"

"Him? That young feller?" Hannibal bristled with indignation. "Taint none of my put-in, like I said, but if somebody was to come along and make sich a statement to me, I'd let right out and tell him he was a liar. I would so. Dorkis, my notion is that young man is as clean as a hound's tooth."

Dorcas abandoned the subject. It was disquieting—the more so because the judgment of Hannibal coincided with the dictum of her own instincts—and still she knew by the evidence of eye and ear that her instincts were in error. She did not want to think of Jevons; yet she found herself thinking of him. She assured herself the sight of him would be obnoxious; yet after Hannibal told her Jevons had visited the farm, she found herself watching for his return, watching the road and the woods in the hope of seeing the flame of his red shirt moving among the trees. And, one day, he came.

DORCAS was sitting on a great rock high above the farm, watching with interest, and without apprehension, the movements of a tiny wood-mouse as it went about its concerns in her neighborhood, scratching and scurrying, and tunneling under the light crust of snow, to emerge unexpectedly, for some purpose known only to itself, a foot or two from where it disappeared. It was a fascinating little creature, so small, such a microscopic atom of life! Yet it was able to cope with the forest, to sustain itself against the elements and the enemies with which harsh Nature oppressed it. It was not of the bigness of Dorcas' littlest

finger, but it was endowed with the ability to face privations and dangers and enemies a thousand times more terrible more predatory, more perilous than the hazards to which men are subjected. Its life seemed to her to be the acme of the precarious; yet it persisted, survived. It made her ashamed.

She leaped to her feet, startled, at the sound of a crunching behind her, and of a voice which addressed her as a boy.

"Hello, sonny," it said in Jevons' pleasant tones.

She turned, indignant, forgetting her costume; but the sight of Jevons, smiling, debonair, smothered that reaction, and she smiled. Jevons halted, stared.

"Miss Remalie!" he said, striding forward with eagerness in face and movement. "Miss Remalie!"

"Mr. Jevons!" she said in mocking imitation.

He stood before her, looking into her eyes with an eloquence that was without self-consciousness; he feasted his eyes upon her as one who has been long denied. It seemed as if each held the other wordless, motionless, and there was neither awkwardness nor embarrassment in the long silence. Jevons was first to speak.

"Lakin said you were safe—but he wouldn't tell me where."

"Of course."

"Why did you go? What happened?" He asked as one who demands a fact it is his right to know.

His words broke the enchantment, the beautiful enchantment of realization, of delight in his presence, and she remembered. She remembered why she was here, a fugitive, in hiding, and her heart shriveled and hardened towards Jevons. She drew away from him.

"I am here," she said, "because your mother tried to poison me."

He was not thrown into unsightly confusion as she had more than expected; but the light died from his eyes, to be replaced by purposefulness, a grave intensity, and something of sorrow.

"Dorcas," he said gently, yet with will to be obeyed, "come here—closer, within reach of my hand."

She moved toward him, grudgingly, powerless to oppose.

"I want you to look at me, Dorcas. No, I am not going to touch you—even the tip of your finger. But you must

look at me—into my eyes—deep into them. No man can hide himself from eyes that see, and the eyes a man loves are seeing eyes. Look, and tell me if you see what must be present if your uncle's blood is in my veins, or if the woman you call my mother gave me birth. I offer myself in evidence. Do you see squalor, hypocrisy, loathsome-ness? Look well, Dorcas."

She found herself peering into his eyes, poised breathlessly, her heart beating, her hands quivering as she held them together against her breast. It seemed to her it was not Jevons in the body who stood before her, but Jevons' soul, stripped of disguises, naked, incapable of concealments. It seemed to her she could peer into each nook and cranny of his soul as if it were transparent and lighted by a clear light.

She saw it clean of ulcers, free from such vermin as may infest the souls of men. She saw it without dark, secret recesses, without murky crevices or angles hidden by misleading draperies. Not the hard angles and the harsh surface of unlovely virtue was there, but what she saw was garnished with seemliness and decency and such clean and desirable attributes as should make worthy the soul of a man.

JEVONS stood, slender, graceful, motionless, and waited. He was not impatient, made no effort of the will, but with a simplicity impossible in another man, offered himself for such inspection as few men dare sustain. Dorcas' head drooped; her eyes closed. Happiness warmed her as with a touch of spring sunshine, grateful, life-giving. She glowed inwardly; she felt herself uplifted by gracious emotion, by the knowledge that she loved, and—though Jevons had not spoken—by the knowledge that she was loved worthily, beautifully, as every woman hopes and dreams she may be loved.

"Well?" said Jevons gravely.

"It is well," she said.

"You have assured yourself?"

"Yes."

"I was not afraid," he said, and again there came a silence, long, sweet, which no spoken word made imperfect.

"Dorcas," he said presently, "the woods have been my life. They have given me much, and some things they have denied me. From many things they have saved me—because they kept me alone, and because they compelled me to hours and days which could be filled by nothing but thought—and dreams. Perhaps I have dreamed too many dreams—but they have been sweet to me. I have dreamed of you. Years before I saw you, I dreamed of you—of some woman who would be as you are, and who could be to me what you can be. I did not know how you would look, how tall you would be, nor the color of your hair, and I cared less—"

But he did not move toward her. She must come to him. He felt that. He felt she must come in trust and confidence, without explanations or rebuttals, that the perfection of love would be marred, that trust which required other foundation than the assurance of heart to heart would be less than transcendent,



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and he wanted from Dorcas transcendent love and trust. He waited.

She lifted her face to him, not smiling, but serene. She took one step, and paused.

"Wait," she said in a whisper so low it scarcely reached his ears. "Stand here." She pointed to the spot. It was between her and the mountain—she felt she must see him now against that mountain of promise, that mountain of experience, that mountain which had come to stand to her for stability and the certainty of triumphant virtue in the world. She wanted the mountain's judgment of him—to see with her eyes if he dared stand against such a background, and what the picture would disclose.

He obeyed, unquestioning, and to her hoping eyes it seemed he was born to stand on that spot, as if nature had fitted him for it and molded him into the composition of the scene. The faery silver sheen of the snow-mantled cliffs and precipices glowed behind him, seemed to reach out to touch him and to claim him. She uttered a little sob.

Now she did not care. She asked no questions, desired no assurances. Whoever he was, whatever he was, she was content. Wherever his life carried her upon its current, she was content; from whatever source his life derived, she was content. Those matters were negligible. Her heart had spoken; her mountain had confirmed the word of her heart.

Slowly, as if to lengthen the beauty of the moment, Dorcas moved toward Jevons, hands extended. She felt his touch and thrilled, felt his lips and closed her eyes; nor could she say if she remained thus moments or hours. Whatever should come, whatever the years might impose upon her as a result of this, she would not complain; the moment was worth its purchase-price.

Jevons released her, stood away from her.

"Good-by," he said gently. "Expect me soon."

She watched him disappear into the forest, his own element; nor did she seek to stay him. She understood his going, and her heart was humble before the man whose instinct could compel him to leave her then, when perfection was with them. He left perfection with her. There was no anticlimax, no slight decadence, no word of thought or material thing to mar their coming together. He had understood. That moment was a moment to stand alone, unaccompanied, to be remembered as a thing distinct and apart—simple, natural, beautiful. Jevons had comprehended this. Such was the man to whom her heart had gone.

She knelt in the snow beside the rock and shut out the world from her eyes, living again and again those few brief minutes. Presently she arose, facing her mountain, and with the gesture of a worshiper before some shrine, she extended her arms toward the mystic glory of it.

CHAPTER XXI

THE life-surface of the village heaved and trembled and shook like earth-crust troubled by the subterranean forces in commotion. The disturbances which

agituated it were below surface, opening no crevice, sending forth no gush of steam or flame. Indistinct, threatening rumbles came indistinctly to the ear. John Remalie saw and felt and feared. But knowing his village, he told himself that the convulsions would abate and die if no damning fact came to light, if no leading, daring brain appeared to demand and direct action. Where was Dorcas Remalie?

As if he listened to every whispered conversation, John Remalie knew what was being said. Scowling looks, stares of mingled curiosity and abhorrence, followed him. Knots of men broke up at his approach, and talking ceased. He lived and breathed in an atmosphere of suspicion; antagonism clogged the air like some noxious fog. It stifled him, filled his throat, laid its clammy touch upon his courage. To sustain the combined mental pressure of a community is a dreadful ordeal. It oppresses; it terrifies; it eats into the brain and the consciousness. There were moments, in the broad daylight of the village streets, when John Remalie shuddered and clenched his fists and felt upon his forehead clinging drops of icy moisture—when his will faltered, his self-control crumbled, and horror lest he break under the strain, lest he should toss aloft his frenzied hands and scream aloud, rode upon his shoulder and whispered in his ear. That was the hobgoblin of his daylight hours, as terror of the hereafter made hideous the hours of darkness.

AS he crouched over his desk, his imagination pictured the thing to him, showed him to himself broken, moulting, unreasoning, screeching in horrid voice that he was innocent—begging, pleading in a frenzy of unreason that their accusing eyes avert themselves from him, and their whispering tongues fall silent. He imagined that unsightly picture; it was the enemy he struggled to overcome.

Dorcus was dead; he knew she was dead. There were times when he feared he would see her, that she would arise to join the whispering, pointing crowd, and so confront him. The truth! If he could learn the truth, listen to every detail, wring the story word by word from that silent, stolid, fearsome woman who kept his house!

But Miss Labo kept silence; her glowing, unwavering eyes baffled and maddened him. He threatened her, but knew his threats were impotent. It was not she who feared him, but himself who shuddered before her. She did not taunt him; there was no evil mirth in her lashless gaze—only a dull, venomous, impulsive smolder of hatred.

The dreadful thing was the intangibility of it all. There was nothing overt, no definite act to combat, nothing to permit him to resolve into activity out of this dreadful passivity and waiting. No man accused in words; no group moved to instigate hostile action. He was compelled to wait—wait—wait.

Nor was all this enough. He suffered in the material as well as in the immaterial. It was that man Jevons. His son! Of all men it was his son, the son he hated, who must interfere with his plans and threaten his dream of an

empire of the growing timber of a State. Jevons was working to bring about the end Remalie's timber-covetousness most feared—the setting-apart in permanence of a great section as a national forest reserve. For years Remalie had seen the possibility of this, and had schemed to avert it; now came his son, laboring with enthusiasm and skill—and threatening success. The work had been done secretly; it had been kept from Remalie's ears until a subterranean channel had carried it to him.

THE plan was well made, feasible. It contemplated the setting apart of all Sugar Loaf Mountain and the adjoining valleys and ridges and swamps of black growth for the benefit of the people of the nation forever—a quarter of a million acres!

It had come to a point where Jevons had persuaded men in authority and of influence. Already, before Remalie could pull his wires and interpose his obstacles, the governor of the State, a senator, an individual high in the forestry service, and half a dozen others of enthusiasm and foresight had been brought to the spot by Jevons and carried overland upon a camping trip to the domain. The public was being educated to evince interest.

Twenty million dollars' worth of timber stolen from him—that was how Remalie saw the matter; and his rage was no pleasant thing.

It seemed as if he were buried beneath an avalanche of adverse events; and because he must trust some man, must talk to some man, he sent for Mark Sloane, his walking boss; but Sloane was already on the way, an errand of his own carrying him to Remalie.

The woodsman strode into the office, scowling; his calked boots bruising the polished floor. He closed the door behind him and stood over his employer menacingly.

"Where's that girl?" he demanded. "What have you done with her?"

Remalie summoned his forces and presented a face of oily hypocrisy.

"I take it you mean my niece. Where she is I do not know. I can only surmise. I cannot accuse myself. Her headstrong youth and the unfortunate upbringing my brother gave her have—I fear—been her undoing."

"Where is she?" Sloane was abrupt, direct, threatening.

"And what," said Remalie with an access of his old bullying manner toward subordinates, "is that to you?"

"I wanted that girl. I got to hankerin' after her. You as good as promised her to me. You can't play no sharp games on me, Remalie. I want to know where she is."

"And I tell you," Remalie said, "that I don't know. She took advantage of my trust, and ran away. I have not hunted for her. Perhaps it is best I never find her."

"It's whispered you done away with her."

"Whispered!" Remalie forced himself to smile with patience and charity. "I, who loved and cherished her? Nonsense, Sloane; you're drunk."

"I'm cold sober, and I'll have no monkeying. Where's the girl?"



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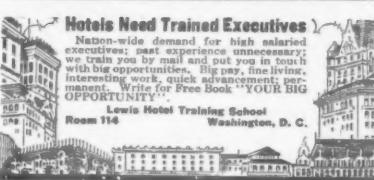
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Write name and address clearly.

"Must I tell you again that I don't know?"

"You needn't, for I won't believe you." He turned toward the door.

"Where are you going, Sloane? I have business to discuss with you. This man Jevons—"

"To hell with you and Jevons! I'm goin' to look for Dorkis."

"You'll not find her! I'll tell you what I know. She's in New York. I traced her there—and lost her."

Sloane eyed Remalie a moment and turned away. "I b'lieve you're lyin'," he said, and went out, slamming the door after him.

HE went by the shortest path to the kitchen door of John Remalie's house, and entered without rapping. Miss Labo, sitting beside the table, stood erect with a sudden stiff movement and faced him, but when she identified the intruder, her face altered, and she smiled. It was not such a smile as any man would delight to see upon the faces of his womenfolk.

"You come to see me? You come to see me?" she said.

"I come to find out where that there girl is. I'd picked her out for mine. She was pert and—I been thinkin' about her, and I want her. What's Remalie done with her?"

A flat, blank look overspread Miss Labo's face, an expression which was expressionless, a mask of wood. She shook her head.

"It's said he done away with her—to git her money," said Sloane. "If he did, I want to know it. I figgered the money in with the girl. It's mine."

"I don't know anythin'," said the woman solidly.

"You know. You're always spyan' and nosin' in and listenin'. If you don't know, you kin find out. That's what I come to say. *You find out.* Hear me? I'll be comin' back in a week, and you'd better know. Understand?"

He turned on his heel with the swing of the bully who wishes to arouse fear, and walked with aggressive, heavy steps to the door. Miss Labo remained motionless, expressionless. She peered after him as a cat might stare into a blinding light. Her mummy-like hands lay crossed upon her apron. She might have been a mummy, hollow-cheeked, colorless, immobile, a mummy whose eyes remained alive.

Sloane swung off down the road, and at the brook where Dorcas had met Jevons and the bear-cub, swung into the forest, striking a bee-line across country to his destination. He, like Jevons, was of the woods, somehow a part of the woods, belonging there by right; but it was no faun traversing the wildwood with debonair lightness, with a smile on

his lips and a song in his heart. Sloane belonged to the forest as the wolf belongs, as some hungry, white-fanged hunting creature belongs. Where he passed, the woods were not gay; brightness seemed to flee before him and hide, as life fled before him to some sanctuary in tree or drift or hollow log. A gray wolf, prowling at his side, would have seemed not incongruous. His thoughts were wolf-thoughts.

Presently the brook directed him to the river, and he swung to the left past rips and falls and white water, now lovely in their winter harness of ice and untracked snow—of ice and snow which, come springtime, would melt to fill the banks with such roaring flood as would lightly carry from forest to mill the plunder of the lumberman. Sloane was not grateful for the snow—best friend to lumberjack and river-hog. His thoughts were dark, threatening, savage and unsightly.

For two hours Sloane tramped, his snowshoes leaving behind the trail of the unconscious expert. He looked neither to right nor left until, suddenly, with the instinct of the woods-creature, he felt presence, and lifted his eyes. Two hundred yards away, sitting upon a huge boulder, was the figure of a boy gazing out across the lowlands toward the mountain. Sloane paused and stared. The boy arose and removed his cap, and Sloane saw that if here was a boy, it was a long-haired boy, with tresses requiring the restraint of hairpins.

He crouched behind a clump of alders and watched; then, removing his snowshoes, he commenced to stalk his prey. Up the incline he crept, the soft snow a soundless carpet for his feet. Inch by inch, yard by yard, he drew nearer until he upreared himself behind the boulder, and with heavy hand clutched the shoulder of the boy and swung him about, and found himself glowering into the terrified face of Dorcas Remalie!

SHE screamed once, sharply, and he covered her mouth with his mitten hand; the fingers of his other hand sank with iron pressure into the soft flesh of her shoulder.

"So here's where you be?" he said, not leeringly, but with a sort of savage calculation. Then: "I jest come from town. Went to find you. . . . Here, quit thrashin' around. I don't aim to hurt you none." He peered about him. "Huh—Hannibal Ginger's place. Hidin' there, eh? Calc'late Remalie didn't lie, then. You run off. Stop that 'fore I have to hurt you."

He purred like some tiger over its fresh kill. What his thoughts or his intentions were, none but himself could tell, perhaps not himself.

He sat down upon a ledge of the boulder and drew her close to him, not in a satyr-grip, but merely to hold her secure. He was thinking now, calculating. Dorcas ceased to struggle; even there, with no eyes to see, she felt the unwomanliness of writhing and clawing like some wildcat, felt the affront of such a scene to her dignity. She was terrified; but horror, repulsion, surmounted terror. The touch of this man, his nearness, the warmth of his breath, his pawing hands,

affected her almost to the point of physical illness. This creature dared approach her, crush her in his arms! It was the more horrible because she had been thinking of Jevons, dreaming of Jevons. She was being defiled by contact with this man, made unworthy of a perfect love by his defilement. She stood motionless, tense, rigid.

"Now you're gettin' sense. I told you I wa'n't goin' to hurt you. If you keep your mouth shet, I'll take my hand off it. Will you?"

She nodded.

"How come you here?" he demanded. She made no reply, but stared into his face with eyes eloquent of fear and disgust.

"The story's goin' around that Remalie done away with you," he said. "Wouldn't 'a' put it past him." He smiled ingratiatingly. "You and me's got to be friends," he said. "Set down here. I haint so bad. I got a good job, too, and folks looks up to me. I'm a marryin' man, I be, and I've come to the time of life when a feller ought to git him a wife. Yes ma'am. But I haint never seen one that suits, not till you come. Your uncle haint got no objections, neither. He better not have. What d'ye say, eh?" He waited.

SLOANE had loosened his hold upon her; her arms were free. She drew back her hand, and with all her girlish strength struck him across the lips. Something within her, something savage, primitive, leaped in exultation. His eyes narrowed, and he licked the blood from his lips. He leaned toward her, but the leaping light in her eyes, the courage, the will, the primeval woman which flamed there, held him, restrained him.

"If you touch me again—with so much as the tip of your finger, I'll kill you. Sometime, somehow, I'll kill you." She spoke with a strange thin voice, a voice that did not tremble nor quiver.

Dorcas was transformed. Centuries had dropped from her; civilization, the influences of refinement, the inhibitions made a part of her being by the training of her girlhood in such society as she had known in the glittering places of America, dropped from her in ashes. She knew the desire to kill. She was a wild creature, alone, fighting for its life as nature intended she should fight; exulting in the barbarism of her emotions. A thousand years she had traveled backward into the dawn of her race, and never again, though she live beyond the allotted years of man, could she retrace her steps. Something had come to her from the departed souls of her distant mothers; something ornamenteally futile had fallen from her. She stood another woman. The blood of an enemy stained her palm, and it stood a symbol, never to be expunged.

Sloane hesitated, wavered, scowled.

"If you—touch me—I'll kill you," she said again.

HIS laugh was a growl, a growl not without discomfiture. He lurched to his feet, towering above her; yet his will wavered before the flame which emanated from her. He goaded himself on, lashed himself to rage, drove himself to brutal

MARY TWO-SIDES, a vividly dramatic story by John Moroso, author of "The Quarry" and "Alias Santa Claus" will be a feature of the next, the August, issue of The Red Book Magazine. You will find it well worth reading.

JOHN McARDLE, REFEREE

(Continued from page 54)

middleweight championship of the world. *All bets on this match are officially called off.* May the best man win! *Let 'er go!*

With the fall of the referee's arm in the direction of the timekeeper, the bell clanged dully, the rival clusters of seconds vanished, and the challenger stepped briskly forward to meet the champion. McArdle moved along the ropes to the right.

From the arena rose the murmur of thousands of men interrogating one another. From mouth to mouth the words of John McArdle were repeated until everyone in the multitude knew that the referee had exercised his prerogative and that all bets had been nullified. Immediately the rumors began to mushroom: the champion was out of condition; Peters had failed to make the weight; the Phantom had injured his hand in a training bout. But down at the ringside, certain men looked at one another and knew the truth: John McArdle had double-crossed them. They tried to figure out the next development and gave up the problem with a shrug.

Above their heads the third man in the ring plodded onward in a wary circle, eyes intent on the thumping gloves. He too was wondering what the next move would be. So far, what he had done applied only to activities outside the ring. Within the squared circle he was bound by the rules, and he knew it. He had promised to referee this fight on the square and to call a foul when he saw it.

The round ended with the men sparring cautiously in the middle of the ring. McArdle went to a neutral corner and leaned against the ropes with his arms folded. Below him the newspaper men were seeking vainly to capture his attention. Chick Hurley, the champion's chief second, and Jake Scheppler approached from opposite corners, taking care that all at the ringside should hear their demand for an explanation. McArdle waved them back.

"What's the betting to you?" he demanded. "You're getting your cut out of the purse, aint you? Well, go back and fight for it."

OUT of the corner of one eye the referee saw Big Steve Roberts hunched in a chair at the ringside, and back of him the purple-faced figure of Rudy Metzker. He appreciated that there were probably fifty men within as many feet of him who were already planning their revenge.

While breaking a clinch in the second round, the referee found an opportunity to express himself under his breath.

"Don't try to pull any fouls on me," he hissed. "The game's up—understand? Come on, you're locked; step out of it!"

He clapped his hands, and the men broke cleanly. The Philadelphia Phantom suddenly cut loose with an exhibition of the footwork that had made him famous. He danced in and out, working a straight left to the head and shifting into a right uppercut with dazzling

rapidity and precision. In the fourth round he dropped his man for the count of five, and the crowd went wild.

But in the fifth round the challenger came back and rushed his opponent all around the ring, and in the sixth the Phantom was apparently groggy and covering up.

The arena became a roaring whirlpool. The crowd had entirely forgotten the early suspicions prompted by the referee's announcement. Here was a fight that would live in history!

Even John McArdle was fooled. He reasoned that since there was no longer any object in pulling a foul, the fight was being made on the square. And when the seventh round passed safely, with both men apparently nursing their strength, he breathed easier and a great weight was lifted from his mind.

It was a small thing that brought him his first uneasiness, and it escaped the attention of everyone else. Between the ninth and tenth rounds he noticed that the seconds in both corners were not washing off their men, though both were bleeding slightly. Now, it is the part of a good handler to send his man up at the beginning of the round looking clean and fresh, no matter what his real condition, just as it is the part of an experienced boxer to do the bulk of his fighting in the last sixty seconds of the round rather than the first. Both things are calculated to influence the judgment of a referee.

But the men faced each other for the tenth round looking battered and battle-weary. McArdle was puzzled. He wondered still more when his skilled eyes noted first a certain hesitancy in the movements of both boxers, and then—that they were swinging very wild. He recalled quickly that all through the fight there had been no blows to the wind or to the jaw. The champion had dropped his man with a left hook high on the head. The challenger had slowed the Phantom down with a body attack on the ribs. No vulnerable spot had been touched.

Suddenly the whole thing became plain to the shirt-sleeved Scotchman. The first seven rounds must have been carefully rehearsed; the men had met secretly and practiced every blow. Now they were at a loss, because they had never anticipated the thing would go any farther than the seventh round. Under instructions they were going to stall to a draw and try it again with a different referee in the ring.

"I'm gone," he thought. "The hounds!"

The eleventh and twelfth rounds passed unevenly, and the temper of the multitude changed. Gradually the words of the referee were recalled, and gloom settled down on the arena. The bleachers, always the first to voice approval or the reverse, began an impatient stamping punctuated with catcalls. On the main floor there was moody silence and significant glances at the moving picture-machines, purring steadily from their tower.

The thirteenth round came, and after a sharp rally the men dropped into a clinch and wrestled futilely. From high up in the "five-dollar heaven" some one filled his lungs and roared out:

"Room-mates!"

The crowd laughed, and a red-faced man sitting five rows from the ringside turned to a companion.

"Well," he said, "I suppose we have to expect that sort of thing these days. Boxing, baseball, racing—one after another the crooks get into them all, and there is no man they can't reach. I suppose if I was on the inside of this, I wouldn't be hollering, either."

Up in the ring, the referee moved forward and spoke in pleading tones.

"Come on, boys, cut loose; don't stall any more. The game's on its last legs now—don't kill it!"

The Philadelphia Phantom wrenched himself free from a clinch, boxed prettily for a moment and then left himself wide open for a left lead to the head. The challenger took advantage of the opening and shot a glove against the Phantom's jaw. The latter's knees sagged, but the referee was aware that Peters had "pulled" his punch and the blow had done no harm. Its apparent effect was faked.

THEY clinched, and again the third man in the ring whispered his warning.

The title-holder felt that he was perfectly safe. He knew there would be any one of a dozen good excuses to fall back upon afterward, and he was being guaranteed a fortune. He twisted his lips at the pleading referee.

"Go to hell!" he advised.

McArdle dropped back. For the first time, while a round was in progress that afternoon, the referee stood still. Back of him the spectators began to protest that he was obstructing their view, but he continued motionless until he saw Canada Dick Peters faint out his opponent and then swing a right hand that was deliberately three inches short of the opening.

John McArdle turned his back on both men, and leaning over the ropes, addressed the timekeeper.

"Ring the bell," he directed.

Pete Glidden, who had held the watch on every championship contest for a quarter of a century, looked up with startled eyes.

"There's a minute to go yet, John," he protested.

"Ring the bell, damn you," McArdle reiterated dully, "and keep on ringing it; I'm going to throw 'em out!"

For one astonished second the timekeeper hesitated; then his hand went obediently to the gong, and it clanged loud and insistently. The champion and the challenger lowered their gloves and looked at McArdle. Every sound in the vast arena was hushed.

The referee raised both hands high in the air. In the stern, disapproving shake of his head, the multitude sensed the official verdict and rose, electrified.

"No contest!" roared John McArdle. "Now get out of the ring, both of you!"

Of what followed, John McArdle had but a vague memory. He knew that the Philadelphia Phantom had charged across the ring and swung a right hand. He remembered that he had ducked and dropped the champion with a hook to the chin. He recalled dark forms climbing through the ropes in every direction, and he had an impression that before he had been carried to the floor under the weight of a dozen men, he had singled out Big Steve Roberts and knocked the gambler off the platform.

When he was again in possession of his senses, he had pulled his world down about his ears, and was being escorted home under police protection.

WHEN John McArdle and his mother had cleared away the supper-dishes, and had talked the whole thing over, Mrs. McArdle said:

"Thee be ever my ain guid lad. Thee has shamed Auld Hornie and nae ither thing matters."

"Aye," said John, "but 'tis no over yet, Mither."

The door-bell rang. Dusk had fallen. They looked at each other.

"Gie to bed, Mither. I'll answer't."

He closed the dining-room door, hesitated, and then going to his own room, slipped a revolver into his pocket before proceeding to the front door.

On the doorstep stood Big Steve Roberts. A limousine purred at the curbing.

"I've got something to say to you, John," said the gambler; "come down to the car a moment."

McArdle's lips curled. "Aint you game enough to say it to me here?" he queried.

Roberts merely smiled. "I'll come inside if you don't mind," he suggested; "it'll only take a minute."

McArdle led the way to the sitting-room, and closed the door. They sat down with the table between them.

"Well, John," said "Big Steve," "you played hell this afternoon, didn't you?"

"Yes, Steve, I guess I did."

The gambler pursed his lips thoughtfully. "I've just come from the District Attorney's office, John. Peters squealed and gave the whole thing away. The gate-receipts will go to charity. I suppose you know what every paper in the country is going to say tomorrow?"

"I can imagine," McArdle answered. "They'll say that we've seen our last big fight in this country. I thought of that just before I stopped it."

"They'll say," contradicted Roberts, "that the third man in the ring this afternoon saved the fight game for America; they'll say that he proved the sport was bigger than the crooks who are in it; they'll say that you showed beyond any possible doubt that when John McArdle is the referee the public can count on a boxing-match being on the square, and that's all America asks of any sport. Why, John—don't you see that what you did this afternoon will stiffen up the back of every referee and sporting-writer in the country?"

McArdle produced a pipe and filled it slowly.

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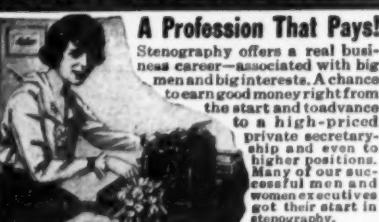
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"Why should you come down here to tell me this?" he asked.

Big Steve Roberts studied the toe of one shoe. "What is one man's loss," he answered, "is another's gain. You made me drop a pretty big bet this afternoon—"

"I called all bets off," said McArdle. "The newspaper boys recorded it."

Big Steve shook his head. "Fifty thousand dollars I lost today—and my daughter too. Janie and I had it out last night, John, and I put all my cards on the table to prove to her that you were no different from the rest of us. And, John, do you know what the kid did?"

He put the question with pride.

"You know what my little girl did?" he repeated.

McArdle shook his head.

"She laid me every cent of her own money, John—twenty-five thousand at two to one—that you'd call all bets off and throw 'em out, and John, she collected!"

Just then the door-bell gave three imperative little rings.

"Aha!" said Big Steve comfortably. "I thought so. Now you're in for it! I told you to come down to the car, and you wouldn't do it. Take a tip from me, son, and give Janie her own way before she takes it. Now go to the door like a man and learn what she thinks of you!"

THE ASTONISHING SUZANNE

(Continued from page 44)

your ignorance well—you do everything well. Oh, go on—weep if you like—fate brought you here so I could upbraid you. Would you cut a man's heart in pieces for the mere sport of it? Don't you think I feel it? Don't you think I love you? Isn't it enough for you to ruin me without pretending innocence about it? What do I mean? There is no need to act—you know!"

Her eyes stared at me in apparent lack of comprehension, so perfect that it seemed candor itself, or rather horror itself. "My God, how terrible!" That was all she said. Then she put her head down on the arm of the chair and drew the corner of the blanket across her face. Her body was shaken by half-hysterical sobs.

I did not know what to do. Obviously she could not long remain here in a situation so compromising. No one could know how many had seen her enter my door, clad as she was; and nowhere more than in such places as this does gossip wag.

There came back my original impulse to take her head in my arms and comfort her. With plan or not, she had come here to me. The same roof covered us; she was sitting at my fire. I presume it was something primordial, something ancient and strange, although something rather natural—this singular feeling of ownership. Perhaps I did something primordial after all.

"You are cold," said I. "Please, I shall mend our fire."

There was wood ready for the fire-place. Kneeling beside her, I fed up the blaze. It was hard not to lay a hand upon her head and comfort her, she was so close, so troubled, so much in need of protection—so piteous, even if so false.

AS I passed, she sat up, huddled, drawing a blanket about her, gazing somberly into the glowing flames. For me, I cared not if this scene might last a thousand years.

But suddenly she turned, and sheer anger came into her eyes—hot, relentless anger. "If I were a man, I'd make you take that back—what you said! Oh, if ever there were a way, I'd be even with you!"

Her eyes fell upon a pair of crossed foil which hung above the mantel, where my martial friend Billy Hammond had left them. With a leap she tore them down.

"If you're a man, I'll make you apologize for that! Do you dare?"

"No need. I will apologize for any word or thought that would hurt you or offend you," I said.

"You said I kissed you. That's something a gentleman does not remember, does not say. I never did. Admit you lied."

"Yes, I lied to you. You never kissed me. I only imagined that." It was my best.

"I'll not have it that way! I'll make you really apologize. Do you dare? If I beat you, will you say you're sorry, and never, never speak to me again so long as you live?"

"I hardly have had a chance to do that now," said I.

She stamped her bare foot again in rage, her eyes flashing—I could see their gray-blue fire as she faced the window—and I swear she was fearless as a lion.

"You coward!" she taunted me. "In your own house you insult me over and over again. I wish I were a man. I'd show you. I can show you anyhow if you've nerve enough to take it on. But perhaps you don't fence. Perhaps you only talk—only insult women when they can't help themselves!"

This, of course, brought the color to my face. "That's rather hard," said I. "But as to fencing, you'd have no chance with me at the foils. I do fence—with other officers and with athletes, not with women."

"I can beat you," she said. "What's the prize?"

I turned to her suddenly. "The truth! Just once the real truth. I'll not fence you for another kiss—no gentleman would do that. But I've lied to you once like a gentleman. Have you lied to me like a woman? Come, now—which of us told the truth? Let that be the wager. I'll stand you a bout for that—though I warn you, you have no chance."

She only stamped her foot once more, her splendid blue eyes gleaming undismayed. She flung one foil at me and cast

a glance about the room for her footing. "Wait!" I said, and began to push back the chairs and table. On the latter I found the plastrons and handed one to her. She stood, her figure no more than half-concealed by the toga of the Navajo. "Put it on," I said; "otherwise I cannot fence with you."

She faced about, and unsteadily I helped her with the straps. She stood then less hampered than myself, for I would not use the plastron. All at once a feeling of pity, of horror, came to me. I saw blood-stains on the floor where she stood. Her feet were bleeding from the stones over which she had run. She had not whimpered once.

"Oh, I say, I can't go on with this!" I exclaimed.

"Need you mind, if I don't?" She retorted. "Does blood make you sick? That's too bad."

She goaded me. I saw no other way than to give her a lesson, as gently and swiftly as I could. There was no way of inducing her to give up the combat. Her eye coldly followed every move I made, wholly without fear and wholly impalable.

With a sigh I faced her at length. "Shall it be for points?" I asked.

"As you like," she replied. "Of course I'll acknowledge any touch. Put on your breastguard, sir."

"No."

"You'll need it. I ask no odds of you."

"You'll never touch me with your point. I'm only going to make you tell the truth. I dislike this very much. But it's your own choosing."

Her foil whistled in a *moulinade*, flashed into a semi-circle above her head, and she fell into a fencing position which was perfection in form. I saluted and she returned. "On guard!" she exclaimed impatiently, and frowning.

We engaged; and I felt against my wrist the light strength of a wrist made of silk and steel. Instinctively I knew I had my work cut out for me—any fencer knows as to that.

The next few moments were among the busiest of my life. I never met except among the masters any fence such as hers. Women have ways of their own in everything. With absolute fearlessness she united a strength of attack and suppleness in play that, within half a minute, more than astonished me. On her feet she was light as a cat, but she made not one unnecessary motion. Her eyes were cold and half hypnotic now as she stared unemotionally into mine, never once wavering.

I knew she felt sure of beating me. Inside of two minutes I began to fear she might. Where she got her amazing skill I could not guess—not this side of France or Italy, and of a past master. What a pupil he had had! Back, forward, her bleeding feet spaced to the hair, her arm straight, her blade a steel wall before her, she gave me such a round as I had not dreamed any woman could, nor many men, for the foils had long been a curious study with me.

At length I took a chance against the steady point opposed to me, and executed a swift *riposte*. She flung a hand and stepped back. "Touché!"

she said, calmly and very honorably. It was so bare a touch I could not have sworn to it. "But that's the last," she added grimly.

"My compliments, *mademoiselle*. Shall it be three minute assaults?"

"As you like. On guard!"

"But wait—one minute rest after any touch? And how many?"

"Three, five, anything you like!"—contemptuously.

"Say five. On guard!"

We fell to again with none but the mantel clock to arbitrate. Again I marveled at the ease and tirelessness that confronted me. At length a parry in *tierce* failed me. Her point came through like a flash—had it been a rapier, it would have been the worse for me. "Touché!" I called.

We rested, points down. I smiled, but she frowned coldly, too confident to exult. "I told you to put on the plastron," was all she said. "I'm going to beat you now."

Once more we engaged, and once more by mere luck—as she tripped on the corner of a small rug—I managed to get through her marvelous defense, automatically exact. She honored it, but cut short the minute's rest. Since she was so impatient, I went on with what I now saw was going to be a very difficult lesson to her.

ALL at once she seemed to gather new reserve energy from somewhere in her marvelous body and came at me with a fury that, but for its machine-like impersonality, might have marked a veritable duel and not a fencing bout. Her foot stamping, her breath hissing to the lunge, her lips muttering low to herself in the parry—the thing became personal and terrible to me.

If either of us had doubt, it was not she. She came on again and again, her wrist easy, her arm like a white bar, her lithe young body alive with vindictive, almost vicious energy—gaining on me, pushing me inch by inch, now fairly on the defensive and at my very best.

All at once with lightning-like swiftness she came through my guard with a long, slithering lunge which seemed to make of her arm and her weapon a projectile. The padded point of the foil caught me full force, driven by her whole body, directly over my heart. I sank back gasping, and was only lucky when I dropped into a chair.

The point had caught me at precisely the spot which my friend Dr. Westfield had selected, in his prowling around in my assortment of ribs, as offering the best bit of bone he could find for the splice in my broken leg. Spite of all that nature had done meantime, there was left a weak spot in the house that enclosed my vital organs. The blow was as though a boxer had landed fair on the plexus which lies a little below the center of the chest. A sudden vertigo caught me. I was for the moment almost "out"—I, who had undertaken to give this girl a lesson at the foils!

Silence for an instant; then I heard her foil clatter, was sensible of two hands at my head. "Oh—oh!" I heard her exclaim in sudden and most unwarrior-like contrition.

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My vision cleared presently. I looked into her eyes. I saw her frown of anxiety. "I've hurt you!" she said.

"Not in the least!" I protested. "Two and two—it is love all, shall we say? Which shall apologize? Shall we go on?" I arose, foil in hand.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, "I'll not!" Nor would she resume. My chagrin obliged me to say a word also.

"You see," I explained, "you hit me directly in my least defended point—the heart. I've only half a rib just there. A part has been cut out."

"Oh! You were wounded in the war, and I hit you there!"

"You hit me there the first time I saw you," I said. But as to the actual wound, I did not get it in the war—the surgeon cut out some bone. It was to mend my leg, which was lame. I loved a woman, and I swore I would not stand before her as a cripple; so they mended me—pretty well, don't you think? Of course, you never knew anything about my limp."

"Oh, yes, I did," said she simply, which made me feel very fine indeed.

"It was, Suzanne, the old, old story, old as Paradise. I gave a rib that I might look on the face of Eve. I have done so, and nothing matters now.

"Suzanne,"—I had cast away my foil alike with my sense of propriety now,— "I love you, as you know—no matter what you have done. Shall I apologize for that? I never will. Your own mother gave me leave to try—she said she would not raise a hand to help or hinder, that it must be Adam, it must be Eve. What has been, has been and cannot be recalled. Blandsford must take his chances."

"This isn't the place—" she began.

"I know, I know. But if ever you could love me half as I do you, the little things would not matter. And if this were all the home we could ever have, and if you had come to it regularly, conventionally, a place like this would do. A loaf of bread—a fire—a bear under the front porch—and thou! I'll say this wilderness business might be a lot worse!"

BUT she would not joke. Again she had flung herself upon the chair, a figure of wholly disconcerting beauty. But the late Amazon now was woman. Her eyes covered, she again was sobbing.

"You don't understand," she said at length between her sobs. "You don't in the least understand."

"No, Suzanne, I do not understand—I understand nothing in the world any more except that I love you and wish that I did not."

She turned her wet face toward me. "Oh, is it so? That's a fine thing to say, isn't it? Let me out of here—I am going home, even if that bear eats me! I just came over from the hotel to have a dip in the pool, and I came alone."

She was explaining. But when she heard Billy's scratching and grumbling under the porch, her bravery left her again. She thought also of her lack of raiment.

"I'll go down in the pool and get your things, if they still are there," I ventured. "Which was the locker?"

"How should I know? It was over

toward the end. There was no one about—everyone had gone from the camp. I didn't wait—I just went in."

"If your—your apparel has been found, it will probably be at the office," I suggested. "I'll run down and see."

"And leave me here alone? No. Anybody might come! Anybody might see you, carrying those—things—back. It might seem odd. And I'll not be left here with that bear. I'm afraid."

"I can telephone."

"No, no! And let the whole world know I'm here this way? Not in the least."

"You've been safe with me," said I quietly. "At least, I haven't tried to massacre you, as you have me."

She only bit her lip. "I said you did not understand," she replied.

"I'll make one suggestion," I ventured. "Yes?"

"There are some uniforms and things here—Billy Hammond's, you know, who lived here. He wasn't so tall as I am. You know how women dress nowadays out here in the West—if you can manage about the trousers, perhaps the flannel shirt would do."

I pointed to the dresser in the bedroom, the door of which was open. "I'll go feed Billy," said I. "Billy and I are having a hard time this morning."

Draped in the Navajo, she motioned me out coldly. In ten minutes I knocked. There met me an astonishingly trim young officer, with campaign hat, khaki shirt, breeches and all—the latter much puffed at the waist but not ungracious. Suzanne held the puttees in her hand, and she had no shoes.

"He had a cook once," I ventured. "I'll see." By sheer luck I found in the wood-box a discarded pair of canvas sneakers about five sizes too large but offering hope. But my lady meantime had found other cause for criticism.

"This is one fine place," she remarked. "Such pictures! So this is the way men live when they are alone!"

She pointed to the walls, which had been adorned in accordance with Billy Hammond's taste. I was obliged to admit that my friend's taste had been somewhat catholic as to dramatic stars whose paucity of apparel left the eye fairly free to pass upon the classic quality of their charms. Before now I had not thought much about Billy Hammond's pictures. Now I flushed as though personally guilty.

"I don't blame you for blushing," remarked Suzanne keenly. "I compliment you on your taste in beauty."

I bowed and did not defend myself as to Billy's choice in decorations. "I'm sorry they're so large," I said, now handing her the shoes which once had been worn of woman.

"With an extra pair of socks, they'll do," was her business-like comment.

Again she retired, and this time, when she reappeared, she had made shift, puttees and all, although the canvas shoes might have seemed a trifle sketchy to an exacting military eye.

IN any garb she would have been beautiful, and I could not call her new outfit unbecoming. She had her hair high under her hat; and now she was rolling

up her wet bathing-suit in one paper after another, at the table. Her attitude toward me had changed once more. It was disapproval she showed, when she swept another gaze about the room.

"Women!" she exclaimed. "Women! Is that all a man thinks about, then?"

"Yes, Suzanne, it is," said I, "until he finds the one woman. But why not? Your own mother said she would raise her daughters, if she had a hundred of them, to be fit for life and loving. She said she would try to teach them what men really were, and then would pray that each might find a fit one among them all. From the first time I saw you I hated my own infirmity. I conquered it—for you. I gave my rib for you. I made an image in my heart of you alone, Suzanne. If you don't think I'm good enough to love you, the one woman out of them all, then don't ever think of me again. But your own mother—"

"You seem to have had quite a lot to do with my own mother. I suppose you've been talking. Fine of you!"

"Your mother is as sweet a woman as ever was," said I. "And by the way, since I have waited more than a month to see her, I'm going down with you to the hotel. I shall tell her all about your intruding on me unmasked—I must do that, of course. At least, I shall not need to explain to her that I did not kiss you at the door. She knows nothing of that."

She went suddenly pale again. I saw the swift tears start in her eyes, the actual tears. "Forgive me," I exclaimed, too late, and I tried to take down her hands from her eyes. "If you had run me through, it would have served me right. I ask your pardon—there was no kiss at all. But so help me God, Suzanne, one day there will be. Good-by."

She wept, even after she had stepped outside the door, with my eyes I followed her through the window, watching her as she walked, head high, straight and firm. I knew her feet were bleeding, but she never winced.

Again I flung myself into a chair, feeling that the morning had bettered my chances but very little—feeling indeed that I had made two capital errors in strategy. A girl may weep, yes; and that is when you may comfort her. But when she leaves you with tears still in her eyes, the chances are good that another may be the one to dry those tears.

CHAPTER VII

AT three that afternoon I found it impossible longer to stave off my restlessness. Although I vowed I would walk up the mountain to the hot springs, I walked precisely in the opposite direction.

The day was splendid. The gate of the valley which comes in from the east, beyond the near-by river, now was lighted full by the sun's westerly position. The gray face of Mount Everts was picked out in detail. The entire panorama of the mountains was beautiful, well nigh as free of change from God's original imprint as when the first adventurers came hither to tell of a region of miracles.

I loved it all, as I always had. But

now I saw it in a haze even under the brilliant illumination of the sun, not yet old. Although I had not forced my company upon Suzanne when she left, I found my feet now following hers down the walk she had taken; so I came to the parade ground which makes the civic center at Yellowstone. The formal row of stone houses, which once made the officers' quarters, was drear and somber as ever. The motor-coaches had gone for the day from the hotel, and there passed now only the scattered cars of individual tourists, streaming through. A group of horseback folk came by. A sober pack-train of a dozen mules, under guidance of a ranger, headed out toward the hills.

THE long verandas of the hotel usually were not so crowded at that hour of the day; but there, by good fortune, I found at once the long-absent Mrs. Collingsworth whom I sought.

She was sitting on one foot in an armchair, quite contentedly, busy with needle and silks at a bit of linen stretched over a hoop—which labor she executed without the aid of glasses. At least she knew me—although the dimple which she staged warned me of some inner amusement of which her greeting did not speak.

I drew up a chair beside her and plunged at once into the middle of my errand—first complaining that I had come out a month earlier than there had been need of, and had been waiting ever since.

"But why did you not call, Major?" she asked. "Why did you not write me? Why did you not telephone? We would have told you all about our plans."

"Mrs. Collingsworth, because I had delicacy about it—because I was proud—because also I was such a fool!"

Then I told her of the *contretemps* through which I had that day learned of her own presence—told her all that had happened regarding Suzanne's call—all except the real reason for our duello with the foils.

"And I must say your daughter swings a nasty foil," I concluded. "I vow, I believe she would beat me in time. Has she always been at these things—swimming, fencing, riding and all that?"

Mrs. Collingsworth nodded gravely. "Especially swimming. If I had a hundred daughters,—which I have remarked is quite impossible,—I would live in mortal terror for fear they would all disrobe every time they saw a swimming pool. Suzanne is mad about the water."

"But still," she went on, "if I did have so many daughters, I would see to it that they should dance, ride, swim and fence. Boxing, of course, no. But what will make a man's body fit, will serve also for a woman's, though few women seem to realize that."

"You see, I have always had a few theories regarding all my hundred daughters," she sighed gently. "Of course, it serves Suzanne right. She should have waited till her chaperon had had her coffee, at least. Nowadays girls will be boys. What can I do?" She spread out one hand resignedly.

"The only hope I have," she continued, "is that all my hundred daughters in one will get her fill of bathing at Del Monte



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—I hear the water of Monterey Bay is cold. I hope she freezes! I'd like a little of her company myself once in a while." "Del Monte—Monterey?" I said. "Then you are going on to California! Of course, not at once?"

"Dear Major," she smiled, "not until you have had opportunity to get at least a little of the worth of your wasted time here! Of course you will follow us. They always do." She smiled a trifle ruefully, I thought.

"Men make a great nuisance in my life, Major. I hardly have time to sleep. There is no place we can escape them. They follow us even here—when they do not precede us and lie in wait."

I saw her cast an eye toward the platform in front of the great hotel door, where the cars pulled in and where the horseback parties usually mounted and dismounted. As my gaze followed hers, I saw what made me catch my breath in a sudden sense of injury.

The young man who rode up and dismounted was well-looking enough and well-turned out; but I knew him at first glance. It was Jimmy Blandsford, of Chicago!

And there came down the steps to meet him, as he stood holding the bridle reins of the mount he led, a girl whose sheer fervid beauty drew the gaze of every person on the gallery. She was fastening her glove, crop under her arm. Her park costume was faultless. She herself was faultless. The sight of her set loose again in my heart all of the old madness, Suzanne!

So, then, so soon, another indeed had dried her tears! Oh, fool that I had been, to remind a woman of a kiss! With fortune favoring me, when I could have been kind, gentle, gallant, anything, with her in my own company—how little had I improved my shining hour! I well knew no such hour would shine again for me.

She was up in her saddle lightly, carelessly, rode as I had seen her ride, automatically well. As she passed us, she saluted, and Blandsford raised his hat. Mrs. Collingsworth waved her embroidery hoop half a foot or so. I rose; but I could not be sure she knew me; Blandsford I was certain did not. Something struck me as additionally familiar in the pleasant equestrian picture that they made.

"Why, that's Danny!" I exclaimed. "Did you bring him away out here?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Collingsworth carelessly. "We nearly always take Danny along wherever we go. Suzanne doesn't like to ride any other horse."

It seemed to me that the Collingsworth family surely had a way with them, but I accepted this instance as a part of their kaleidoscopic methods.

"Do you know," I began cheerfully, "Danny was the excuse, and the only excuse, I had in mind when I called that night last winter."

"But you quite forgot to inquire for Danny's health! He's quite well now, thank you. I thought at the time you had come about Suzanne. Indeed, you said so, Major."

Her forehead wrinkled. Her face grew graver. "Did you speak to her this morning?"

"Yes. I ought not to have done so, but I did. I told her that I loved her, told even there. I upbraided her."

"Tut-tut!" She laid a swift hand lightly on my sleeve. Again it seemed to me that her face was vague with trouble as she spoke. "But believe me, I like you awfully well, Major. It was lovely of you—about Danny."

We both laughed. By this time the riders were out of sight, across the hill.

"We have dances every evening, I understand, Major," resumed Mrs. Collingsworth. "The zero hour is nine. You will be down?"

I said I would—although I had resolved never to see Suzanne again.

But I did.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN I started up the hill for my own quarters, I caught myself almost looking over my shoulder, almost dreading some subtle influence whose real nature I could not fathom. Suzanne's mother was as inscrutable as Suzanne herself. She raised no bar against me, true; but dimple and all considered, I almost mislabeled that even Suzanne's mother gently was mocking me. Once more I vowed never to meet Suzanne again.

But I did meet her again that very night. And this time, as I shall explain, of all the shocks that merry maid had given me, I received the very worst and the one most nearly unsustainable.

Nervous and restless as I was, I found it impossible to remain away from the hotel until the dancing hour; and having arrived so early, I spent some time mooning about the parade walks, gazing at the long rows of lighted windows of the great hotel.

The hotel dances, made up among tourists few of whom spent more than one night at this entry point, were more or less catch-as-catch-can in their quality. A few, sternly resolved to show their social standing, appeared in evening dress and diamonds—women, of course, rather than men going to this pains. Of the latter not many wore even dinner dress. Rather a delightful flavor of the out of doors, for the most part, marked the assemblage. One saw blazers and sweaters, flannels, soft collars and everywhere was the military note of khaki and puttees, affected by men and women alike. As to the idea of correctness in wilderness attire, the most interesting diversity was in evidence among the women, young and old; a vast preference for trousers manifesting itself even in the instances of many elderly ladies who should have known much better. For myself, I was content with tennis costume; and when, after the first blare of the jazz orchestra had begun to fill the rotunda with its motley crew, I was disposed to approve Mrs. Collingsworth when I saw her enter, garbed as when I had left her on the gallery, in Norfolk jacket and skirt of gray tweed.

She found a seat; but for a time I held back, not keen to play too much the part of the lovesick swain. My own *amour propre* was somewhat bruised. So I busied myself at the counters of the curio shops or read again the volumes of

wit manufactured for tourist purposes—even turned over some of the impossible Indian articles, moccasins, beaded bags, miniature canoes, and the like, all fresh from New England factories.

Having spent some time in feigning nonchalance, at length with equally feigned surprise—or so I fancied—I turned and saw Mrs. Collingsworth, dimple and all. She was sitting in a rocking-chair at the farther end of the lobby, with her embroidery hoop still in hand.

"I saw you all the time," she said, smiling. "Of course I saw that you saw me."

"No, I missed you—you looked so like a young school-teacher on vacation," I asseverated.

"Thank you, Major. Now you feel obliged to ask me to dance. In advance I refuse—I am too lazy. I shall dance by proxy."

She raised her eyes. Suzanne must have entered just as my back was turned toward the door. The direction of the eyes of all the dowagers on the floor pointed toward her as with index fingers. It was Suzanne; and following her came Jimmy Blandsford, emerging from some waiting place. When the orchestra began, they swept into the first dance together.

I must say for Blandsford that he danced well. He knew every step now or recently fashionable. But when the music, billowy and freakish for the most part, made it possible, he and his partner swept into the long, smooth rhythm of the waltz. I alone of all who saw her knew that her feet were bleeding in her boots.

Suzanne had disdained to change her riding-costume, but that mattered little. She danced unconsciously, dreamily, her eyes languid—danced as it is given to but few to dance. I admired her, but I was not happy.

With the last strident bray of the saxophone, the first number ended and the dancers broke into groups and pairs. I saw Suzanne coming toward me. Upon occasion I had seen a screaming Uhlan coming toward me, automatic in hand, and had feared him less.

Of course I knew Jimmy Blandsford only as a friend, nor had I reason to believe he even understood me to be a rival. We met in business, at the clubs, socially here or there, and I had not the slightest reason to dislike his sunny disposition, more than I had disposition to discount his rapid success in his own chosen profession. Therefore, naturally, only conventionalities passed between us now, after Jimmy's first frank and manly surprise at seeing me here. He seemed to think it quite natural that he should be here, that Danny should be here, and Suzanne and Suzanne's mother—but as to me he looked surprised; that was all. As he turned away, he assumed an open and arrogant ownership of Suzanne, even in her mother's presence. "Of course," said he, as he passed, "I might jar loose for one dance."

The musicians were again assuming threatening attitudes. He looked toward Suzanne, who smiled at me finely. Before I had time to think, the music blared

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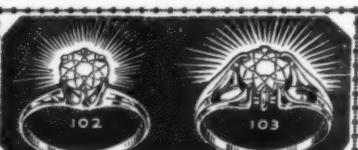
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again, and Suzanne and I were swept away.

For the first time in my life, I might almost have said, I was face to face with the woman I loved, under conditions which gave me at least half a chance to say a word, though that word were no more than a farewell.

She danced with the same dreamy abandon, drifting as light as the blown down of the cottonwoods in spring. Her eyes were veiled. But I needed not to guide her; it was all automatic with this lissome, yielding body, which I myself knew was strong as steel.

I exulted that now I also was strong as any man. We went on in the luxury of silence. Once in a while I would catch the frank smile she gave me, her teeth white against the brown tan of her face. She danced as naturally, as carelessly, as she rode or swam or fenced.

It was all too short. I felt that this was the last dance for me.

"You are going on to the Coast," I said at last. "Your mother spoke of Del Monte. It is lovely there."

"You have been there?"

"Oh, yes, often. It is the most beautiful place in the world. You will love it."

"And are you not going on this year?"

Her artlessness cut me. "Have you no heart at all?" I whispered.

"Why, yes," she answered, amusedly. "A little, maybe."

"I am not seeking fractional interests. If I can't have all a girl's heart, I want none. I can't go to Del Monte, because there are some things too hard for any man to bear."

At that moment a large lady, in very ill-fitting trousers, who was dancing with her son, who wore very ill-fitting knickerbockers, had the bad taste to bump into us; so I could not look into Suzanne's eyes. I did not think she was smiling. "Moriturus te saluto," I said at last, as I saw our dance number about to end. "Good-by. At least I hope you find I dance better than I fence. When you were up at my house this morning, I made rather a bad showing, it seemed to me."

"I beg pardon?" She did not raise her head.

"I refer to our little *rencontre* this morning—up at my place, you know. But what a marvel of fortitude a woman can be! Your poor feet—how you must suffer in your riding boots."

Now she smiled. "You're such a grand little joker," said she. "I don't know what you mean, I'm sure; but I guess it's all right."

"Mean? I meant only the one delirious moment you came to my roof, my fire—when you and I were alone. I'll never fence with you again. My honor—that place is sore yet where you struck me!"

It seemed to me her color rose a trifle; then lightly she made one of the most extraordinary speeches I ever heard of her in all my life.

"I don't go to gentlemen's houses," said she, "not usually. As for fencing—if ever we really should do that for the first time, I'd make you apologize for what you said, although I'm sure I don't in the least know what you mean."

Traitor, again she had denied my love! While I ought not to have been surprised at that, I felt myself redder to the eyes, thunder struck at her sheer audacity. I bowed as I left her.

"It is time for one so young and simple as myself to be safe under cover at his home," I said to Mrs. Collingsworth after a time. "Good-by. I shall not meet you at Del Monte."

She looked up at me, the dimple missing.

Never have I been so full of chagrin and mortification, as I was when I stepped out into the moonlight, after making my adieux to these strange persons. The silent mountains mocked me. The stars, additionally brilliant here, were cold. The moon assumed an icy malevolence in the chill of the mountain night. The murmur of the water jets seemed but to be indulging grass to grow upon a grave.

I crossed over the parade on the diagonal walk. It led near to a clump of cedars, black as ink in the moonlight, funereal at any time, and now many-fold more so than in the sunlight. The silent cedars did indeed surround a grave. Age-old themselves, they grew on the brink of a grave that was even older—the inverted cone of a geyser, extinct no man may say how long.

Often I had looked into this hollow cavern, wondering how long since its hot mutiny at confinement had last flung its protest white-hot into the sky—none might say how often. It was a heart-shaped cavity—a dead heart of the wild world where forces primordial fight one with the other endlessly.

It was my own heart! For even as now my blood had leaped in protest at restraint, breaking out in violence at every sight or thought of her—so now I knew my heart one day would lie active no more, but forever empty, dead and gray. I had loved madly, hotly enough, it is true, but honorably after all, playing man's greatest game as fairly as I knew. What result for fairness had I had in return?

I could hear the mocking jazz blaring across the parade, screaming its demoniacal notes, fit for a day of hysteria. The number ended with a maniac wail. I looked into the geyser grave and felt that all the world had gone quite mad.

I hardly knew when I reached my own veranda and heard Billy grumbling to himself beneath the flooring. So, as Mr. Pepys would say, "Good night," yet there was no sleep for me.

One thing at least, however, was sure—I would never follow Suzanne to Montreal.

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THE FURY OF THE SHEEP

(Continued from page 78)

one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and offered two hundred thousand—enough to insure the future well-being of his children in perpetuity.

And the beauty of it was that, although he had gained his ends by trickery and a fraud which, at any other time, his honesty would have refused even to consider, Paul's conviction in the value of his discovery told him that even as it stood no court could find the transaction fraudulent.

He pulled himself together with an effort. "Call it a deal, then," said he with a weariness which was not assumed. "To include my ten-per-cent royalty, of course! But it's got to be put through immediately. My health is failing, and I want to get away. I'll have the contracts drawn tomorrow, and I shall look for your certified check for two hundred thousand to be handed me on signing up. If you want to make a turnover, the chances are that John will give you a quarter of a million for it."

"Is there anything that John can do to block it?" David asked.

"No," Paul answered. "I'll take care of that. But to save trouble, we'll not let John know anything about it until it's done."

"He wont from me," said David grimly.

Paul rose. "Meet me at Blackwell & Stone's law offices tomorrow at two o'clock," said he, "with your certified check." And with a brief nod he turned and went out into the still humid night.

PAUL REVEUR was making pretense of working in the laboratory when John Force entered.

"Well," said the capitalist nervously, "we might as well go round and get our contracts signed up and witnessed. I had it out last night with David, and I guess you're out of a job. He'll be taking over the running of this plant."

"Let me see the papers," said Paul listlessly.

John took a long envelope from his pocket, handed it to Paul, then sank heavily into the wicker armchair.

"David raised hell," said John. "I told him he was making a mistake to fire you before he could get a chemist to take your place. Anyhow it doesn't matter much—"

"No," murmured Paul, "it doesn't matter much."

He took the papers and examined them.

"Of course, I'll see that you and the missus and the kids don't suffer until we start our operations," said John magnanimously.

Paul did not answer. He satisfied himself that the papers were all there. Then as though remembering something, he stepped to the electric furnace. John, watching him indifferently, did not realize what was happening until, like one in a trance, he saw Paul open the furnace door, thrust in the envelope and close the door again.

John gasped and floundered to his feet. "My God!" he roared. "What are you doing? Are you crazy?"

Paul turned and faced him, his dark eyes glowing like the incandescent heart of the furnace. His hand slipped into the side pocket of his coat.

"The deal is off," said he quietly.

"Wha-wha-what?" panted John, his face purpling, veins distended on forehead and temples, and a murderous light streaming from his eyes.

"I say that our deal is off," said Paul slowly, and met John's stare with one of such abysmal hatred that the fires in John's eyes were quenched. "I'd starve and see my family starve before I'd pour money into the pockets of a swine like you. Do you see this?"

He drew his hand from his pocket, and in it lay an automatic pistol. "Well, if I ever see you talking to my wife again, I'll pour its contents into you."

He picked up his hat and went out of the laboratory and crossed the yard, at the gate of which a taxi was waiting for him. Giving the address of the well-known law-firm, Paul sank back and tried to control the hammering of his heart.

It did not take long to draw up the necessary papers, including the assignment of the patent process and the contract by which Paul was to receive his royalties. The business was being concluded when David entered. He looked at Paul with a peculiar expression on his sardonic face.

"John seems upset this morning," said he, and gave a wolfish grin.

"Maybe he'll feel better when he learns that you kept the proposition in the family," Paul answered—at which David laughed outright. It occurred to Paul that probably this would be the last laugh in which this other object of his hatred was apt to indulge for a very long time to come.

The business was quickly concluded, and as Paul placed the certified check in his pocket, he turned to David.

"Now you might go back and rub it into John," said he. "But don't let anything he says upset you. No contract is valid until it's signed and witnessed—" And David was puzzled at the extraordinary expression which crossed the face of his late employee.

Paul proceeded to the Trust Company, where he deposited his check to a new account and at once drew a considerable sum of money. He also rented a small safe-deposit box in which he locked up his contract with David. Then signaling a taxi, for not only did he feel suddenly weak but also able to afford the luxury, he was driven out to his small, shabby house in the shabby suburb where it stood.

Through the window his wife saw him and was struck with alarm at the pallor of his face and his unaccustomed means of transportation. She flew out and down the steps and passed a robust arm around him.

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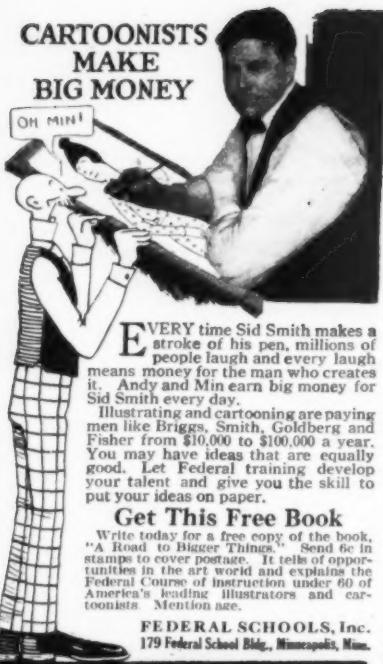
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"Are you ill, dear?" she asked solicitously, for beneath her selfish frivolity she was not unkind.

Paul Reveur did not answer. He permitted himself to be assisted into the house. The baby was asleep, and the elder children still at school. Sinking into a chair, he looked up at his wife with shining eyes.

"I've signed my contract," he said.

Florence looked dismayed. "Oh, Paul!" she said. "I'm so sorry. I tried to get you on the phone, but you had left the plant."

"What did you want?"

"I meant to beg you not to sign."

"Why not?"

A sudden color flamed in her pretty face. "Because I could not bear to think of your pouring money into the pockets of John Force."

"You seem to have changed your mind about him," Paul muttered.

Her color deepened, but her eyes rested steadily on his.

"I have," she answered. "I thought he wanted to be a friend. He told me so last night when you were at the laboratory. But this morning, after you had

left, he came here, and—I learned what his friendship would be worth. I told him never to come near us again, and then I tried to get you on the telephone and tell you not to sign and not to work for him another hour—no, not if it meant starvation." The tears gushed into her eyes. "Oh, Paul, now you've gone and signed!"

PAUL rose, his face radiant, and caught her in his arms.

"It's all right, dear," said he. "I've signed—but not with John. Now go and pack."

"Pack?"

"Yes. We're going to the seashore. But wait a minute. I'd better call up the office and tell David Force that he'll have to hire another chemist."

He limped to the telephone, got the connection and said: "This is Mr. Paul Reveur. I want to speak to Mr. David Force."

The answer came in agitated tones. "You'll have to call him at his house—but I don't believe he'll answer. There's been some trouble and he's—he's gone home sick."

BULLS AND BUCKERS

(Continued from page 88)

a chewin' each other's ears awhile ago, just like calves in a pasture."

"My lord, Lonnie, but you're discouraging!" complained Ade. "You sure are!"

Halter-led outlaw horses to the number of a dozen, tossing, plunging and rearing, had been entering the arena for the last five minutes and were being parked at convenient intervals about it.

"First bucking-horse rider," bawled the horseman with the megaphone, "Lonnie Williams on Man-killer-r-r."

This Anonymous was Man-killer, then, indeed; and the judges were keeping faith with the public by announcing the real name of the terrible animal which modest, shy Lonnie Williams was going to attempt to ride.

"Well, good luck, doggone your hide! Good luck!" Ade slapped his friend heartily upon the back.

Lonnie's face was like the sun. "Gee, but I'm lucky," he chuckled, and saddle on shoulder, bucking reins over his arm, he went out into the middle of the arena to meet Man-killer. The horse, an ugly brown animal, dun about the legs, seemed to identify his antagonist at once. He laid back his ears and greeted him with a vicious squeal.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Lonnie, and laying his saddle on the ground, held in his hand a piece of gunny-sacking about eight inches wide by sixteen long.

NOW the process of accoutering and mounting an outlaw horse has developed for itself a very particular technique. It requires two tame horses of solid weight and two expert riders of good courage. Lonnie was fortunate in drawing for his helpers a pair of Bills—Bill Handley and Bill Hughes. Bill Handley—who in the maturity of middle

life rode a frolicsome bronco as successfully and indefatigably as in his youth he had ridden a fishing boat on the storm-tossed waves about the Scilly Islands where he was born—worked his chunky buckskin close to Man-killer, while tall Bill Hughes, tough as tripe but courteous even to outlaw horses, dismounted temporarily, and placing Bill's buckskin strategically between himself and a possible clout from a flying hoof, drew the outlaw's head firmly but gently toward him by means of the halter-rope. At the same time Lonnie, also behind a thick barrier of horseflesh, inserted one end of the gunny-sacking under his side of the halter while Bill Handley from his mounted position essayed the delicate task of drawing the other end under on his side, thus blindfolding Man-killer. Each move of the three men was as swift, as expert, as delicate as if he understood that he was dealing with eleven hundred pounds of the touchiest high explosive that had ever been put together. Each knew enough of horses to understand that this ugly brown renegade was likely to think of and put into execution at any moment something that a horse had never been known to try before.

Most horses fought the blindfolding and stood stupid when it was accomplished. Just to prove that he was different, Man-killer, after a vicious snap of his long yellow teeth that would have taken some of the tenderloin out of Bill Handley's back if the watchful Bill Hughes had not on the instant jerked the halter another way, submitted rather docilely to the adjustment of the blindfold, but once it was in place began to rear and plunge, kicking out with his heels and striking with his forefeet. To meet this maneuver Bill Hughes was instantly in the saddle again and with his

stout calico swung in on one side while Handley did the same thing on the other. This pinching process rendered Man-killer's antics futile and brought him down on all fours stolidly prepared, out of past experience, for what would happen next.

Reaching over the buckskin's back, Lonnie Williams began carefully to lower his saddle into position. Man-killer leaped at the first touch, then subsided again and craftily suffered the stirrups to come down upon his sides, the girth to be slapped under his belly; but when, of necessity, Lonnie had to draw near to tighten the girth, with no wall of horseflesh between, the outlaw started rapid fire with all his hoofs at once. Lonnie bounded to one side, missing miraculously the blows that were intended to destroy him, while the saddle was bucked higher than Bill Hughes' lofty head.

At the next touch of the leather, Man-killer varied matters by sitting down like a sullen dog. Now, one cannot cinch a girth when one's steed is sitting down. Lonnie therefore invited Man-killer to arise by several well-known methods without success; but when, slightly impatient, he seized a sulking ear aggressively between his white sharp teeth, Man-killer got up suddenly with a plunge and a forward swipe of his hoofs that was again cunningly designed to annihilate. But Lonnie Williams had done a little designing himself. Clumsy and awkward as seem the movements of a cowboy in his high-heeled boots, these movements may be lightning swift, and Lonnie stood at one side scathless and laughing.

DISGUSTED, Man-killer suffered the saddle at last. The real conflict was not yet—could not be until this hateful two-legged thing was on his back; and then the horse, out of a long experience of ultimate victories, knew what he would do to him. So he bided his time. The saddle was cinched—tight. The bucking-strap was adjusted about the flanks—a device guaranteed to assure more bucks out of a horse than the animal himself might be aware were in him. The stout leather bucking reins—not attached, be it plainly understood, to any bit, for the horse wears none, but merely to the halter ring—were gathered in Lonnie's left hand, and his left foot was cautiously inserted in the stirrup.

The rules read:

Riders must hold reins in one hand and hat in the other and will not be permitted to change hands on reins or use other hand to take up slack, but must keep hat in air at all times, showing one hand to be free from reins, saddle, saddle strings, horse or mane. Rider's rein-hand must be absolutely free, showing "daylight from chute to pistol-shot," and must not touch any part of saddle, saddle-strings, horse or mane.

It was at this critical juncture that Adrian Anitz signaled Boss Hebron, who galloped up and bent over the finely arching neck of his admired dappled bay to hear what Adrian might desire.

"Watch this ride, Judge," Adrian pleaded. "There's dirty work going on. Somebody loosed the cinch on Lonnie's

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WHY DO MEDICAL DOCTORS OPPOSE CHIROPRACTIC?

"Great bodies move slowly," as is evidenced by the fact that the medical profession required more than 25 years to accept the discovery of the circulation of the blood by William Harvey, M. D., who was one of their own number. How much longer it will take them to accept Chiropractic nobody knows; however, it is a fact that an ever increasing number are adopting it to the exclusion of medicine.

There are some physicians no doubt who still speak disparagingly of Chiropractic, and you will find, as a rule, that those who rant the loudest know the least. Perhaps they are not entirely to blame, for if their lack of knowledge is the cause of their opposition, what is to be said of the responsibility of the patients who tell "white lies" to their family physician when he curiously inquires as to the source of their health?

When a patient whom the family doctor has treated for years for some chronic, incurable (?) disease gets well, and the physician inquires how it happened, the patient may be animated by kindness when he conceals the fact that he owes his restoration to health to Chiropractic, but he isn't doing justice to himself, the medical doctor or the Chiropractor.

In spite, however, of the bitter prejudice of some of the medical profession, and the reticence of the patients, there is an ever-increasing number of M. D.'s all over the United States and Canada who understand, appreciate and practice straight Chiropractic to the exclusion of medicine and every other method, as witness the following selected at random:

"80% of the population are afflicted with some form of spinal defect; that is the cause of so much nervousness, indigestion, headache, rheumatism, mental weakness and other grave and dangerous diseases."—W. H. Shumley, M. D.

"When Chiropractic was brought to my attention I listened to seemingly extravagant statements relative to it, and I was offended because it reflected odium on the old time-honored profession in which I no longer sincerely believe. In time it dawned on me, however, that Chiropractic patients who had from a medical standpoint been considered hopeless cases, such as those with rheumatism, diabetes, Bright's disease, infantile paralysis and many other maladies, were getting well, so that I began to read up on Chiropractic. The more I read about it, the more I saw it to be the means of true salvation from the cause of disease."—F. A. Hall, M. D., D. C., Indianapolis, Ind.

"Vertebral adjustment is an art and a therapeutic procedure founded upon the theory that pressure upon a spinal nerve by a displaced, or, more technically speaking, a subluxated, vertebra, is the physical and perpetuating cause of 95% of all cases of disease; the remaining 5% being due to subluxations of other skeletal segments."—G. H. Patchen, M. D., D. C., Editor of Health Culture.

"What the patient wants is results. If the medical doctor cannot give them to him, although he learnedly tells him what is the matter with him, and the irregular can, just so long those methods of treatment are going to have followers, and rightly, too."—Richard Cabot, M. D., Chief, Medical Staff, Massachusetts General Hospital.

"Chiropractic truth is so simple, so mathematically exact, that it seems too good to be true."—Lee W. Edwards, M. D., Omaha, Neb.

"Clinical records show that there is hardly a recognized form of disease that cannot be successfully treated by Chiropractic adjustments."—D. T. Krudrop, M. D., in Technical World Magazine.

"In the acute cases one gets marvelous results. Do not be afraid of such cases. In adjustments you have absolute control, and after a little experience you will soon realize you have an unequalled health system in your hands. I am in better shape to say that, because I have gone through every stage of 'mixing,' until today I am an out and out Chiropractor."—Yours truly, Frederick L. Fischer, M. D., D. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Chiropractic has passed through its trial stages; its years when the teaching was filled with errors; when men and women entered its ranks for the easy money there was in it, instead of the love for the betterment of the human race, and to alleviate human sufferings. The number of the educated classes that now testify to the efficacy of Chiropractic, lifts it out of the experimental stage into a science that mankind will bless."—By D. T. Krudrop, M. D.

"Results are what count, and Chiropractic adjustments, when scientifically given, bring them, notwithstanding what our medical friends (?) may say to the contrary."—(Signed) Wm. A. Seeley, M. D., D. C.

"Chiropractic reaches successfully a larger number of so-called chronic diseases, and is so much superior to the drug method that it is truly laughable to compare them."—Alfred Walton, M. D., Philadelphia.

"Chiropractic removes the cause of disease more promptly, radically and permanently than any other known method."—Dr. G. H. Patchen, Editor, Health Culture.

"I have been keeping my eyes open and observing cases under Chiropractic adjustments. I am convinced of the superior merit of this form of health practice."—Yours truly, H. G. Gould, M. D., Nephi, Utah.

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steer after he had it tight. That's how he got pitched off."

The obliging smile was wiped off Hebron's sun-reddened face. "Are you bull-riding or bull-throwing," he inquired sarcastically, resenting an implied reflection. "Don't tell me anybody slipped a thing like that over on Lonnie Williams. He's too smart."

The *rodeo*-boss straightened in his stirrups.

"All the same, you watch this ride," urged Ade unabashed.

"Of course I'll watch it," snapped the boss, and galloped over to where a starter's pistol was about to crack.

Bang!

With an elastic movement, incredibly swift, Lonnie was in the saddle. As his right foot found its complementary stirrup, his right hand swept the black Texas hat from his head, and Bill Handley plucked the blind from the outlaw's eyes. Man-killer snorted, shook his head and stared as if suddenly he had rediscovered the world and wanted to be sure it was that same old world which had been shut from his view a few minutes before.

The rules, after providing that "spurs with rowels so sharp that their use would cut up horses cannot be used," provided further that "rider must spur horse twice in both shoulders during first five jumps," and "credit will be given the rider for as much more spurring as he is able to do."

As Lonnie Williams delivered his first prescribed stimulating prod, Man-killer displayed surprise and resentment by leaping half over the calico cow-pony in front of him; whereupon tall Bill Hughes displayed both discretion and horsemanship by popping spurs where they would cause the instant removal of Calico and himself from the immediate scene of action. Lonnie raked the ugly shoulders again, but Man-killer needed no further challenge to do his worst. He was already at it. He leaped violently skyward and proceeded to have something like a convulsion in mid-air. What goes up must come down, but when Man-killer came down, it was with torso forming a perfect arch and legs landing stiffly upon the ground in soul-jarring impacts that must have shaken Lonnie Williams from nadir to zenith. As if he had found something he really liked, Man-killer repeated these aerial convulsions and with each jarring landing sent forth a vicious, uncanny squeal.

BUT Lonnie Williams answered every squeal with a taunt. "What you got, Man-killer? Show me! Show me what you got!" he jeered, and with each jeer smote the horse about the ears with his wildly waving hat. But Man-killer had a good deal. He proceeded at once to demonstrate that variety was the spice of his performance. He shook, he shimmied, he put on exhibition a side-winder movement of the spine that was snake-like and ended each time in a whip-cracker movement that was terrible to withstand. He tried shadow-boxing at an altitude of about sixteen feet. He gave an imitation of trying to climb a rope-ladder let down from heaven. He displayed an ambition to put both forefeet into the fuselage of the exhibition

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airplane just then soaring over the arena, and failing that, took a stunning nose-dive that ought to have unseated any rider.

"That all you got, Man-killer? That all you got?" teased Lonnie, exulting; whereupon the horse bethought him of another trick in his box. This was that he could rear so high and straight that he could fall over backwards, take a roll or two and thus demolish his rider. He put this project into execution, but Lonnie Williams did not seem to mind particularly. He was not in the saddle when Man-killer swallowed, but when the horse ascended on all fours again, Lonnie ascended also, to the compliment of wide wild cheers in which it is feared even the judges forgot themselves and joined.

"He's giving him one hell of a ride!" exclaimed Ade exuberantly to his brother Jay.

BUT Man-killer was a fast worker. He did not let up for a second. Evincing amazement and disgust, with nostrils fiery red and much of the white of wild eyes showing, but with determination undaunted, he began then to put on a sort of jugglery act. This appeared first to consist of an attempt to stand on his chin, which approximated the ground just between his forefeet while his hind legs kicked valiantly at the stars. Then, with subtle celerity, the hind hoofs were withdrawn from heaven and planted just as near the front ones as they could stand. It was a movement which, if Major Ball had happened to be over from the Presidio at Monterey, he must have immediately adopted as a setting-up exercise for soft recruit cavalry horses; but with Man-killer it was meant to be an upsetting exercise for human recruits. It sent a powerful seismic tremor along the arched back with a violent centrifugal motion tending to hurl off into ulterior space any foreign body which might for the moment have attached itself to the curving horseflesh. But Lonnie Williams stuck!

"What you got, Man-killer? What you got?" he taunted—though his voice was now a little tired, betraying the severity of the physical exertion he was being called upon to make and to endure.

Man-killer answered with another of his vicious squeals and promptly did the thing most feared in a bucking-horse in the arena. He ceased to buck. He bolted. Directly in his path squatted the whole group of bucking-horse riders waiting for their turns, Adrian among them. Man-killer went through them like a brown streak as they rolled hither and yon, aiming vicious kicks at the suddenly abandoned saddles which cumbered his path. Before him now was that high fence which hemmed in the arena, five feet of sound planking and four more of stout smooth wire woven into a rococo pattern that was supposed to be as ornamental as it was useful.

As the horse upreared for this mighty leap, the flushed features of the rider were lifted clear into view before the entire grandstand—lifted and lighted with a triumphant smile.

"Oh, boy!" cried Susie Connors. "Oh, boy, what a ride!" And she clapped her hands.

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But as Man-killer went over, his hind feet caught in that rococo wire, and he fell with a mighty crash into the broad level of the home-stretch. Horsemen made a dash for the floundering animal to noose him as he rose. A dozen men leaped over the rail and rushed to pick up Lonnie Williams, lying still and white; but the first hand that touched his was a feminine hand, and the first voice that sounded in his ear was a girl's voice, soft and pleading for him to please be alive. For, like a pink flash, Susie Connors, as athletic as she was pretty, had swung down from her box to the rail and vaulted to the track.

Startled dark eyes flew open. "Me," flushed Lonnie, apologetic, even while gasping for breath. "Oh, I'm not hurt. Just resting a minute is all. Gee, Susie! Get back up there before your pa sees you. Wait, I'll help you back."

Tougher than tungsten steel, the young man sat up and put one hand on the top of his head, the other under his chin, and twisted experimentally. "The old bean's still attached," he murmured with grim satisfaction. "Gee!"

A HUNDRED hands, it seemed, were helping him to his feet, brushing the dust from his back, feeling him over for possible fractures and dislocations and cheering enthusiastically when he shrugged them all off and stepped out, shaken, but with his wiry frame still articulated in all its several parts. For a few minutes confusion reigned in Lonnie's mind. Nothing that transpired was very clear. He rather came to with the sight of Susie back in her box once more and gazing down upon him solicitously. Then Adrian was beside him with his saddle, which willing hands had retrieved from the back of the indomitable Man-killer.

"He—he pitched me off—the darn brute," recalled Lonnie with a gulp of despair. "I'm lost now—plumb lost."

"Lost!" snorted Ade. "You give these people a ride they never saw before. Hear 'em cheerin' yeh! Hear that hand-clapping! That's for you, old-timer."

Lonnie listened—Adrian looking at him queerly—listened wonderingly, incredulously.

"Say, Ade," he complained, carrying his saddle through the narrow gate leading back into the arena, "did you see Brown Jack look at me when he swung off his horse there? Frowned at me just like he thought I was trying to delay the show a-purpose."

"No, I didn't see him," replied Ade disgustedly, "but I saw this little Miss Susie drop out of that box of hers and rush over there among humans and hoofs and go to pawing you over like she loved you to plumb distraction."

"Shucks," argued Lonnie. "That's just her sympathy. She'd 'a' done that way if it was one of those colored boys. That's the kind of a girl Susie is. She's so—so darn human. And then I had to go and fall off right in front of her. Bet she thinks I did it a-purpose, trying to make her sorry for me or something."

"You poor mutt!" groaned Ade.

"That fall don't count," sympathized Paul Parker. "You rode him till he quit."

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AND ADDRESS PLAINLY WRITTEN AND WE WILL
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"Quit," moaned Lonnie. "That darn horse aint quit yet. He never squealed 'Kamerad!' that bird!"

"It's a blamed shame, after giving him such a good ride," soothed Jay; "but I figure the judges will take that ride into account."

"No, they wont—they wont take anything into account," moaned Lonnie disconsolately. With a ring in his head, pains in his back and legs, and sickening ache in his heart, the boy dropped his saddle on the ground and himself upon it, in the midst of the other riders waiting for their mounts.

The battle with the four-footed outlaws went gayly forward. A score of men had each their chance, and the falls were numerous; but there were victories also. Adrian on Wild Baby took an exciting and triumphant cruise around the arena. Shimmie-Sue gave Trent a most spectacular ride, in which he acquitted himself with his usual grace and skill and won the hearty plaudits of the stands.

"At fellow's sure got a horseshoe in every pocket, I'll say," envied Lonnie.

The bull-dogging of steers came next.

"Reckon I'll pass 'em up, Ade," said Lonnie. "I've bull-dogged three days successful."

"Reckon you *will* pass 'em up," affirmed Adrian aggressively.

"Besides, I got to get my strength together for this wild-horse race. If I can win that, I figure—"

"Wild horse!" interrupted Adrian with a look of reproach that gave way to impatience and anger. "You darn fool! Don't you know you can't ride a wild horse—after that spill you just had. You couldn't ride a hobby horse on a merry-go-round for two or three days yet, you couldn't—not till your head gets cleared. If it was clear now, you'd know you couldn't."

Lonnie looked confused and apologetic. "Shucks, Ade, I'm all right," he urged. "That little tumble-off didn't hurt me any."

"Besides, you've got to figure on Slat Jensen," warned Ade. "Somehow they're getting the cards stacked against you. Let 'em wish off another Man-killer on you, Lonnie, and your funeral will be largely attended a couple of days from now, say about Monday, two P. M., undertaking parlors of Shave and Plant. Plenty of flowers, please."

"You think you're funny, don't you?" reproached Lonnie, and rested his chin upon his hand, which itself rested upon the pommel of his saddle.

THE bull-dogging passed, and the wild-horse race was imminent. Now, a wild-horse race, properly staged, is one of the most dramatic and spectacular sights spread before the public eye in these effete modern times, and its beginnings are enacted upon the race-course immediately in front of the stands. The technique of mounting is like that employed with the chronic buckers, but with variations. The wild horses are younger and therefore smaller, less powerful but more agile, more erratic and capricious. Their movements are lightning quick. The bucker knows what is going to happen to him, for he has been through it be-

fore, and he conserves a certain amount of his strength for the real battle against the rider. The wild horse has presumably never had a rope upon his neck till now, in all his young life, never seen a crowd with all its startling manifestations, and has no idea what is going to happen to him. He conserves nothing. He fights every move against him with panting fear and wonder.

There is also a difference in the nature of the contest. The wild horse affair is a race. It must be won by speed. The contestants pray, not as with the buckers for the most spectacularly vicious animal, but for the chance of one with speed and docility that will, at the pistol-shot, break down the track in the right direction. The contestant prays it, and once getting his mount, employs all his horsemanship to that end. But as with the buckers he is hampered by rules. He is allowed no bridle. Whatever guidance he imparts to his steed must come from the nose halter alone.

THE crowd could hardly believe its eyes when Lonnie came forth to ride a wild horse after his fall. It cheered him wildly, watching his every move. His modesty did not permit him to suppose for a moment these cheers could be for him. At this moment the stretch was alive with squirming, dodging men and madly plunging horses. Groups of three or four would seize upon a horse as he came galloping excitedly or was dragged squealing and protesting in among them. Soon a dozen of these groups were intent upon the business of holding, blindfolding and saddling the fear-maddened animals. In the midst of their intentions and their struggles, additional wild ones were being continually raced in or those partly subdued were breaking loose and charging through or bolting away, frequently dragging anchor in the form of a cowboy overturned and flat but stubbornly clinging to the end of a halter. It was a miracle that every instant some man did not go down with broken frame; yet none did.

Presently horses were to be seen all over the track, in every conceivable position, sitting down, lying down, on their sides, on their backs, kicking, rolling, fighting, and with these toughly hardened, active, fearless boys all over them, or sometimes when a horse fell suddenly, temporarily *under* them. Yet somehow at last all were saddled; somehow all got upon their feet and stood about, blinds upon their eyes, heaving, helpless, yet wildly determined to free themselves from those hateful panniers upon their backs at the first opportunity.

The horses are scattered for a hundred yards from the starting line and headed in all directions. Suddenly a pistol cracks, and they are off. Riders spring into saddles; helpers whip off the blinding pieces of gunny-sack; and for one wild moment the course is all scramble and confusion—men on foot rushing for the fences to escape a barrage of flying hoofs, some riders instantly dislodged, some horses down, having cast themselves, others leaping over the fallen, and charging toward the only open space, until in one miraculous moment, and to the complete astonishment of everyone who

has not before witnessed the miracle, a race is actually on. At least a dozen of the untamed creatures, zebra-wild, frenzied by these strange, kicking, screeching things upon their backs, guided only by one mad impulse to get away, have straightened unconsciously into a race.

And Lonnie Williams, to the astonishment and also to the very great glee of the crowd, is leading, reeling weakly in the saddle, yet flinging his arms wildly, and again bringing down the black Texas hat now on flank and now on ears of his flying mount. But Richard Trent, of uncanny skill, or luck, is following close. On the back stretch the field strings out beautifully, but Lonnie still leads. He has drawn a fleet one. His body still rocks in the saddle, but he is low over the horse's withers now, urging him forward with that headlong recklessness which marks him in every activity of life save only one—that of making love.

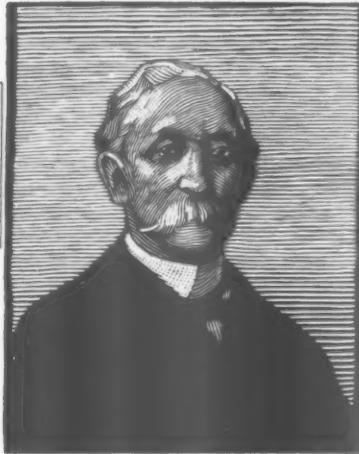
As they go into the back-turn, however, the field is drawing up. Yet when they emerge toward the stretch Lonnie is still leading by a length; but there, in the very throat of the stretch, a knot of confusion develops. A solitary man on horseback who has no business to be upon the track at all appears abruptly with his horse wildly unmanageable just in front of the onspeeding Lonnie. Dick Trent, almost as if he knew this horse were going to be there, has pulled in close to the rail and avoids him with never the missing of a stride.

But Lonnie is less fortunate. His mount, unresponsive to the sudden pull upon a halter, swerves wide in the wrong direction, crashes through the low outer rail which guards the track at this point and goes bounding out into the open field. Lonnie has lost again. And then, out of that thundering ruck of the field, comes Harold Lynch on a gaunt gray ghost that tears by Trent in the last hundred yards and wins the race.

CHEERS for Lynch, wild cheers, but brief, for this is the last event. With suspense settled, clear in its own mind that with Lonnie Williams distanced the sweepstakes prize must go to Richard Trent, this throng, like any typical American crowd, begins immediately to concern itself with the next thing. That next thing is to get out of the grounds. Already the stands arise and move *en masse* toward the gates. But in certain of the boxes superior people wait philosophically till something of the crush shall have jammed itself out.

One of those who waits thus is Susie Connors, as sweet, as cool, as unperturbed as if her heart were not beating wildly. From the track Richard Trent climbs boldly to the box and sits upon the rail. Susie greets him cordially, as she has greeted him before. Richard is a trifle disappointed, but abounding in assurance, collected and observant. He is in the midst of five or ten thousand people,—this box is at one end of the very front row,—and yet he realizes that they are alone. No one will observe particularly; no one will overhear. Richard, too, has reasons for this smirk of self-satisfaction that he wears. He did not win the race, but he won a place, and he has won the sweepstakes undoubtedly,

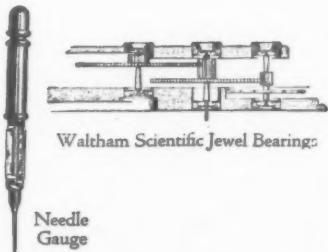
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since the rival he feared has been in this last race fortuitously distanced. At least, that distancing appears to have been fortuitous, as fortuitous as Lonnie's fall from the steer.

BUT there is one who has perceived. While Harold Lynch on his gray ghost was nosing Trent out of first place, Brown Jack on Pinto Prince was racing wrathfully up the back-stretch, uncoiling his braided leather reata as he drew near the clumsy horseman who now, with steed completely subdued, was jogging along toward the grandstand.

"This darn brute!" he began apologetically, as something of the blazing anger on Brown Jack's features carried to him; but already the rope was spinning in the air, the noose too wide, too swift, too unexpected for anyone to dodge. A human body thudded from a horse to the track, and a cloud of dust was thrown up as the momentum of Pinto Prince and the design of Brown Jack dragged Slat Jensen fifty yards around the turn, a quarter of a mile from the stands, and by this turn shut out the sight from any chance roving eye. Here Brown Jack stood over the fallen figure with his spurred heel upraised.

"Jensen," he barked, "I caught you at it that time, and I've a notion to rip your lean carcass wide open!"

Jensen, disheveled, his tousled, tawny hair swinging down over his dust-grimed countenance, gasped for breath as the rope pinched his middle.

"You parked that roan in front of Lonnie Williams and made him lose the race," accused Judge Connors.

"It was an—an accident," panted Slat. "He—he just happened to stop there."

"And was it an accident that Lonnie's bull-rigging was loose after you helped him cinch it? Was it an accident that you tried to cover up the name of this horse, Man-killer, so's Lonnie would ride him unsuspecting-like? As it was, he came damn near killing the finest lad in twenty-one counties—worth a hundred pin-head bums like you or this damn moving-picture cowboy Dick Trent, that hired you to do what you did."

"Wha—what was that you said, Mr. Connors, about—about me?" gulped Lonnie Williams, sole witness to the sudden downfall of Mr. Slat Jensen. Lonnie had tied his wild horse to the fence and left him trying to hang himself in the halter while he rushed over to the scene of action. Brown Jack Connors looked as surprised as if he had thought himself all alone in the world, save only for the writhing Slat.

"Wait till I get through kicking this bird, Lonnie, before I answer you," said he. "Get up!" He jerked Slat to his feet. "Get out of that rope," he commanded, as if the body of Slat were contamination to aught it touched. Slat, with willing fingers loosed the sliding noose which had gripped him. As it dropped to the ground, "Now get off the earth!" said Brown Jack, and planted a tremendous kick. It landed gratifyingly, and he aimed another; but the target was gone. His toe met only air. Slat had leaped the racetrack fence and was flying east by south. They watched him with a certain satisfaction on their faces.

"He's got a good stride," said the older man. "Watch 'im!" Slat Jensen aviated another fence. "He's headed straight for Dick Trent's ranch—afoot."

"Only a matter of 'bout eighteen miles across lots thataway," reflected Lonnie; and all at once a certain rare and delicious sense of chumminess between him and Brown Jack came to him, standing as they were, away out there in the curve of the track, secluded from all this vast crowd of people. A wave of warmth and courage suddenly surged over him.

"Brown Jack," he said, boring a toe into the dust of the track, as if he had been a giant doodle-bug, "I've got to get something out of my system, and I got to do it right now. I'm just about crazy over Susie."

"The hell you are!" exclaimed Brown Jack, suddenly fierce and turning on Lonnie a stiletto gaze.

"Yes, Mr. Connors, I am," responded Lonnie, standing straight all at once, dignified and forceful.

BRown JACK shrugged his shoulders. "Far as that goes," he said in that abrupt speech of his, "I reckon she's jus' as much crazy over you. She don't talk anybody else nor *anything* else."

Lonnie gaped and staggered. He twisted uneasily on his legs, hooked one spur upon the other and almost fell over in the dust of the road. "But I—I want to marry her," he explained, perceiving that Brown Jack did not take the love of the young seriously. "I asked her once," he blundered on honestly, "but she told me to ask you. I thought if I won the sweepstakes prize, why maybe I'd get jazzed up to ask you and maybe you'd get jazzed up to think enough of me to—to—" Lonnie's heart failed him utterly. "But nowt I've lost the sweepstakes—"

"Ask me?" interrupted Brown Jack surprisedly. "Well, if that's all that's eating you, why, in heaven's name, *go to it!*" Brown Jack was still so very very gruff that Lonnie almost fell over against him.

"*Go to it!*" he murmured in amazement. "You—you mean that you haven't got any objection to me as a—"

"Not a damned objection!" snapped Brown Jack Connors, looking off in the direction Slat Jensen had taken.

It was entirely like Lonnie Williams, that, with no indictments laid against him, he had to proceed and pick on himself.

"But I'm poor," he urged.

"Susie'll have enough for both of you, I reckon," boasted Connors, and then he seemed to turn and take Lonnie up freshly within the purview of his mind. "Besides, you've done pretty well for a kid of twenty-four, whose old dad didn't leave him much but a mess of debts. You got a bigger start now than I had at your age. I rather have a son-in-law that was going to leave a fortune when he died than one that had one left to him when somebody else died. Don't that seem kind of logical?"

But Lonnie Williams was by this time weaving uncertainly in his tracks, and in danger of getting tangled in his spurs again.

"You—you favor me then?" he managed to ask.

All at once Brown Jack's manner altered completely. His hard brown eyes softened and lightened unbelievably. "Lonnie Williams"—he threw an arm around the boy—"you're the man I've had picked out for Susie ever since you came home from the war. And if I'd never heard of you before, why, just what I've seen today—a boy that'll have dirt done to him and never whine about it, never show yellow—a boy that'll give Man-killer the ride he's had today and take his hard luck with a smile—that'll come back and take the wild-horse race until they gyp him out of it—well, all I've got to say is that he's the kind of a son-in-law for me."

Besides the smile and a throatiness in Brown Jack's voice, it looked as if he were going to become demonstrative out there on the old race-track and hug Lonnie Williams to his bosom.

"Excuse me," suggested Lonnie, politely and diplomatically, "but I reckon I better hurry off and ask her."

"I reckon you had," said Brown Jack, eyes twinkling. "Here—take my horse, so as you can get there quick. She'll be waiting at the box."

RICHARD TRENT up there in the box, blissfully unaware of what exposure and what justice had overtaken Slat Jensen, was by this time just getting himself all worked up. He had captured Susie's hand. "Susie," he was saying, "you're a queen—you're the queen of 'em all. I want you. I've got to have you."

Susie withdrew her hand. "Are you going to ask me to marry you?" she inquired coolly, with a saucy light in the blue, deep-seeing eyes. "Then you'll have to ask Father first."

Dick Trent's face was a study. Was this chit of a girl making a joke of him? Before his mind could formulate an answer, Lonnie Williams came galloping up on Pinto Prince. The symbolism of him on that wonderful animal was unmistakable. It was as when a court favorite could point to the emperor's signature upon his finger.

"Susie!" cried Lonnie with a great gulp of joy as he rode right up to the box and held out his arms.

"You old dear!" cried Susie with a little shriek of ecstasy.

Crowd or no crowd, Dick Trent standing by or no Dick Trent anywhere in the world, Susie Connors let herself go right down into those upstretched arms, and for a few blissful infinites of time Pinto Prince carried double. Then Susie was on the ground and Lonnie was beside her, one arm slipped through Pinto's bridle, one arm around the pink waist. Some of the stragglers had begun to notice by now and to smile, but it was little the twain cared; and anyway, the people smiled approvingly—that is, all but Richard Trent, who joined the moving crowd and passed out.

"The Cut in the Film," another of Peter Clark Macfarlane's inimitably delightful stories, will appear in an early issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE. You will find it worth watching for.



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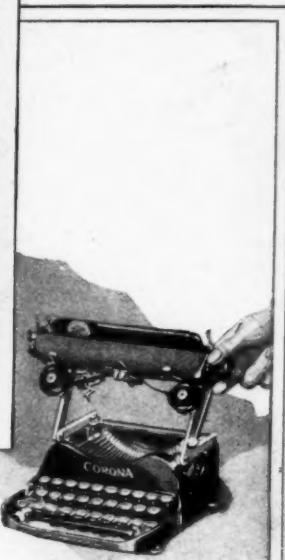
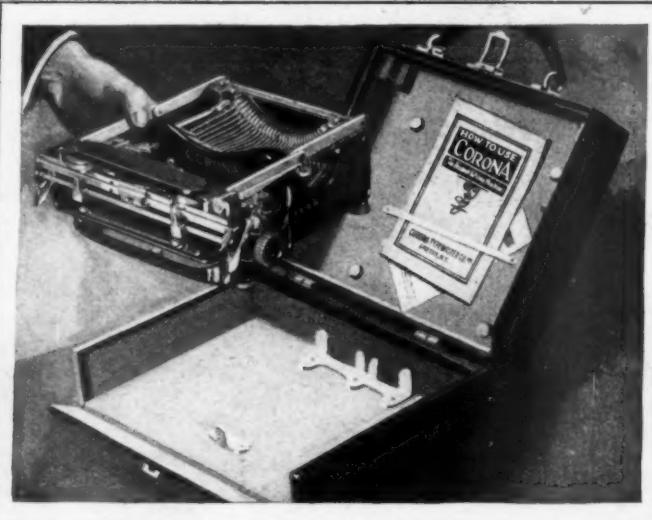
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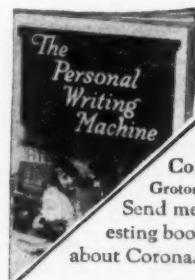
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